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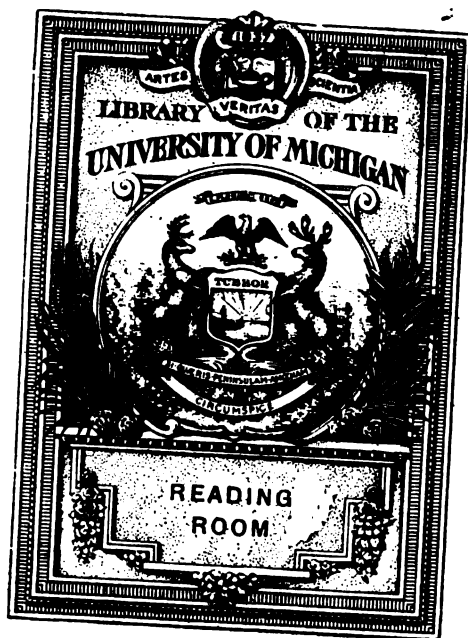
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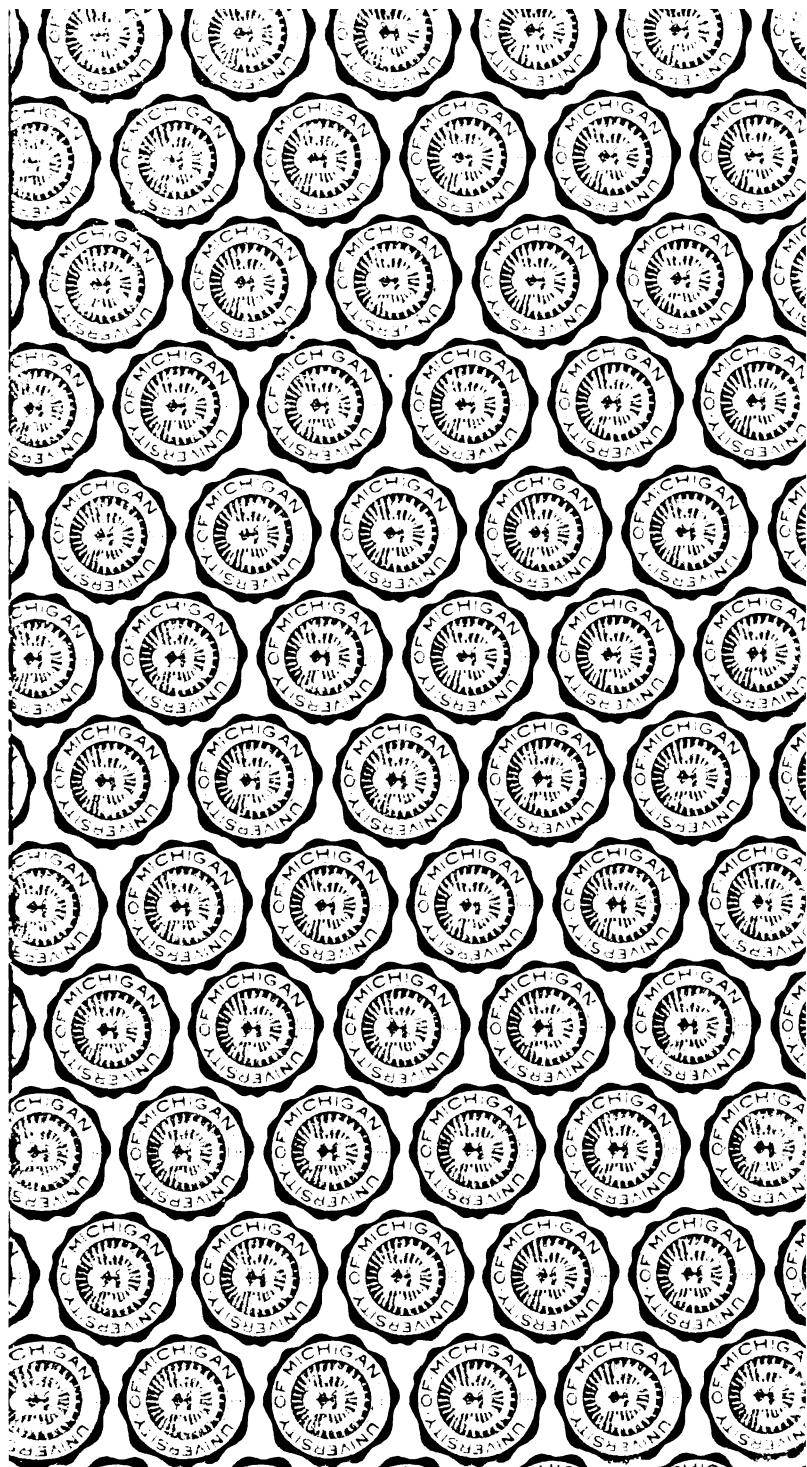
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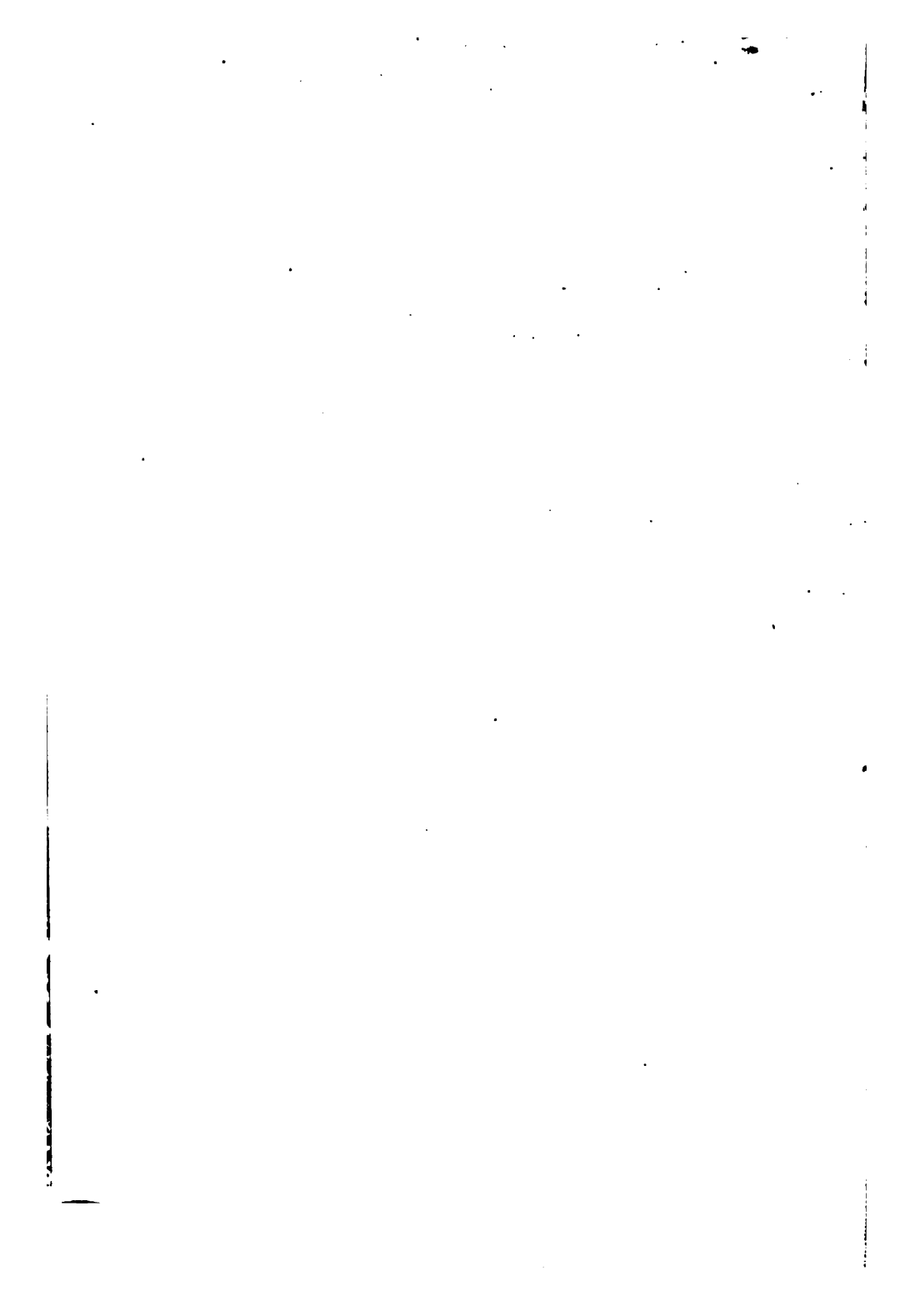
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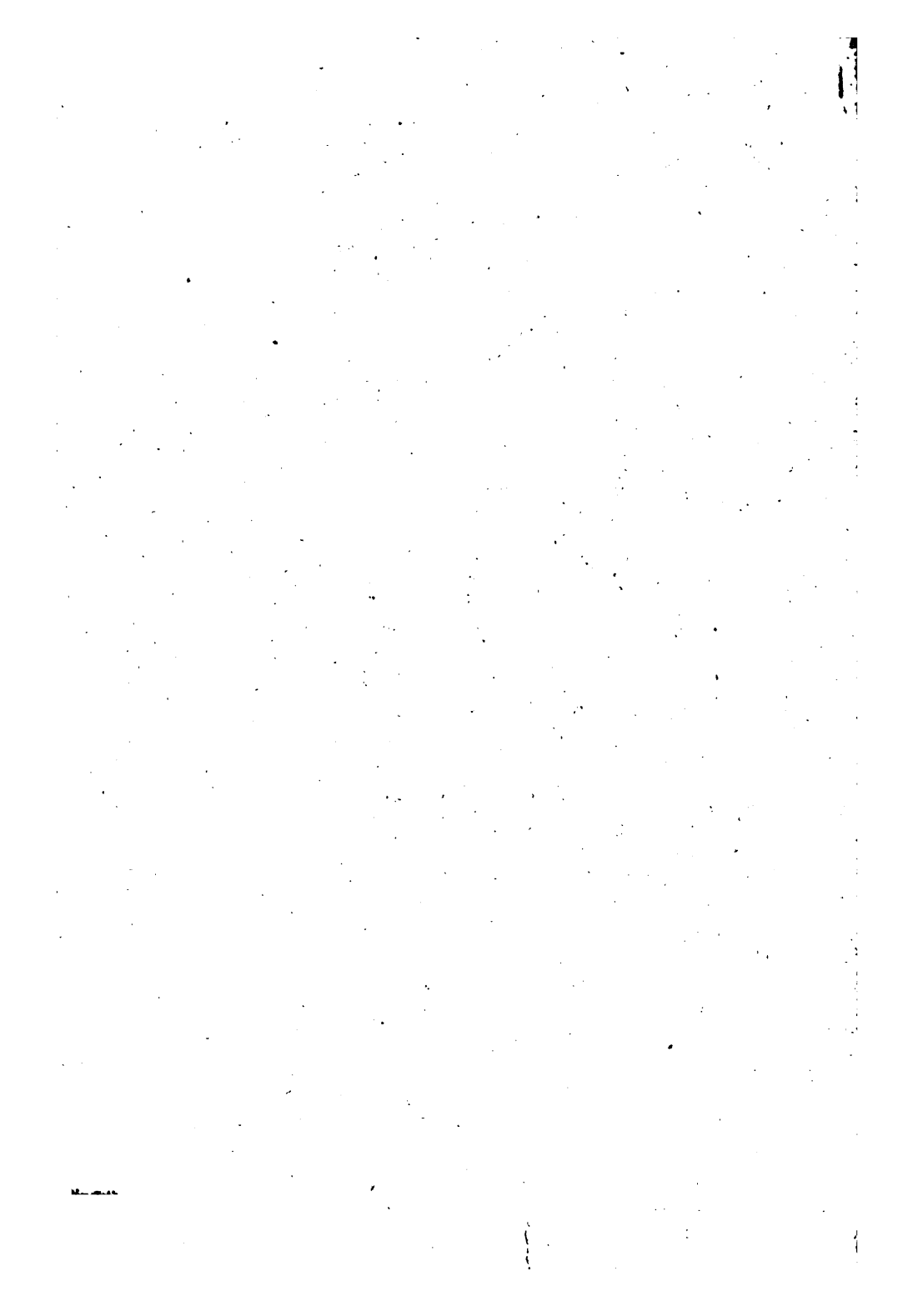
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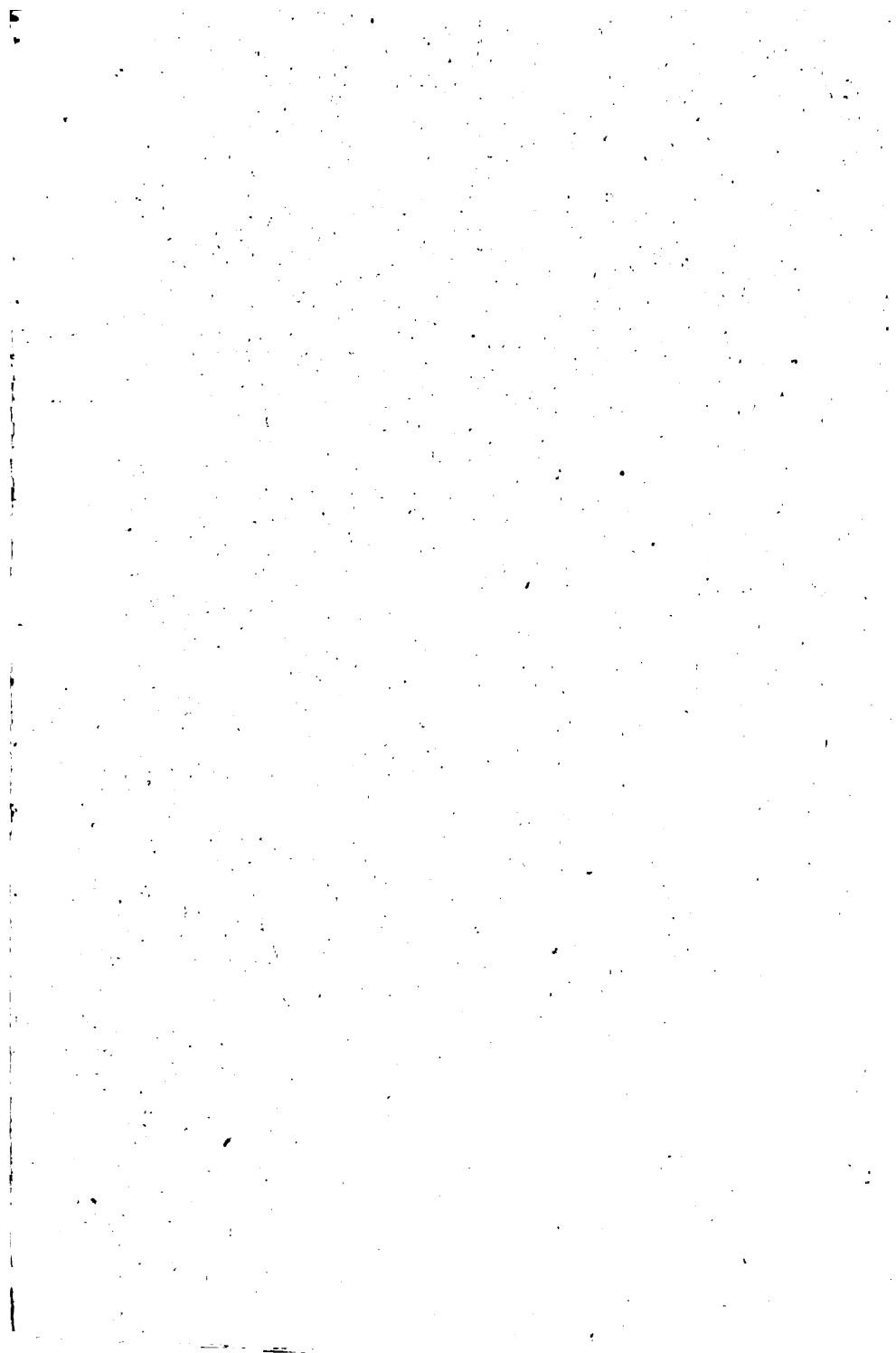


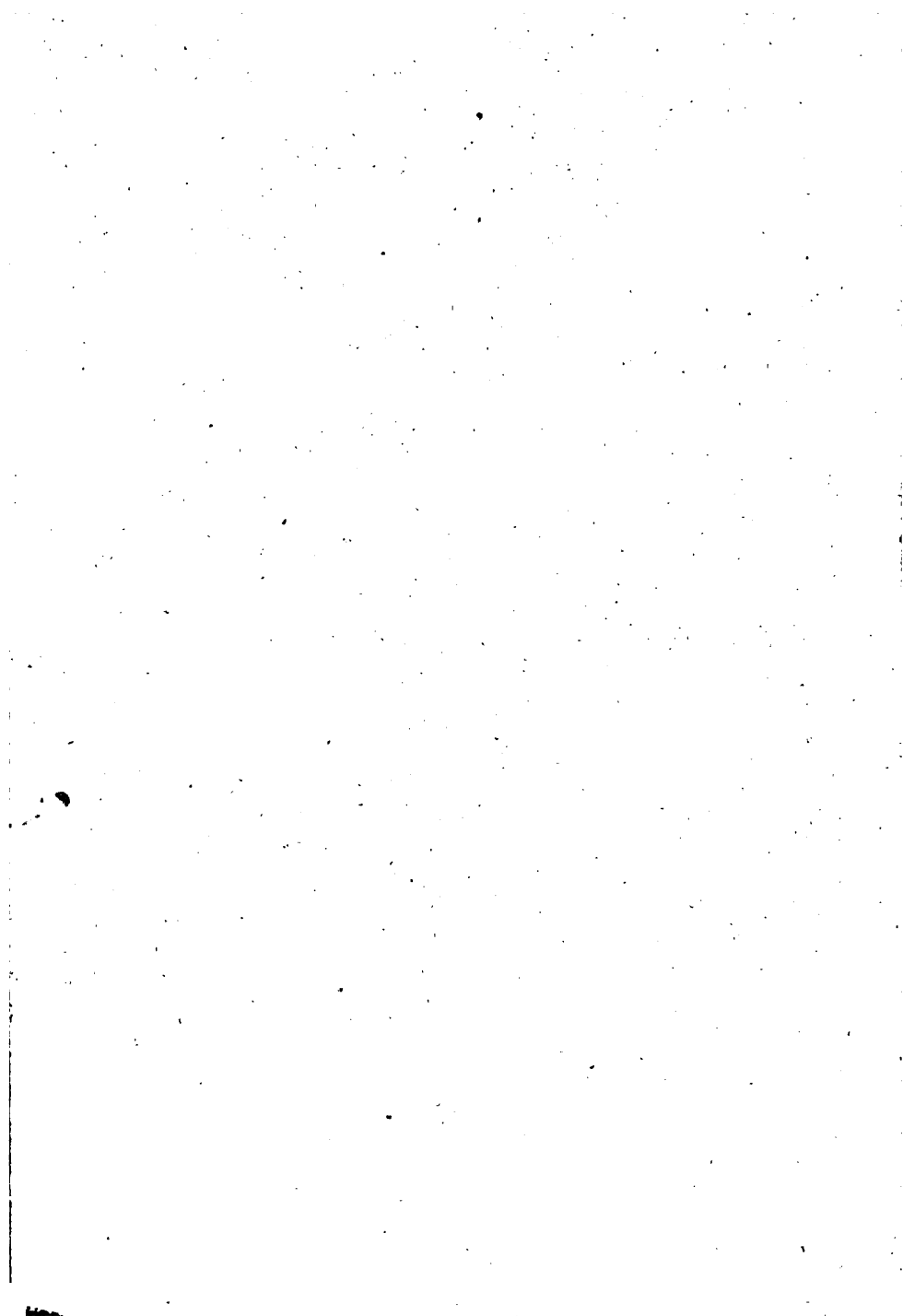
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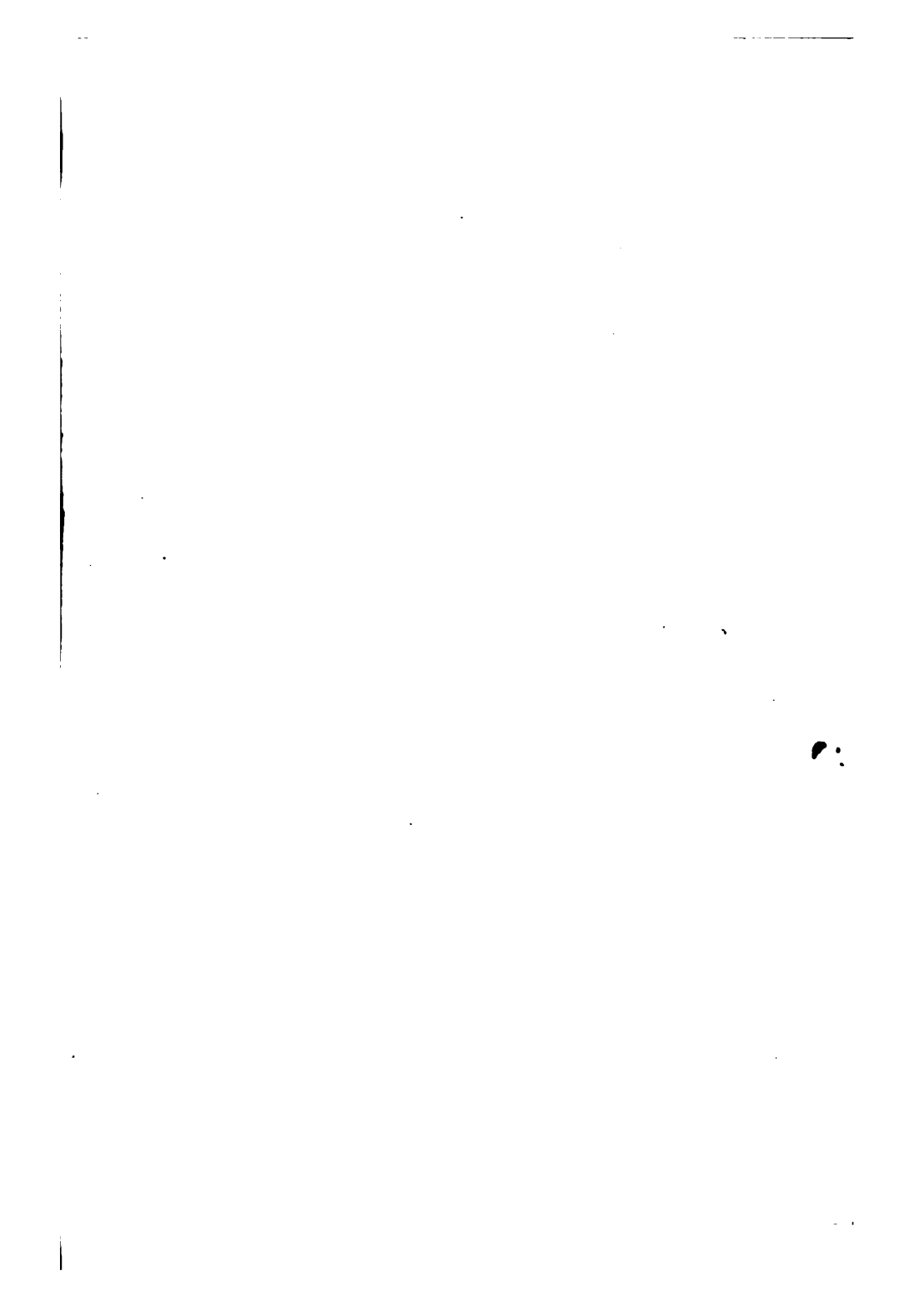
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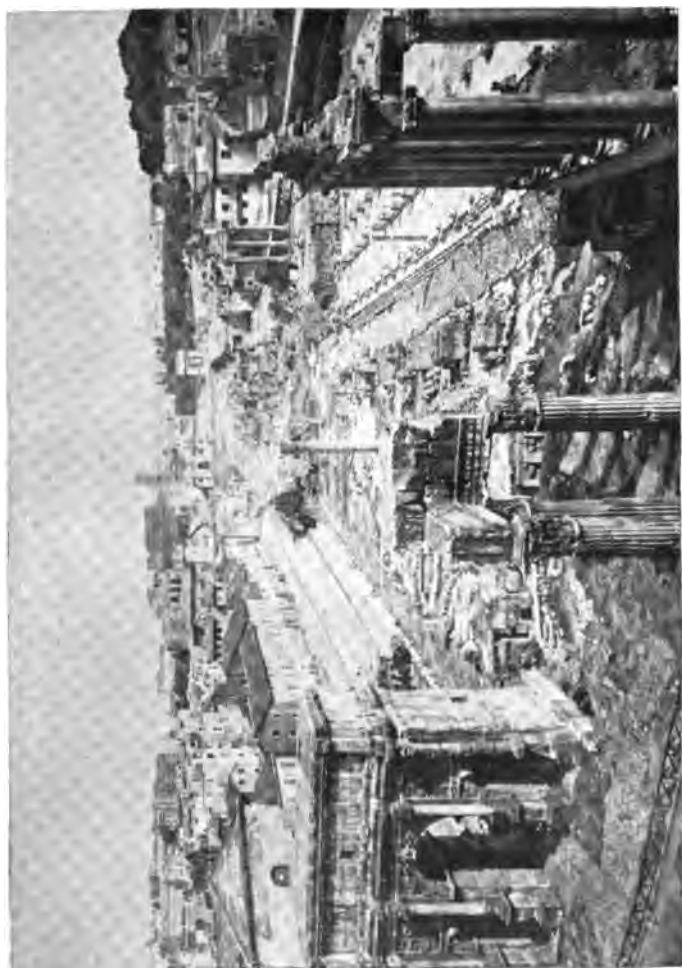
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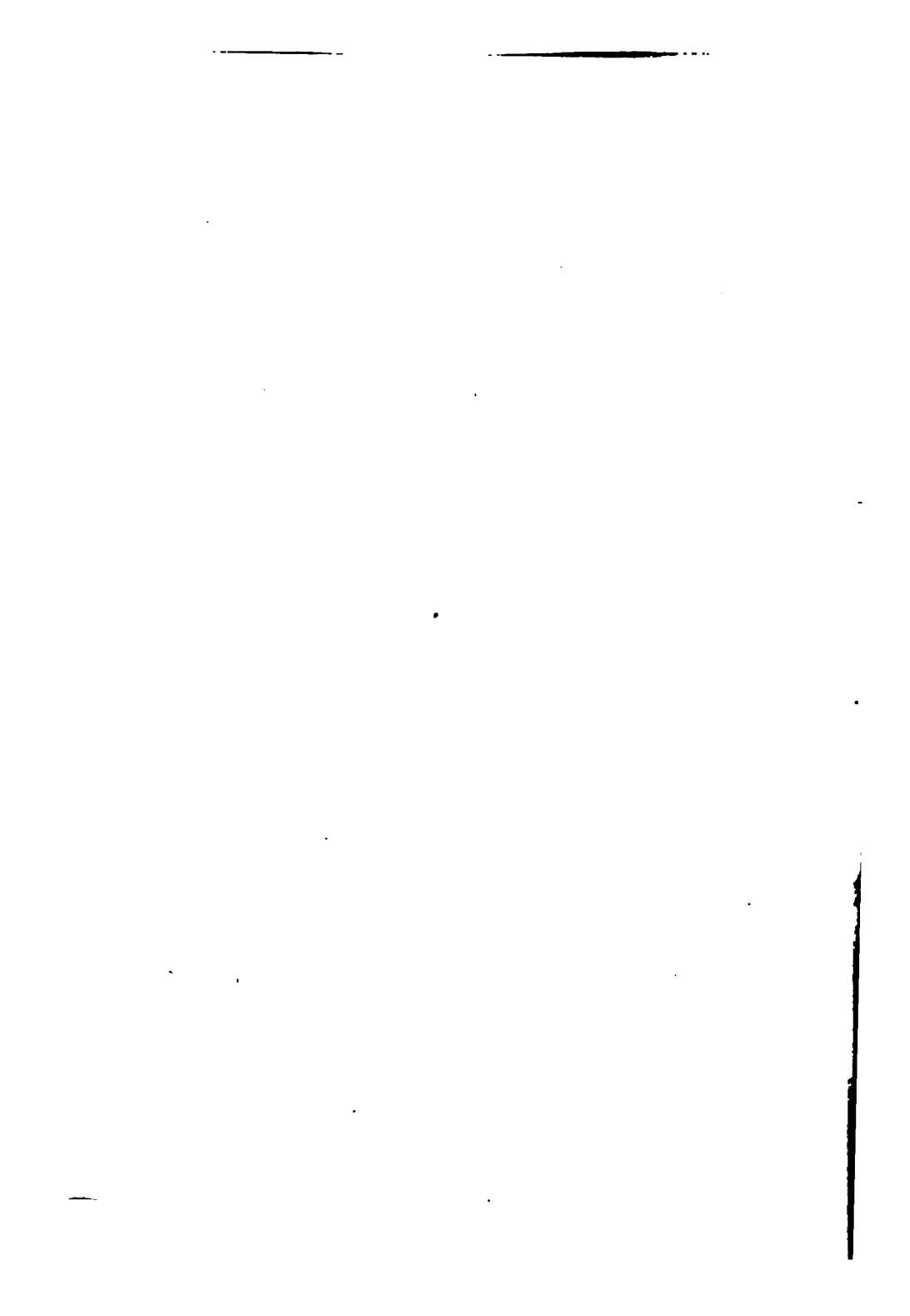








*The Roman Forum.*



ROME  
OF 45-301  
TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

**The Pagan Centuries**

BY JOHN DENNIE

**Illustrated**

BOSTON  
ESTES AND LAURIAT  
1894

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## CONTENTS.

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CHAPTER	PAGE
I. A FIRST LOOK AT ROME . . . . .	1
II. ROME OF THE KINGS (753-509 B. C.) . . . . .	24
III. ROME OF THE REPUBLIC (509-49 B. C.) . . . . .	61
IV. ROME OF THE EMPERORS (49 B. C.-330 A. D.) . . . . .	114
V. ROME OF THE EMPERORS (49 B. C.-330 A. D.) ( <i>Continued</i> )	218
VI. ROME OF THE EMPERORS (49 B. C.-330 A. D.) ( <i>Continued</i> )	300

---

INDEX . . . . .	359
-----------------	-----



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

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	PAGE
THE ROMAN FORUM . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
CLOACA MAXIMA . . . . .	47
TEMPLE OF SATURN . . . . .	66
TEMPLE OF VESTA . . . . .	71
TEMPLE OF FORTUNA VIRILIS . . . . .	87
JULIUS CAESAR . . . . .	120
THE PANTHEON . . . . .	150
TOMB OF CAECILIA METELLA . . . . .	172
PYRAMID OF CAIUS CESTIUS . . . . .	176
AQUEDUCT OF CLAUDIUS . . . . .	188
ROMAN FORUM AND ARCH OF TITUS . . . . .	196
THE COLOSSEUM . . . . .	227
THE ARCH OF TITUS . . . . .	242
COLUMN OF TRAJAN . . . . .	262
THE TIBER AND THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO . . . . .	265
EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF MARCUS AURELIUS . . . . .	298
ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS . . . . .	301
RUINS ON THE PALATINE HILL . . . . .	308
PIAZZA DEL CAMPIDOGLIO . . . . .	328
ARCH OF CONSTANTINE . . . . .	353





# ROME OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.



## CHAPTER I.

### A FIRST LOOK AT ROME.

AN afternoon in February, when there is only a soft summer wind, and the sun feels like May, is an ideal moment for a first look at Rome from the Janiculan Hill.

The general direction of the Tiber, as it traverses Rome, is from north to south, and nearly the whole of the city lies eastward of it. On the west is only the ridge of the Janiculum, nearly parallel to the river valley for about a mile, then sinking abruptly at its northern extremity to the low ground where stands S. Peter's and the Vatican palace, and rising again, under the name of the Vatican hill, in the gardens of the palace, and so on northward to the picturesque crest of Monte Mario with its cypresses and villas. Between the Janiculum and the river is a strip of low ground, very narrow at the north, then widening, as it follows the retreating curve of the river, to a breadth of three quarters of a mile, which is the Trastevere, a region where hot tempers and picturesque types of dress and grand statuesque figures and a vast deal of poverty characterise the population.

Just at the southern extremity of the ridge a fine broad plateau is thrown out like a bastion commanding the city, a point of view and also a strategic point, of importance

from the time of Ancus Marcius seven centuries before the Christian era to that of the French siege not quite fifty years ago. Tradition also holds the ground, declaring that here S. Peter suffered martyrdom. Accordingly, here stands a church, whose foundation dates to Constantine; but the present building was erected by the Spanish Ferdinand and Isabella, in some year not remote from the famous fourteen hundred ninety-two. There are a few good pictures in the church, and adjacent, a little circular building by Bramante, which is greatly admired, and was formerly thought to mark the exact spot where stood S. Peter's cross. Another time one might admit these various claims upon the attention, and might ponder long and profitably on this unchanged contemporary, so to speak, of the discovery of a continent; but with great Rome lying below, San Pietro in Montorio has but a petty interest; nothing beneath a roof, were it S. Peter's itself, can, for an instant, draw one's eyes and thoughts from this great view which lies before us, roofed over by the infinite blue dome of heaven.

The city lies below, a mass of buildings closely packed, and distinctly separated from the undulating Campagna in which it lies. Its general aspect is extremely uniform; this City of Seven Hills scarcely shows the slightest elevation of one point above another; this City of Father Tiber is not lighted up with one gleam of water, so low the river lies in its bed, and so shut in is it by buildings adjacent. In its general colour this mass of buildings is of soft yellow and grey tones in infinite variety, with very rarely a touch of dull orange. Here and there a mass of dark foliage marks some one of the great palace gardens. And this is Rome! Vainly the eye strives to find it either picturesque or stately. The great dome of S. Peter's does not make part of this view, lying far to the northwest

behind the terrace of Montorio; and the lesser domes and towers are not of size or in position to be conspicuous.

There is, no doubt, a moment's disappointment; but soon one begins to detect the Palatine ruins, huge masses of brickwork among the ilex and cypress-trees to the right of the closely crowded roofs; and then the three great arches of Constantine's Basilica, yawning wide like the mouth of a cavern; and then the ragged crest of the Colosseum; and then the enormous globe of the Pantheon, coming up among the roofs, as some strange unlighted moon might surge above the horizon. And so, Rome takes possession of the soul: it is not the poet's "Rome most beautiful"; there is nothing left of that "city of marble," which was the pride of Augustus; but still it is Rome, the centre of the world's history; and, just as much to-day as ever, the mistress of the world, and the mistress of our hearts.

Outside the city the ground rises in soft green slopes, with here and there the light walls and square turrets of some villa. On the horizon is the long, irregular wall of the Sabine and Umbrian Apennines, extending from north to south, — the Alban Hills lie southward and nearer; and isolated, on the north, is the Soracte of Horace. In the sunshine of the early afternoon these are little more than misty outlines, but as the hours go by they assume great clearness of contour against the blue; the high, snowy ridges grow whiter; beautiful violet and grey tones mark the ravines; and the scattered towns on the lower slopes glitter, groups of white specks against the dark-green forest background.

Again the eye reverts to the city lying beneath us, and seeks in vain to detect the Seven Hills on which it is built. Aided by the map we remark the great loop to the west that the river makes in traversing the city, giving to the eastern side the broad, irregular space at the foot of the

hills, which was once the Campus Martius and in mediæval and modern times has been the city's most densely populated area. Southward from this level ground rise three isolated hillocks,—the Capitoline, the Palatine, the Aventine,—the early Three Hills of Rome. East and northeast of these three elevations are thrown out from the higher ground behind the city four irregular spurs, the Caelian, the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Quirinal, completing the mystic number. Further to the north, the long ridge of the Pincian had, however, for centuries been part of the city, "the hill of gardens" (*collis hortorum*), before Aurelian enclosed it with his wall; and the Janiculum, where we stand, had also long been part of Rome; so that the City of the Seven Hills might, since the Empire, have been more appropriately called the City of the Nine, and, for the last four centuries, the City of the Ten, Hills, since the great Basilica of S. Peter's and all the splendours of the papal palace have brought the once insignificant Mons Vaticanus to the level of her proudest sisters.

Marvellous is the record that history gives us of this little portion of the earth's surface, and geology has a no less wonderful story to tell. What the forces of nature have wrought here is a fitting prelude to the great human drama that followed. Let us give it a thought as we look across, this sunny afternoon, to the snow-wreathed Sabine Mountains, forty miles away, which at their highest summits, are five thousand feet above the sea. There was a time when from Soracte, thirty miles northward of Rome, to Monte Gennaro, thirty miles due south, the quiet blue waters of the Mediterranean lay in a broad and placid bay over all this region on which we look, to the very foot of the Sabine Mountains. Their slopes were clad in a sub-tropical vegetation then; the orange, the cactus, and the aloe growing luxuriantly beside the trees of the present period,—oaks,

plane-trees and poplars; and there were the great pachyderms, the elephant, mastodon, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, together with the lesser animals that compose the fauna of to-day.

Presently, with submarine volcanoes under this quiet bay, Nature began her great preparations for the Rome that was to be. The Seven Hills were to be made ready and the building materials with which they should be covered; and all this was flung out from the fiery centre of the earth. How tremendous were the forces then set at work, and with what elemental tumult the earlier quiet was broken up, we cannot know. Sights like these no human eye has seen; only results remain, and testify to the great cosmic spectacle that once took place. There was no volcano visible, but suddenly out of the sea were thrown high in air enormous quantities of scoriae, ashes, pumice, fragments of lava, and every form of volcanic detritus. This all fell back again under the water, remaining for an unknown geologic period subjected to the action of the waves, until finally it had been beaten together into a sort of conglomerate, extremely hard, dark red in colour, here and there spotted with orange, containing water-worn pebbles and fragments of limestone, and showing evident marks of stratification. This is the stony tufa (*tufa litoide*) with which began the foundation of the hills of Rome, and of which her early walls and sewers and temples were made. The beds were of enormous thickness, and by these deposits, as well as by the general process of uplifting which characterised the period, gradually the whole region came near the surface of the sea, by degrees appearing above it, — first, perhaps, the Pincian hill as an island, and then the Janiculum, with its beds of yellow sand and bluish clay, a deposit of the pre-volcanic period, and also some of the other hills, notably the Palatine, which presently was covered with a dense forest.

Then, after an interval of unknown duration, ensued another series of eruptions from volcanoes probably not now submarine. Materials of the same kind were thrown out as those of the earlier period; but they were now subjected to different elemental forces, and different formations resulted. The volcanic detritus that fell under water encountered a much shallower sea, hence capable of exerting only a comparatively feeble action upon it. Another kind of tufa was formed, much lighter in colour than the *litoide*, much less cohesive, showing no stratification, and no admixture of other than igneous products. On the Palatine, the hot ashes and scoriae, falling in enormous quantities, buried the growing forest as in a huge coal kiln, where the wood was converted into those huge lumps of charcoal which abound everywhere in the Palatine tufa.

To the second period of eruption is ascribed the formation of the great beds of pozzolana which lie all about Rome. This is simply volcanic material falling upon ground already lifted above the sea, and hence undergoing no change. It is a reddish dust, nearly half of it being oxide of iron; the other constituents are silex, alum, chalk, and magnesia. It was very early discovered that this material being mixed with lime, formed with water a strong hydraulic cement, and from this discovery came in the end all that use of concrete by which the Roman builders were able to construct the enormous domes and vaults of which Caracalla's Baths give such marvellous examples, and walls of a strength which resisted better than any stone, however hard, the effects of time and of all destructive agencies.

Then another element furnished supplies for the future Rome. With the final elevation of all this region above the sea came a period of fresh-water lakes, and a river Tiber of great width and depth. The water was heavily loaded

with carbonic acid gas, and deposited a perfectly pure carbonate of lime, in immense beds along the valleys and on the slopes of the hills; this was the travertine which has been the great building stone of Rome from the Imperial era down to the present day.

Once again, and for the third time, the igneous activity of the region was resumed, and the two volcanic groups, the Alban Hills south of Rome and those of Bracciano on the north, were the scene of tremendous eruptions. In every direction streams of lava ran down over the plain,—with frightful devastation to the primeval inhabitants who already, it is believed, occupied the region, but for the endless profit of the future Rome. These beds of lava, one of which lies along the side of the Appian Way to within about three miles of the city, have furnished ever since the time of the kings that wonderful paving-stone which has no equal in the world.

The earliest eruptions of the Alban volcanoes threw out lava and *sperone*, a yellowish granular rock which readily disintegrates in the air, but has been used in interiors of buildings. Later, however, these volcanoes added one more and an extremely valuable building material to the supply already prepared for Rome; this was peperino, a rock found nowhere else in the world. It occurs in two forms, the Alban and the Gabine, the former quarried to this day in the Alban Hills, the latter obtained near the old city of Gabii, about twenty miles eastward. The Gabine stone is much the harder of the two; both are conglomerates of volcanic ashes, gravel, and fragments of stone and lava, the latter material predominating in the Gabine peperino. The name is derived from the appearance of the rock, as if full of pepper-corns, which are black scoriae, crystals of augite. An ingenious conjecture as to its origin supposes that the ejection of the material from the

Alban crater was accompanied by an enormous liberation of aqueous vapour which fell in torrents of hot water mingling with it, and reducing it to a mud, which through a large admixture of carbonic acid became cemented into a mass of extreme tenacity. The fire-resisting qualities of peperino made it very valuable, and Roman legislation, at different times, required its use in house building.

At last volcanic activity, on any great scale, ceased among these hills. Then human activity began. There was first the long prologue of pre-historic nomadic life, and then the peaceful era of agriculture, the Golden Age, the reign of Saturn, which the Latin poets delighted to recall; and then began, with Roma Quadrata on the Palatine, the great drama in many acts, which is very far from being ended yet.

And, in fact, it is the present, in its most alert form, which suddenly breaks in upon the afternoon's reflections. There is a rapid tramp round the corner of the church, and a company of sharpshooters arrive for drill. These bersaglieri are small of stature, wiry, and extremely active. They make a most lively picture at this moment, drawn up in two lines, executing their lieutenant's orders with great precision. They wear stiff black hats cocked over the right ear, and on that side of the hat is an enormous bunch of cock's plumes, flying in every direction in the light breeze. Very much more sedate are the two handsome slender *carabinieri* who have also arrived on the plateau, and stand idly looking about them. Their uniform is black, with silver trimmings, relieved only by a red stripe down the trousers, and when the weather is cold, they wear long black cloaks, which, together with their cocked hats, give them a supernaturally dignified appearance. The whole force of carabinieri numbers about twenty-five thousand men; of these, twenty-one thousand are foot soldiers,



and the remainder serve on horseback. To them, as a body, is entrusted the maintenance of public peace and order throughout the kingdom. The carabinieri corps is composed of soldiers who, in their three years of obligatory service, have not incurred even the slightest military punishment. Thus organised, the corps has many special advantages, —pay, rations, and lodgings are greatly superior to those of the other troops, and the hundred men of the king's guard are always selected from their number. The foot carabinieri are scattered through all the cities of the peninsula, and the mounted soldiers of this corps protect the country. They have done a wonderful work, it is said, in repressing brigandage and crime throughout the kingdom. The contadini regard them with affection and confidence, and they are familiarly known as "the guardian angels." By night and day they patrol the roads, always two together, and the sound of their horses' hoofs is welcome to the solitary traveller and the inmates of lonesome country houses. In all soldierly and moral qualities they stand very high, and it is said that their dispersal in no way impairs their *esprit de corps*. Certainly in the streets of Rome their intelligent faces and their quiet demeanour make them extremely noticeable.

Meantime, the bersaglieri have finished their drill and gone away. Suddenly a new interest attracts all eyes. On the road far below, among the trees, there is a glimpse of scarlet liveries, and a carriage comes up the slope, drawn by a pair of superb Roman horses. All the loiterers on the terrace are suddenly alert; the strangers who are looking at their maps and studying the position of the buildings, shut their guide-books; the vendors of pictures cease their attempts to persuade; the two carabinieri no longer lounge against the parapet; an Italian mother who has her little child in leading-strings picks up the baby,—

everybody comes forward to where the road enters the terrace; a little group stands, enthusiastic and respectful; all hats are lifted as the carriage comes up. Two ladies and a young man are in the landau; two footmen in scarlet are perched high at the back, and there is a stout scarlet coachman on the box. An aged crone in the group is so eager that no *forestiere* should fail to recognise the graceful woman, who bows, and bows again, from the right-hand seat of the carriage, that she exclaims in a kind of ecstasy, "*Ecco! ecco la nostra regina!*" and will not be pacified, till one answers: "*Si, si!*" Beautiful and always gracious, Queen Margharita is received with perpetual enthusiasm in the Roman streets.

From Montorio, S. Peter's makes no part of the view, but, following the crest of the Janiculum, one comes to the separating ravine and can overlook the Vatican hollow. This walk has many and varied charms: it lies through a beautiful long park, with avenues of young plane-trees and clumps of eucalyptus. Here and there a palm-tree alone in a grassy plot; elsewhere a row of tall cypresses; and always the wonderful view of the city lying beneath. From point to point this view develops and changes. Old similes recur to one's mind: it is a sea of buildings; again, it is a great stage, upon which one looks as from a royal box. From Montorio there is no glimpse of the river; from a point on the hill a little northward, the Tiber shows at a curve, under two of its bridges, a reflection of blue sky and a glitter of light and the dark arch of the bridge — an exquisite picture. All along, the white quay wall indicates where the river is, even when the water is out of sight. Continuing northward, the Trastevere comes more into view under the hill, with its one great palace, the Corsini, — whose garden colonnade is a picturesque outline, light in colour, — and the villa of the Farnesina adjacent, darker, in two shades of brown.

From Montorio, the view of the city is like a map; walking northward along the hill, it grows more and more a picture, as the slanting sun strikes into it and the shadows grow more distinct. The remoter landscape changes also; the distinctness of the Alban group from the remoter Sabine hills grows more apparent; the Papal Castle Gondolfo lifts its rounded summit in a more evident isolation. On the edge of the town all the great mass of new buildings, lying on the Esquiline and Caelian hills, becomes aggressively conspicuous, breaking the ring of trees which once extended from the Pincio and the park of the villa Medici on the north, in a circuit outside the buildings of the town, to where the wooded Aventine slopes down to the Tiber. It is a new city, spreading eastward; and the custom here is to regret bitterly the old days, and the old villas and gardens.

Reaching the northern extremity of the Janiculum, one looks across to S. Peter's, from a point of observation exactly on a level with the great roof of the church. Trees and undergrowth fill the ravine and hide the building itself, while the dome rises above its ring of columns, a splendid vision. Its colour in the low afternoon sunlight is most exquisite: the ribbed dome itself a clear blue-grey, the sunshine making it almost as blue as the sky, and the columns below it and the lantern above having the soft dull yellow of travertine. The two little domes at right and left of the great one look dainty in their place on the roof; but those little domes are large enough to have crowned, each of them, a stately church. All the rest of the buildings seem hidden at first, so remote from the dome is the façade, of which one suddenly discovers among the trees the upper portion, with its row of colossal statues, and the loggia windows, and the tops of some of the columns.

In the midst of looking, suddenly is added the consciousness of listening; the gay twin bells from the southern belfry of the loggia are shaking out their tumult of merry sound, flinging themselves far outside the belfry in their peal of rejoicing. It is the great festa of Candlemas. They stop, and presently the great bell begins to boom heavily. Again old phrases recur: they are real "waves of sound," that strike upon the ear, as one thus stands level with the belfry.

Closely adjacent to S. Peter's is the Vatican palace; from this point can be seen the windows of Leo XIII.'s apartment, and the glass doors which enclose Raphael's loggia. Beyond the papal palace is the papal fortress of old days, now no longer needed. Hadrian's tomb it was and is, — notwithstanding the angel on its summit, and all the mediæval history that clings to it.

But the day is almost done. Returning across the Janiculum, just at the moment of a perfectly cloudless sunset, there is suddenly a wonderful violet haze over all the city, a purple like that of a cardinal (or of a pansy, which is much the same), lasting two minutes, and then vanishing. The sunset rose lingers on the snowy tops of the Sabine Mountains, then disappears from one and from another, lingering longest on far away summits of the Apennines, just visible over the shoulder of Monte Cavo. Then the rose is gone; the city lies colourless as an etching, in the foreground; the hills are a dark blue-grey; and the mountain snow has become so pallid a white that it seems like a cloud.

One is attracted to look closely and long at the river, in early days in Rome. The famous Tiber is a narrow stream, rapid and muddy, as seen from any of its bridges, although from heights on either side sometimes it appears blue and shining on a bright day. It has certainly suffered dethrone-

ment in these later days, from its old position as "Father Tiber to whom the Romans pray." They now say of it critically, that it is "too large a stream to be harmless, and too small to be useful." Its freshets, in all times, have been a marvel and a terror. Thirty-six of them are matters of history, from the one mentioned by Horace which reached to the temple of Vesta (in the Forum) to that of Dec. 29, 1870, when the river rose fifty-six feet above its average level, and laid all the Campus Martius under water. The sixteenth century was particularly unlucky. The three greatest inundations known occurred, the first, in October, 1530; the second, in September, 1557; the third, at Christmas, 1598. In the first of these, a long, very dry summer had been followed by unusually heavy rains, and all the Italian rivers were greatly swollen. Almost from its source the Tiber laid waste the country, sweeping away houses and mills, and the Campagna, for miles in width, was like a raging sea. In Rome, the river was seven feet higher than in the freshet of 1870. This occurred with very little warning, and resulted in frightful destruction and loss of life in the most populous part of the town.

In the second great freshet, twenty-seven years later, there was the memory of the first still remaining to suggest danger, and the alarm was readily taken. Much movable property was removed, but the time was short; the river rose with an incredible rapidity, and rushed over the streets in a turbulent flood extending as far as the Piazza di Spagna. The population went about in boats for the four days that this inundation lasted, and when the water at last retired the wreckage was everywhere. The third, occurring at Christmas, 1598, was the highest and most disastrous of all. This tore away the great stone bridge of Julius III. and Gregory XIII., leaving that most picturesque wreck, the Ponte Rotto, and damaged the Ponte S.

Angelo, destroying all the shops and houses that at that time lined it. The water reached to the second story of almost all the buildings on the lower ground; Christmas services could be held in no churches except those on the hills; this time the inundation lasted for five days, and when at last the water retreated, eight hundred persons had been drowned, or had perished from cold and hunger, and there was scarcely a street where the buildings were not falling, or propped up by timbers.

Such a river as this is a formidable neighbour. Early precautions to ensure its retreat are noticeable,—for instance, the wide openings into the sewers on both sides of the Corso under the curbstones, at intervals of not over four feet, and likewise apertures under doorsteps through the lower part of the town. But to keep the river out was the noble plan upon which the present government began to work immediately upon taking possession of Rome. Great quays of masonry now enclose the Tiber in its course through the city, and guard not only against overflow but also against the infiltration through the ground, which in all time has been a most insidious danger to health. Besides this, intercepting sewers on a great scale now follow the line of the banks on each side of the river, discharging their contents three miles below the city. With these great works, no city in Europe has better sanitation than Rome; the old talk about “Roman fever” has ceased; and English doctors who have been here for years are able to say that they have never seen a case of malarial disease contracted by American or English visitors in Rome.

*John*

The Tiber has one tiny island, which is somewhat picturesque as seen from a distance, but most unattractive on closer inspection. It is a dreary little fragment of the mediæval city, not old enough to be venerable. The Romans liked to think of it as a ship moored in mid-stream. Here

they established their earliest hospital, such as it was, with a temple of Esculapius. Now the church of San Bartolomeo occupies the ground, and also a hospital still in use, San Giovanni Calabita. If you walk down past the church to the southern point of the island, where a morgue has lately been established, you can see the travertine wall with which the Romans of the Republic faced the island, making this end the prow of the ship; and there still remains, not quite obliterated, a relief on one of the blocks representing the serpent and part of the staff of Esculapius.

The Tiber is spanned, within the walls of Rome, by thirteen bridges, which are all modern or mediæval, except Hadrian's, now the Ponte San Angelo, and the two shorter bridges which connect the island of the Tiber with the two banks. In the Ponte San Angelo the three large arches of the centre are, without doubt, the original structure of the emperor's time. There have been repairs, and a new parapet; and the flock of angels on the piers were added, in 1668, by Pope Clement IX.; but it is still the same bridge over which came the scholarly and art-loving Hadrian, from his palace on the Palatine, or his villa at Tivoli, to visit the great mausoleum which is now called the Castle of San Angelo, where he proposed to take his last rest. Nothing is more singular than to find this emperor, whose airy lines to his soul, "*Animula, vagula, blandula*," are as modern as Heine, building a tomb almost like one of the pyramids of Egypt, and a bridge which has lasted nearly eighteen centuries, merely for a convenient pathway to that tomb.

From its source to the sea the Tiber traverses a distance of two hundred and thirty-two miles, of which the last twenty-two are below the city. One has heard so long of "Father Tiber," and so many tragic as well as heroic memories cling around the name, that it is an extraordinary pleasure to know, that, somewhere far up in the Apennines, it is a

baby stream, gay and trivial like any other streamlet. An Englishman, long resident in Rome, Mr. William Davies, gives a pretty picture of it, in his little book, published in London in 1873, "The Pilgrimage of the Tiber." After following the river's course step by step through its entire length, he reached its head waters, midway between the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, on a line due east from Florence. "The mountains were all about us," he says; "it was an immense beech forest, whose trees were everywhere great gnarled veterans that had borne the snows of many winters. The little stream tumbled from ledge to ledge of splintered rock, sometimes creeping into a hazel thicket, green with long ferns and soft moss, and then leaping once more merrily into the sunlight. Numerous little rills united to form it. We followed the largest of these. It led us to a carpet of smooth green turf amidst an opening in the trees, and there, bubbling out of the green sod, embroidered with white strawberry blossoms, the delicate blue of the crane's-bill, and dwarf willow herb, a copious little stream arose. Pointing to the gushing water, our old guide said, '*E questo si chiama il Tevere a Roma,*' — 'And in Rome, they call this the Tiber.'"

In a first look at Roman streets, one is conscious of the twofold character of the city. In the old quarters it is still quite mediæval; on the higher ground of the Quirinal and Esquiline and Caelian hills, it is a modern city, with long, monotonous rows of buildings, after the fashion of the new quarters in Paris. In the older part of the town are a few good streets, and a multitude of others so narrow and tortuous, and making so curious a network, that it would seem as if the churches and palaces which crowd the space must have been built independently in open ground, and afterwards connected with one another by accidental pathways, which later attained the dignity of names.



The Corso, as everybody knows, is the great street of shops and palaces. It is very narrow, with scarcely more than room for two carriages to pass; but it is, in some unaccountable way, very stately and imposing. It is quite straight for more than a mile, from the Piazza del Popolo, to where the great monument to Victor Emmanuel is slowly rising along the northern edge of the Capitoline Hill. In the newer part of the town, the Via Nazionale and the Via Venti Settembre are handsome, broad, and extremely uninteresting thoroughfares; although at the head of the Via Nazionale, there is one of the most beautiful fountains in the world, — a magnificent central obelisk of water, forever springing up, and forever shattering downward from its lofty top, while around its base, an indescribable, splendid ring of curving jets suggests the glass roof of some fairy palace of crystal.

In certain respects all the streets of Rome are alike; with the exception of a few rods of wooden pavement in some new streets, whether broad or narrow, they have all the same fine pavement of lava, in small diamond-shaped blocks; and they are all equally clean and well kept. The good work of the Italian government in this respect is beyond all praise. In 1871, the first year of Victor Emmanuel's reign in Rome, 360,000 *lire* (\$72,000) were expended in the service of street-cleaning. In 1885, the sum thus employed was equal to \$122,000, and it is probable that the expense has increased in the same proportion since that year. The work is done by a force of eight hundred men, with brooms and baskets and small handcarts. An area of nearly three million square yards is thus gone over every day, and an average of twenty-two thousand cubic feet of *débris*, representing a weight of over two hundred tons, is removed from the streets. The result is that the fine lava pavement is not infrequently as clean as

a house floor; and here again we see a reason for the vastly improved sanitary condition of Rome within the last thirty years.

A characteristic feature of the city is the great number of *piazze* into which at frequent intervals the narrow streets expand. The *piazza* is paved, like the street; sometimes it has a little grass-plot in the centre, but more frequently it is itself nothing more than the widened street. Of the larger *piazze* of Rome, three at least are world-famous, — the Piazza di Trevi, the Piazza del Popolo, and the Piazza di Spagna. Each one of these has a very characteristic fountain. The Trevi is “the charmed well,” of which if you drink you will surely come again to Rome. The whole open square is occupied by this great fountain, which occupies as much space as a temple. There are lofty columns and a high entablature, and great arched niches in which stand various mythological figures, a colossal Neptune in the central niche. Below him are sea-horses and tritons, and a great confusion of rocks over which pours and splashes in many streams a river of water, dropping from one basin to another, and then to a third, and finally spreading out into a broad expanse which is quite a little lake. On a bright day the animation of the whole scene is indescribable. This is by far the most dramatic of the many fountains in Rome, though others are more beautiful, and there is a lavish use of water in every direction which one can scarcely understand without knowing what the enormous provision is. Four different aqueducts, the Vergine, the Paola, the Felice, and the Marcia, bring into Rome an amount of water which is equal to a hundred and ten gallons daily *per capita*. No city in Europe supplies anything like this abundance. In London, about thirty gallons must suffice; in Paris, seventy, with the latest additions to the water supply in 1893. The present supply of Rome is

the same that it has been for thirty years, but in view of the great increase of population since 1870, work has been begun which will double the quantity of Marcian water brought to the city, increasing the total supply by about one-fourth. At present, there are twelve great fountains and sixteen lesser ones, in the various piazzas, and three hundred and twenty public conduits that flow night and day into huge stone watering-troughs. Add to this all the toy fountains in courtyards and gardens, and it is easy to see how one can scarcely be beyond the sound of running and dashing water, and how it is that Rome adds to all its other charms that of being a city of fountains.

The Piazza del Popolo, at the northern extremity of Rome, is a far-off imitation of the Place de l'Étoile in Paris. It has no arch, but in the centre one of the great obelisks, surrounded by four lion-fountains, and two more great fountains with colossal figures at the right and left of the piazza. On its southern side, two churches exactly alike, with great domes and colonnaded porticos, make a kind of gateway to the Corso. They were built at the same time and by the same cardinal, about the middle of the seventeenth century. In one of the two the prelate lies buried, and the query suggests itself, how did he decide between the two? Across the piazza, on the northern side, is a much more famous church, Santa Maria del Popolo, built, in the eleventh century, on the very spot where the Emperor Nero had been buried, a thousand years before, for the purpose of exorcising all the evil spirits which persistently haunted the accursed ground. Outside it is simple and unattractive, but within it is splendid with marble columns and tombs of cardinals, and some very noble frescos, and a very little painted glass of the best period. To the left of this church is the gate, the Porta del Popolo, by which, before the railway, all travellers

made their entrance into the city. This also is a spot that calls for many thoughts, and has countless valued associations. At present the Piazza del Popolo is mainly the noble entrance to the beautiful drive of the Pincian hill, which rises from its eastern side. No public promenade in Europe is finer than this, and scarcely any one is so small; but it is so skilfully laid out, and the ascent so finely graded, that it has a certain distinction which a park of hundreds of acres on level ground could never possess. It is the levelled top of a low hill, laid out in drives and paths, with soft green turf and many beautiful trees. A great multitude of portrait-busts of famous Romans adorn the hill, and make it a sort of Temple of Fame. On two sides the city wall bounds it, and there is a beautiful view across the open country; on the third side it adjoins the grounds of the Villa Medici, and on the fourth it looks down upon the Piazza del Popolo, and across to where S. Peter's dome rises in all its grandeur against the western sky. At every hour of the day the Pincio is a delightful place, but, above all, on the afternoons when the band plays, and there is a gay crowd of Romans and of strangers.

One more point in Rome is sure to attract the traveller's first notice, the Piazza di Spagna, which is only a paved open space, lying among the streets east of the Corso. It is perhaps two hundred yards long, sixty or seventy in width at its extremities, and narrower near the centre, and is surrounded by buildings of which the lower floors are generally shops. This is not the case, however, with the great building which makes the southern extremity of the piazza; for that is no less than the Collegio de Propaganda Fidei, four-square like a fortress, with its lower windows grated, and the blinds close shut above. Also the palace of the Spanish Embassy to the Vatican, from which the place takes its name, is devoted entirely to purposes of

residence; and there are two of the very best Roman hotels, the Londra and the Europa; but with these exceptions, the Piazza di Spagna is occupied by shops, the most tempting in Rome. Midway on its eastern side is a succession of steps and terraces leading from the low ground of the piazza to the French church, Trinità de' Monti, and the convent of the Sacred Heart, almost on the level of the Pincian hill, — the Scala di Spagna, the well-known "Spanish Stairs," for many years (but now no longer) crowded with beggars and models.

In the piazza there are two objects which, in the language of the guide-book, would be called "monumental": one is Pius IX.'s column, in front of the Propaganda building, erected by him to commemorate his proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Nothing can be imagined more formal, religious, and imposing than this Corinthian column of ancient Cipollino marble, a monolith forty-two feet high, surmounted by a colossal bronze statue of the Virgin, and having four colossal figures, — Moses, David, Isaiah, and Ezekiel, — seated at its base. The other, a few feet distant from the solemn shaft, is the most whimsical, the most undignified, the most grotesque fountain that ever human caprice devised. It is a stone boat, quite stranded evidently, in a little oval pond edged by a stone rim and just large enough to hold the boat. The poor swamped boat is having water poured into it from the open mouths of two radiate heads which adorn its lofty stem and stern, and from a jet which rises in the centre. On the other hand, the water escapes by half a dozen egresses, chiefly where the gunwale is broken down on each side, and by two large round holes at either end. The old boat-fountain is laughed at and loved by everybody. For here is the very centre of the perambulating flower-market of Rome. One stands to sketch the fountain, and instantly a group, hatted with

broad flat baskets, so to speak, gathers about the new-comer. The flowers are beautifully grouped. One basket is half full of those wonderful dark-purple Roman anemones, with centres of glittering black; its other half is made up of the pale lavender and white of a smaller variety of the same flower, and with them two or three great bunches of something which has the pink and white of our own apple blossoms. Another basket has clusters of the orange-red wall-flower, and pansies in all shades of purple and pale blue and yellow. Still another has a centre of bright crimson flowers of some unknown kind, with great heaps of white narcissus and golden daffodils. On the rim of the fountain two more baskets are in process of reconstruction. One lad has put all his violets into the water to freshen them, — half a basketful at least, — and is sitting idly looking at what remains of white and pale-blue hyacinths and anemones. The other boy has a basket of the deep-purple anemones, with yellow daffodils, and the pink and white bells that have the tints of apple blossoms. He takes one bunch of anemones and dips it in the water and uses it to sprinkle all the rest in turn; and the sturdy flower, fragile as it looks, does not shed a petal, for all this rough usage.

There comes by an interesting little grey donkey with nine red tassels hanging over his nose, a branch of green leaves stuck in his collar and waving high above his head, and a huge cart filled with empty barrels behind him. Before he has disappeared, two sturdy Campagnards cross the piazza, in full costume for a picture: dull-red waistcoat with silver buttons, dull-blue coat and knickerbockers, and shoes that are mere pieces of sheepskin held in place by leather thongs, crossed and re-crossed to the knee, over stout ribbed grey woollen stockings; withal, a brigand hat, old and shabby, but of an excellent shade of olive, which

no new one could equal. They are not models, however, but, by the saw that one of them carries, they are wood-sawyers returning from their half-day's work.

And over all is the wonderful blue sky of Rome, and the winter sunshine that is as warm as May.

## CHAPTER II.

### ROME OF THE KINGS (753-509 B.C.).

TWENTY years ago, no one would have ventured seriously to treat this period as historic. Livy's account of the kings was considered as mythical as the story of the Iliad. But all this has changed, within a decade. "We are already far, thank Heaven," says the Commendatore Lanciani, in his interesting book, "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries," "we are already far from the period in which it was fashionable to follow the exaggerations of that famous hypercritical school which denied every event in Roman history previous to the Second Punic War. . . . In our younger days, when we were stepping for the first time over the threshold of an archæological school, we used to scorn the idea that a real Romulus had existed, and that such was the name of the builder of Rome. Philological researches have shown that the name of Romulus is a genuine one, and that it belongs to the builder of Rome. . . . Late discoveries have brought forth such a crushing mass of evidence in favor of ancient writers, and in support of their reports of the kingly period, that every detail seems to be confirmed by monumental remains. . . . There is no doubt that the general spirit of modern criticism has been unreasonably skeptical and unduly captious with respect to early Roman history; any further attempt to diminish or to lessen the value of its traditional sources must henceforth be absolutely unsuccessful."

Professor Middleton, also, whose admirable work, "The



Remains of Ancient Rome" (London and Edinburgh, 1892), should be in the hands of every one to whom Roman archæology is alluring, speaks of the work of the later kings of Rome during the sixth century before Christ as coming within a real historic period. He limits this statement by saying, that it is historic only in a modified sense instancing the improbability that seven kings could have occupied a period of two hundred and forty-four years. To this it may be replied that only the important reigns are mentioned by the early writers, while those of less historic significance had very early vanished from the public memory; in Professor Middleton's book, each of the seven kings figures as a real personage, quite as truly as do the later heroes of the Republic.

With the Palatine hill Rome began, the old writers tell us; and here we begin our study of Rome. In its present condition, the hill is a kind of archæological park on a small scale. It is completely enclosed, and entered through a gate-house where, on week-days, one pays a lira (twenty cents) for admission. Broad paths, well-kept and smooth, follow the contour of the hill, and lead to its summit, where the Farnese gardens, and a convent with its grounds, still occupy much of the space. Along the western and south-western slopes, which meet the eye at first, all the vegetation is of Nature's own planting.

Here, past any doubt, is the spot where the great name, Roma, first was used. The Palatine is a picturesque hillock, a hundred feet high at its crest, and a mile in circumference around its base. Its grassy slopes, as early as March, begin to be brilliant with many wild-flowers: the pink Roman anemone, growing in great profusion; a tiny, orange-coloured marigold; the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped" daisy; a small white narcissus; the historic vervain, with rough leaves and spikes of small, dark-purple flowers, the

plant which the early heralds bore with them on their official errands to the neighbour cities ; and, along the edges of the paths, or growing in dense clusters around the roots of trees, the luxuriant, dark-green acanthus leaves, whose outlines are so familiar in the capital of the Corinthian column. Here, also, is the umbrella-pine, the most characteristic tree in Roman landscapes ; the ilex, which is an evergreen oak, with narrow, glossy leaves ; the cypress, a slender, green column, tall and dense ; and many other trees more familiar.

In the midst of all this fresh vegetation one sees, rising out of the ground or out of the grass, like part of the hill itself, and just the colour of the ground, great ruinous masses of brick-work and of tufa, — arches, and fragments of arches, walls, steps, — the débris of the massive buildings that once covered the hill. The Palatine was the centre of Roman life at two epochs, five centuries apart, and each is represented very distinctly and separately in these ruins, shattered but still perfectly characteristic. One epoch is that of the kings, its visible monument being the fragments of the first city wall, on the side of the hill, with certain shapeless masses of tufa blocks on the crest above, representing the primitive temples ; the other epoch is about two centuries and a half of the Empire, which has left its traces in the ruins of seven palaces, over all the remaining space.

During the five intervening centuries, which were those of the Republic, the active life of Rome centred in the Forum, and spread north and west into the Campus Martius. The Palatine was always a revered spot, hallowed by early tradition, but it does not seem to have been very greatly frequented ; only a few temples were built upon it, and never a theatre or porticus, although its summit must always have afforded splendid building sites. Finally, in the last century before the Empire, when the period of enormous

fortunes began, the slope towards the Forum and other parts of the hill were crowned with splendid houses, where marble was for the first time used in columns and pavements. But these must always have seemed interlopers on the old Romulean hill. It is certain they were regarded with great disapproval on account of their ostentation; they changed owners often, and almost every man who owned them came to a violent death; and at last, they were all either swept away to make room for the huge palaces of the emperors, or covered deep under the immense substructions with which the irregular summit of the Palatine was enlarged or made level.

The remains of these palaces crown the hill, and are spread over its slopes, the work of myriads of slaves, and the memorial of imperial arrogance and luxury. The wall of Romulus, at which every man, in the little band who fortified themselves here, labored willingly, surrounds the hill about half-way up its sides. Much of this wall has been entirely hidden under the later constructions, and in some places it is built into them. But on the western slope it stands out clear for a few yards, at the left of the path. Above it are the ruinous walls of the palace of Tiberius; extended a little further these masses of brick-work would have covered the old wall from sight. Whether the emperor stayed his hand out of veneration for this fragment of what was even then antiquity, or whether he needed no further space, it is impossible to determine. But in this nineteenth century we should rather lose acres of palace ruins than the few square feet of ground on which stands this old wall of reddish tufa.

The stone of which it is made was quarried on the spot, the friable tufa, mixed with charcoal and pumice, which characterises the Palatine hill. It has been supposed that the rock was split off by wooden wedges, without the use of

edged tools; but the men of that day, though they had not iron, had bronze, and the marks of picks and chisels, varying in width from a quarter to a half inch, can be discerned upon the surfaces. The blocks are, speaking roughly, two feet thick and two feet wide, and in length vary from three feet to five. They are in general laid in alternate courses, lengthways, and endways; there were no clamps used nor was there any mortar between the stones. The wall is about four feet in thickness at this point, but in a fragment further on, at an angle of the fortification, it is three times as thick. The present height of this piece of wall is about thirteen feet; but this is thought to be not more than a third of what it was originally.

Here, with this wall, twenty-six centuries ago, historic Rome began. It has been made clear, however, by the discovery of tools and implements, and burying-places with human remains, that the region of the Seven Hills had been occupied long before the time when Romulus and his companions fortified the Palatine. "There were nine Romes before Rome," says Ampère, and he enumerates them. Upon each one of the hills some vagrant tribe fixed for a time its residence, but only the men who came with Romulus had the staying quality; and still, every one left some trace which mysteriously was incorporated into that wondrous and complex whole, the Rome of history. For this reason interest still attaches to the predecessors of him who built the old wall of the Palatine.

First, savage and nomadic hunters wandered through the dense forests which covered the Seven Hills; they built neither houses nor shrines to any divinity, yet they were not without certain confused notions of religion. The tapping of the woodpecker had a significance as to coming events, and in the remaining volcanic phenomena of the region, they recognised the action of a supernatural power.

This race, it is conjectured, from the etymology of the word Vaticanus (*vates*, a soothsayer), made S. Peter's hill a kind of sacred spot a thousand years and more before S. Peter was born.

Then follows a first step in social progress. An agricultural people occupied this region, who, from their leader, Latinus, were called Latins. They had a divinity with a name: Saturn, "the good sower;" and to him they built an altar on the slope of the Capitol, which never lost its ancient appellation, "the Saturnian hill." The eight columns of the often-rebuilt temple of Saturn, at the western angle of the Forum just under the hill, mark to this day the spot consecrated centuries before Romulus. There, among the trees, between the marsh which the Forum then was, and the overhanging cliff of the Capitoline hill, stood the rude stone altar, memorable in the traditions of the city.

These two ancient populations were the earliest on the ground, and probably, in a degree, contemporaneous. After this, as the centuries passed, Siculi, of uncertain origin, passed this way, and, in further migration, occupied Sicily, to which they bequeathed its name. With them came Ligures, of the great Iberian race that held Spain and Gaul before the Kelts, and still linger as Basques in the high Pyrenean valleys, with a language akin to no other tongue, living or dead. The Siculi seem to have occupied the Palatine hill, and the Ligures, the Esquiline, with the adjacent valley; and some religious tie among these settlements united them into a *Septimontium*, whose memory was preserved in a Roman festival that lasted as late, at least, as the first century of the Christian era. This Septimontium is not identical with the Seven Hills of history, being made up of three petty elevations on the Palatine, and three on the Esquiline, with the higher part of the valley northward, which, in the days of Horace was the Subura; but it

is worth noticing how the great designation of the city that was to come, is thus announced so long in advance.

Later than this, but still at a date impossible to fix, came those elder brothers of the Greeks, the famous Pelasgi, who have been called the wandering Jews of history, and, in turn, possessed the region by the Tiber. They came from the islands of the eastern Mediterranean, seeking "the land of Saturn," in obedience to an oracle; crossing the Adriatic, they made their way through Italy, occupying many strong positions, but later abandoning them, driven by the fatality which forever compelled them to wander. Of their occupation, many traces remain in names of cities, in certain ancient rites of worship, and in those marvellous walls of irregularly shaped stones which to-day, in various parts of Italy, testify to the strength and skill of a long-vanished race.

What the Pelasgi bequeathed to historic Rome was especially the name: Roma (ῥώμη), meaning "Strength." "Thus," says Ampère, "the Pelasgic race has the honour of being godfather to the child who was destined, when he came to man's estate, to rule the world. It is almost the only vestige of their presence which they left at Rome, but it is the one thing which time could neither efface nor alter. As durable, as indestructible as the walls built by this people, who were destined themselves to perish utterly after having created that which was imperishable, the name of Rome is almost the only one in Italy which has undergone no change in traversing the centuries. Florentia is now Firenze; Neapolis is Napoli; Bononia is Bologna; Mediolanum is Milano; Roma is, and ever will be, the same. Destiny has made this name Roma, — Strength, — a magnificent symbol, though at first, doubtless, it meant no more than a 'fortress' or 'stronghold.'"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is right to say that other historians and archaeologists hold other theories as to the origin of the city's name: Swegler connects the word

The Ligurian, Sicilian, and Pelasgic invasions, while overspreading all the region, did not drive out or destroy the early populations:—Latins in the Broad Field (*Latium*),—that is to say, the low ground between the mountains and the sea, including also the volcanic group of the Alban Hills; and Sabines, the sturdy and valiant mountaineers of the Apennines. The Sabines were the people of the lance (*quiris*), whence their name Quirites, and the appellation Quirinus, the lance-bearer, given to their god Janus. Uniting with the Pelasgians, they established themselves on the Janiculum, and other of the hills, even giving their name to one, the Quirinal.

One other people, the mysterious, long-vanished race of the Etruscans, savage as to their religion and morals, as refined in certain of their artistic tastes as the most civilised of modern nations, had a share of Roman territory before Rome began. It is probable that the Capitoline hill belonged to the Etruscans before the Sabines held it, and we know that the Janiculum had been considered part of Etruria, which included all the right bank of the Tiber down to the sea.

On the edge of authentic history there seems reason to believe that the situation of the Seven Hills was this: the Etruscans and Sabines held the ground with the exception of the Palatine and Aventine, which were in possession of the Latin kings of Alba Longa, and served as sheep-pastures. Of the Alban shepherds who guarded these flocks, one who either was, or believed himself to be of the royal house, revolted, and, seizing the deserted Pelasgic stronghold on the Palatine, gathered about him a band of kindred spirits, eager for adventure, who were ready to accept him as their chief.

Roma with *ruma*, the nourisher, as evidence of a pastoral race; Mommsen with *rama*, "the brush wood city"; Lanciani derives it from *rumon*, river, the settlement by the river; both Dyer and Niebuhr agree with Ampère.

There were two brothers, claiming to be sons of Mars and Rhea Sylvia, the old king's daughter, from the Long White City; but a fratricide left one sole master, and determined the choice between the two hills. Henceforth, the Palatine was the Royal Hill, and the Aventine was always the hill of the Opposition, many times in history the asylum and fortress of plebeian liberty. From this period, seven centuries and a half before Christ, it is usual to date the name of Rome. No one can be expected to believe now that a man named Romulus "founded a city," as the phrase goes, and called it Roma, after himself. But, if we are satisfied that a Roma, a Pelasgic stronghold, had been there for centuries, then it is not hard to understand how the lawless and ambitious young Alban, who converted the place from its more recent character of pasture and sheepfold back to its old use of stronghold, should have been known to the men of his time, and ever since in history, as Romulus, — that is "the Man of Rome."

There was probably enough left of the old Pelasgic fortifications to afford a temporary shelter, aided by the natural advantages of the position; but the first necessity for existence in those days, when every hamlet was hostile to every other hamlet, and the nearer the neighbourhood the more bitter the enmity, must have been a solid and continuous wall, enclosing a space large enough to contain some kind of shelter for every man and his possessions, of whatever kind, and for whatever objects were needed in the performance of the religious rites of the community.

Whatever doubt may linger about the name of Romulus, and the events of his so-called reign of thirty-seven years, there can be none at all that these remains of tufa wall, still visible at different points of the circuit of the Palatine hill, were the shelter which this community, struggling into existence, provided for itself, and made by the work of its



own hands, at a period which must at least be twenty-six centuries distant from us. The space enclosed was called *Roma Quadrata* by the ancient historians, from its quadrangular shape, and, roughly, was about twenty-four acres. Here, the Rome of history begins. Without this wall, there could have been nothing: the Seven Hills would have remained the same wood-crowned hillocks that they had been for ages before; it is good to see these massive, regular, grand blocks, — a testimony to enormous labour, invincible courage, and absolute fidelity.

We may say that the "Wall of Romulus" — which is so called even by those archæologists who consider Roman history at this date to be legendary — is the first fact in the history of Rome. The second fact is that of hostilities with her powerful neighbours, the Sabines, who held most of the other hills, and a wide extent of territory besides. To this period belongs the story of the carrying off of the Sabine girls who had been invited with their parents, in an interval of peace, to attend some rustic games in the long valley between the two hills which then were all that belonged to Rome, — namely, the Palatine and the Aventine. The story has to be remembered, because with it begins the history of Rome's great Circus, which to this day extends in clearly marked outline between the hills; where so many topographical features have been obliterated, the few that remain are valuable. Then came a conclusion of peace, and an agreement between Romulus of the Palatine and Tatius the Sabine, on the Capitol, for a joint rule, which ended by the violent death of the Sabine partner, and not long after, of the Roman; and there was never again a Latin king of Rome: Numa, and Tullus, and Ancus, were Sabines; then came the three Etruscan kings, — the elder Tarquin, half Greek; Servius Tullius, whom some traditions call the son of a slave-woman, and others identify with Mastarna, also

an Etruscan adventurer; and the younger Tarquin, with whom ended the regal period.

Among the ruins of ancient Rome there is not even the least fragment attributed by tradition to Numa, the second king; but the Sabine influence on Roman manners, religion, and laws was very strong and very civilising. To the common worship of the warrior gods, was added the Sabine cult of Vesta, and a space of ground between the hills was consecrated to her worship, where stands at this day the circular ruinous base of her latest temple. It was natural that the Sabine influence should be preponderant in the composite community of Rome at this time, for the Sabines were greatly in the majority as to numbers; and, withal, the second generations of the Latins of the Palatine had all of them Sabine mothers. But for all that, Rome was Latin, and not Sabine. The city grew by the absorbing of foreign elements, — Sabine, Etruscan, and later, Greek; but, to all time, it remained Rome of the Palatine hill, Latin at its core, and it is interesting to notice that Tullus Hostilius, the third king, also of Sabine race, unwittingly reinforced the Latin element which might have become numerically too feeble to survive, by transferring to Rome all the inhabitants of Alba Longa, the old Latin metropolis, after his capture of that city, in numbers so great as to double the population of Rome.

In the reign of Ancus Martius, the fourth king, hostilities with the Latin cities which still maintained their independence, continued; again Rome was victorious, and again the conquered Latins were brought into Rome. In this reign the Janiculum was captured from the Etruscans, and united to the rest of the city by that famous wooden bridge whose foundations we vainly look for now, when the Tiber is low. But the Pons Sublicius remains in history only, though many times rebuilt, and lasting till far into the

Christian era. Ancus Martius carried his conquests further, on the Etruscan side of the river, and gave Rome her first grasp upon the sea-coast at Ostia, the famous port by which, in later days, the spoils of a conquered world were brought in. With all these successes abroad, the fourth king had a turbulent population at home, as might be expected, when more than half the city was occupied by conquered Latins, violently dispossessed of their own homes, and made reluctant dwellers in the city of their conqueror. To intimidate this dangerous element, Ancus built, we are told, a prison, and this prison, a hundred years later in date than the Wall of Romulus, is the second landmark that remains to us from the period of the kings.

Its site was well chosen, just on the edge of a piece of low ground, a valley among the three central hills, — the Palatine, the Capitoline, and the Quirinal, which, though marshy and often overflowed, was so conveniently situated, that from the time of the first king it had served the dwellers on these hills as a market-place (*forum*), where they could meet one another for buying and selling; where, also, the chief men from each hill could meet safely, to consult on matters of common interest. There were a few rude shrines and altars in this valley, and, in general, it was a central point.

Situated near the northern edge of the Forum, the new prison was in all men's view, and, unquestionably, must have been well adapted "to restrain the growing audacity of the times," which Livy tells us was the object of its building, for none could have been so bold as to regard it otherwise than with terror. Nothing from ancient Rome remains so nearly the same that its builders left it as this Mamertine Prison, for, unless an earthquake should rend it in sunder, the appalling simplicity of its construction makes it proof against all change. It was made at first an

underground chamber, hewn in the solid rock, twenty feet in diameter, twelve feet high at its highest point, circular at its base, cone shaped, having no entrance except a small man-hole at the top, and the top itself twelve feet underground. For about three-quarters of its extent, the walls of this chamber are made with tufa blocks, each course set a little further inward than the one below it, thus shaping the cone; the remainder is the natural rock hewn to correspond. This was clearly the original prison, and probably at first, a narrow shaft only was made to give access to the aperture at its top. Very early, however, a second underground chamber was constructed as an after-thought, above the first, but still completely under the level of the ground. This chamber, with its floor, cuts off the top of the cone beneath, leaving the lower cell only a little over six feet in height. The area of the upper cell is nearly twice as large as that of the lower; it is rectangular in shape, and has a vaulted top.

These two chambers in the rock are, it is believed, the whole of the early prison of Rome, at least for many centuries; all Roman historians mention it: Plutarch calls it τὸ βάραθρον (the abyss); Varro and Livy speak of it; Sallust gives a description of the two cells, one above the other. There was a superstructure of some kind restored in the time of Tiberius, of which a string-course bearing the inscription remains built into the church of S. Joseph the Carpenter, which occupies the ground above the prison. Church legends, also, have taken possession of the spot, and declare that S. Peter was once a prisoner in the Tullianum. A chapel under the church is consecrated to S. Pietro in Carcere, and is much beloved of the Roman populace. From the sacristy of this chapel a modern stairway leads down into the first prison, and thence another plunges into the black depths of the Tullianum. In each cell there is

now an altar, where mass is said once a year. In the lower cell is still the little spring of water, whose archaic Latin name, *tullius*, a jet of water, gave the prison one of its two appellations, the Tullianum; its other name is the Mamertine, or Martian, Prison.

No greater historic certainty, or more sombre tragedy, clings anywhere in Rome than here. Into this dungeon were thrown the fellow-conspirators of Catiline, and from its vestibule Cicero came out, saying with cold triumph, *Vixerunt*, "they have lived." Jugurtha was brought from an African battlefield, and Perseus from his splendid palace in Macedon, and Vercingetorix from the beautiful fields of ancient France, to perish by starvation, or by the hand of the executioner, in this underground darkness. Romans of the highest station, and the proudest names, from Appius Claudius, the decemvir, in the early days of the Republic, down to Sejanus, who for years was the favourite of Tiberius, met their death, with every circumstance of ignominy, in this place. And to the well-known names of history, how many thousands must be added of whom no individual mention was ever made? The sacristan's smoky oil lamp, attached to the end of a long stick, is so feeble that it only shows a little space of wall or floor, as he moves it from place to place. "For over a thousand years this was the Roman prison," he says, in his brief English phrase, learned by heart. He does not mind it at all; and scarcely do we. But what a sum of human misery, of baffled rage, of frenzied despair, was shut in here, underground, in all those years! The mind is benumbed by the bewildering horror of the thought.

The construction of the prison was not only a measure of defence against the turbulent Latins, but, no doubt, also against possible rivals among the Sabine and Etruscan aristocracy of the three hills. It kept off the evil day for

the lifetime of Ancus; but the next kings of Rome were Etruscans. The early historians give no explanation of this change of dynasty. An ingenious modern conjecture has been that these unruly Latins, powerful enough to make a king, but having no great leader of their own race whom they could put forward, united upon an Etruscan stranger, preferring his rule to that of any man from the Sabine aristocracy, who had been their masters since the time of Romulus, a period of a hundred years. The occasion also was favourable. The sons of Ancus were young, and could easily be dispossessed of whatever vague hereditary right the times might recognise. An Etruscan of Greek ancestry, young, ambitious, and rich, had come with a considerable following to make his home in Rome some years before. He had been well received by the king, and, on the death of Ancus, felt no scruple at ascending the throne, at whose steps he had long stood.

The century of Etruscan supremacy in Rome (616-509 *b.c.*) has attracted, in recent years, very great interest. Its whole story has never yet been told; probably no period of equal length in the city's history was ever so momentous, so fruitful in important results. For this period we have only three names in the royal succession: Tarquinius Priscus, the founder of this brief dynasty, who reigned thirty-eight years; his son-in-law, Servius Tullius, whose reign lasted forty-four years; and the younger Tarquinius, son-in-law of Servius, who, after twenty-five years of autocratic government, was expelled from Rome. Within this Etruscan century of dominion are dated four great architectural or engineering works: the great temple of Jupiter on the Capitol; the temple on the Aventine consecrated to Diana, a Latin goddess; the city wall, now enclosing seven hills instead of one, so widely had the city extended itself since the time of Romulus; and, noblest,

though humblest, work of all, the sewers, which, in part, serve Rome to this day. If this were all that we have to ascribe to the Etruscan kings, it would be a magnificent record; but history attributes to one of them a work even more remarkable,—the complete civil and political and military organisation of the great city, on a plan so admirably conceived, so sagaciously carried out, so perfectly adapted to the situation, yet so elastic, that much of what Servius Tullius instituted in the middle of the sixth century before Christ, remained in force far into the Christian era.

In art, in agriculture, in social manners and customs, and in religion, Rome accepted this dominant influence of a more civilised race; and in these respects that influence probably acted by slow infiltration, being no more due to the ruler than to his fellow-countrymen who came, as he did, to make their homes in Rome. To the sagacious instinct of borrowing useful methods in the transaction of every-day affairs, may be ascribed the Roman adoption, in this century, of a rude form of coinage and of a system of weights and measures, also a sufficient general use of writing to make its official use a natural sequence. But the organisation of a state and of an army, a just and accurate plan of taxation, the establishment of the political rights of the people, where all these things were hitherto unknown, mark the presence of a great political and practical genius, acting freely in a controlling position. Remote and vague, just within the verge of authentic history, sombre in the gloom of his tragic end, the Sixth King stands alone in his epoch, and it seems not too much to say that, until Caesar, Rome never had again so great a ruler.

The Etruscan reigns changed the city's orientation, so to speak. Hitherto, the Palatine had been the Latin sacred hill, and the Quirinal that of the Sabines. Now, the Mons Saturnius, of prehistoric times, more recently the Mons

Tarpeius, of the Sabine rulers, became the Capitulum, the religious centre and also the citadel of Rome, receiving this name from the elder Tarquin, in obedience to the commands of his Etruscan soothsayers, to imply that it was henceforth *caput*, "the head" of the city.

On this hill Tarquinius Priscus, very early in his reign, built a strong fortification, which was probably completed quickly, as fortifications need to be, for immediate service; but he only laid the foundations of the great temple which his successors carried forward through the whole period of their reigns, and Tarquinius Superbus left, at the time of his expulsion, to be dedicated in the first year of the Republic.

The Capitoline hill is the smallest, and was plainly the most defensible hill of the Seven, having nearly perpendicular cliffs on all sides, except for a few rods on the east, where it sloped towards the Forum. It has remained to this day the municipal centre of Rome. On it are the three principal buildings belonging to the city: the palace of the Senator, with its large hall, police-court, observatory, and fine bell-tower; the palace of the *Conservatori*, now containing collections of various kinds, — sculpture, pictures, porcelain, and objects of historical interest, of various dates; and the Museum, entirely devoted to antique sculpture. These three buildings occupy three sides of a central piazza, over which Marcus Aurelius, on his bronze horse, graciously presides with lifted hand. Behind the Museum is the old church of Ara Coeli; and behind the palace of the *Conservatori*, across the Piazza, is the Caffarelli palace, which now belongs to the German government, and is occupied by its embassy.

Thus, unlike the Palatine, which is left peacefully to its ruins, except for two or three rather unimportant buildings which one day, we are promised, shall disappear, the



Capitoline hill is completely covered, and excavations, on any large scale, are impossible. Add to this, that the natural character of the hill, and its relations to the Forum, have been concealed by these buildings, as thoroughly as if they had been erected for that express object. The Capitoline was originally a high, rocky platform, rising above the Forum valley, curving towards it, accessible only from it, and sharply precipitous on every other side. This platform was of uneven surface, having a central depression from which the ground sloped eastwards to the Forum, and rising at its two extremities into two well-marked elevations, on one of which stood the temple of Jupiter, while the other was fortified as the *arx*, or citadel.

In the present condition of the hill, the central depression has been entirely filled up to make the level piazza, whose massive buildings on two sides quite overtop the church and the palace behind them on the two crests of the old hill, while, square across the eastern side, the municipal building, with its tall bell-tower, presents an imposing front to the piazza, turning its back upon the Forum, and concealing it almost from view. On each side of this building there is still the original slope to the lower ground; but on one side it is only a foot-way, and on the other, how changed the insignificant angular street from that stately Clivus Capitolinus by which triumphal processions once went up to the temple of Jupiter! To complete the general change of aspect, the main entrance to the piazza is from the west, where the precipitous cliff has been cut away, making room for a very broad *cordonata*,<sup>1</sup> with a stone balustrade, and statues of Castor and Pollux standing, taller than their horses, at its top. On one side of this

<sup>1</sup> The *cordonata* is an Italian method of dealing with steep slopes by dividing them into a series of steps of earth or concrete, each step edged with a stone curb, like a thick rope (*cordone*) stretched across.

ascent are the hundred and twenty-four steps of the Ara Coeli, brought in 1348 from the temple on the Quirinal, at that time not completely destroyed, and, on the other, the carriage ascent by terraces, laid out in 1873.

So destructive of ancient landmarks was this transformation of the old hill, effected in the sixteenth century, that, while it has never been doubted that the citadel occupied one summit and the temple the other, archæologists were long unable to agree as to the respective positions of the two, and hence, of all the other buildings which clustered around each. German scholars placed the temple of Jupiter on the more southern height; Italian, on the northern; and the Tarpeian Rock, of tragic memory, has shared in the same uncertainty. Discoveries, however, made under and near the Caffarelli palace at various times within the last half century, have rendered it more and more probable that the temple of Jupiter occupied the southern height of the hill. These discoveries were of portions of a very extensive platform made of blocks of tufa, evidently the *podium* of some immense temple, and when, in 1875, an enormous fragment of a column was found upon this platform, which was nearly seven feet in diameter, and was of the same Pentelic marble which Plutarch tells us was used by Domitian in his reconstruction of this temple near the close of the first century of the Christian era, further doubt seems to be impossible that the temple occupied the southern height, and the citadel the northern, of the Capitoline hill.

In general, any attempt to reconstruct to the imagination a long-vanished building can interest only the archæologist; but the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was such a vast innovation in the simple, rustic town, it marked an era of such importance, and it remained the religious centre of Rome so long, that it is worth while to recall the principal details of its aspect, as given by the old writers. Its frontage was a

hundred and eighty feet, and its depth two hundred, which makes its entire area a little larger than that of the Pantheon. As to its height we have no exact figures; but it is represented as a heavy-looking building, with low-pitched wooden roof extending out over its double row of columns on the two sides, and triple row in front, like the portico of the Pantheon. The stone employed as building material was peperino, covered with stucco, for the Etruscans, with all their luxury at this time, had no extensive supply of marble. That they had a little appears from the rare marble sarcophagi discovered among Etruscan ruins; but their chief use of this precious material was in making stucco of a peculiarly beautiful and durable character.

The use of stucco was general among the Greek builders; but no Roman building had yet received this ornamentation until the Etruscan period of the city. Vitruvius calls it *opus albarium*, and also *caementum marmoreum*. "It should be observed," says Mr. Middleton, "that the modern words cement, stucco, and plaster, give a very wrong notion when applied to so beautiful and noble a substance as the *caementum marmoreum* of the Greeks and Romans." It was, as the name indicates, a marble-dust cement, made of powdered white marble, and lime of the whitest kind, made by burning white marble, mixed not with water but with milk or some other glutinous liquid for greater strength, and, being made with the greatest possible care, it had exactly the colour and grain of real marble and almost its durability. It could receive, also, as perfect a polish; and Vitruvius says that it reflected light like a mirror.

Glittering white against the blue Roman sky on the hill-top rose the Etruscan temple. It was nearly a century in building, we are told. Tarquinius Priscus did no more than build its great platform; whether Servius Tullius carried it forward diligently may be doubted, when we

reflect on all the other works of his reign, but the younger Tarquin brought the temple to completion. Only, with singular ill luck, he failed of time to dedicate it, being expelled from Rome in the year 509 B.C., and leaving that welcome task to the consuls of the Republic. By a conspicuous innovation, the Capitoline temple was dedicated not only to Jupiter, but to Juno, his wife, and to Minerva, his daughter, as well, and the three cellæ placed side by side, caused the extraordinary width of the temple. Jupiter was seated in his shrine, but the two goddesses stood; and it is curious to notice that the gold and ivory throne of the god was the primitive treasury of the State. Here had been collected, in little more than a century, the two thousand pounds' weight of gold which was paid over to the Gauls as a ransom for the city in 390 B.C.

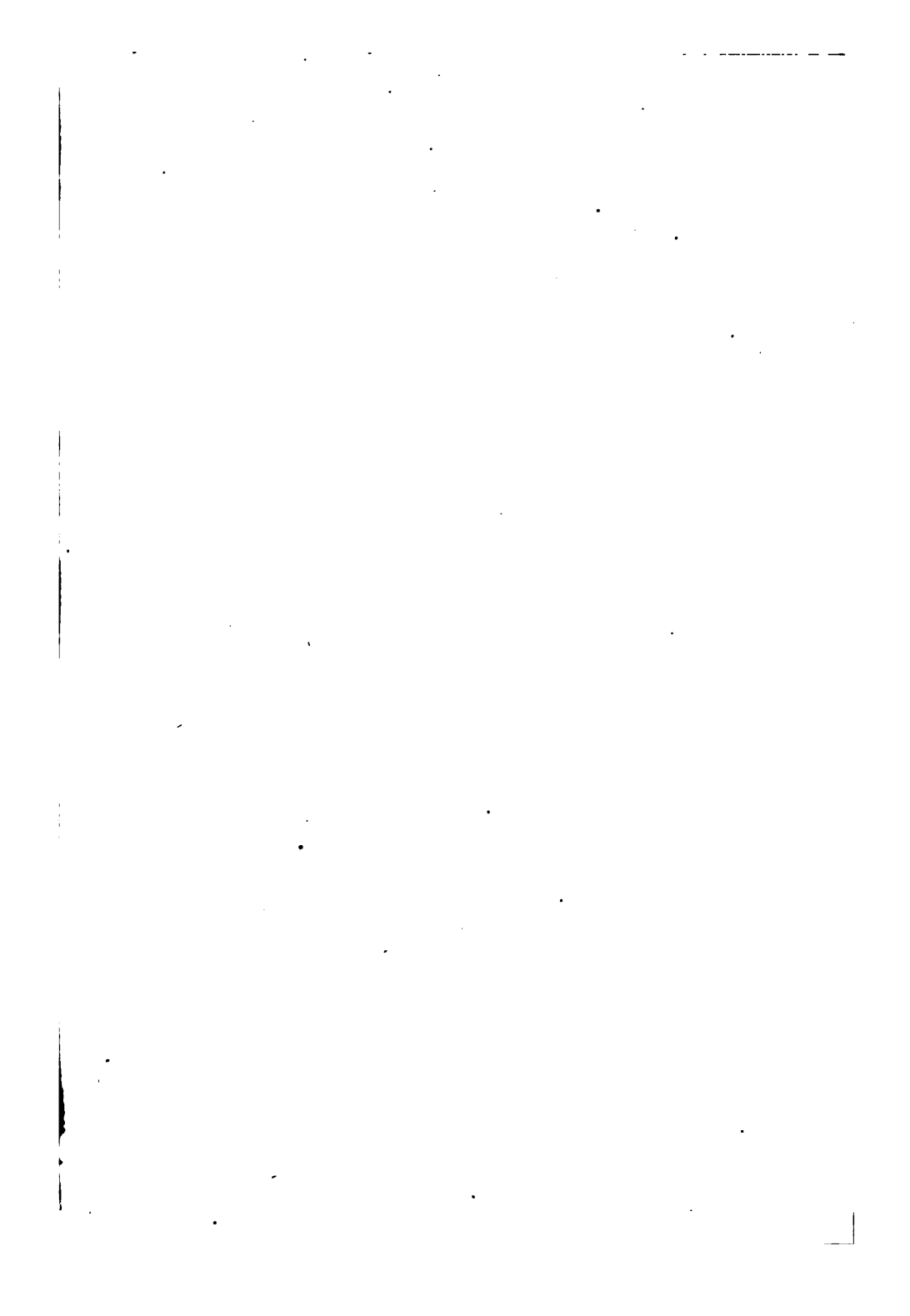
The statues of the divinities, within their cellæ, were true Etruscan works of art in terra-cotta; and aloft, on the peak of the roof, a terra-cotta quadriga showed the king of the gods in a chariot with four prancing horses. These statues were painted scarlet, and the car and horses gilded, it is thought. But yearly repainting was required to keep them in a state of perfection, and annually the purple-robed censors might have been seen by all the town, with paint-pot and brush, on the sacred roof, restoring the weather-beaten king of the gods to his pristine red. All this lasted through the best days of the Republic; shields and lances, and statues and gold wreaths, and votive offerings in various forms, were heaped up in the temple; the triumphal processions of many generals ascended to it; finally, in the year 83 B.C., amid civil disturbances, some unknown incendiary set it on fire. For a few months it lay in ruins, and then Sulla began rebuilding it, and the long Roman story of plundered columns begins with this rebuilding. Sulla, who had waged war successfully in Greece, brought home mono-

liths of coloured marble, which had adorned the cella of the Corinthian temple of Zeus in Athens, and built them into this temple of the Roman Zeus. But not until the reign of Augustus, however, was there peace enough in Rome for so important a work to be brought to completion, and then it only stood about seventy years, being destroyed again by fire in the next great disturbance which ensued in Rome, that is to say, the days preceding the establishment of the Flavian dynasty.

As soon as he was on the throne, Vespasian hastened to propitiate Jupiter, by re-erecting his temple exactly after the old Tarquinian design, except that the priests permitted him to add somewhat to its height. The graceful temples of the Forum had at that time been built; the Venus Genetrix of Caesar, the Palatine Apollo and the Mars Ultor of Augustus, and the exquisite columns of Castor and Pollux had stood for fifty years in all men's view; hence it was not strange that the old Etruscan building offended the more cultivated taste of the time. Vespasian effected a slight change in the architecture of the temple, but his building only stood ten years. In the year 80 A.D. one of the great Roman fires raged three days and three nights, and swept the Capitol as well as the level ground. Then Domitian rebuilt, and an entirely new magnificence was displayed. The material was now entirely solid, — Pentelic marble, brought from Greece; and twelve million dollars' worth of gold was employed upon the roofs and doors. All the Roman world admired, and the poet Martial says facetiously that Jupiter himself, if called upon to pay for this new temple, would be bankrupt, even though he should sell out all Olympus. This temple was never burned, and it would be standing now had it not been carried off piecemeal, by something very like every-day theft. Stilicho, the Vandal minister of the Emperor Honorius, stripped off the gold

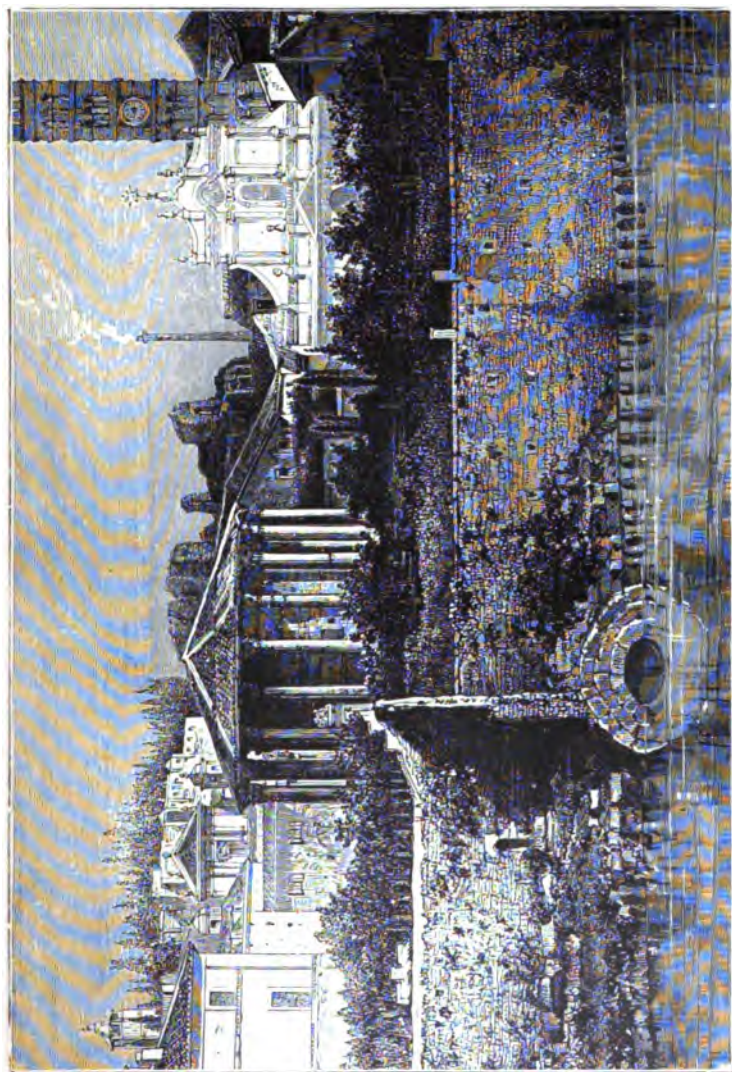
reliefs from the doors of the three callae; Genseric, the Vandal who sacked Rome in 455, took about half of Domitian's gold-plated tiles from the enormous roof; two centuries later, Pope Honorius "conveyed" the rest to complete the basilica of S. Peter's, just then building. But there was still a temple of Jupiter Capitolinus as late as the time of Charlemagne. Finally, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, turbulent Roman princes entrenched themselves on the hill, and used what remained of the old edifices for strongholds, which were by turns taken and retaken, destroyed and rebuilt, until one wonders to read that as late as the fifteenth century there were left an immense gateway and some columns on the edge of what is now the Caffarelli height, whose size plainly marked them as remains of the old temple. Not even this was spared to us. The Cinque Cento did its notorious work even here: the fragments were taken to make additions to the Villa Medici; and, lastly, in the year 1700, the whole ground was quarried to furnish material for building the church of S. Maria dell' Anima in the Circo Agonale.

The original temple was not only in design a great architectural advance for the city of the Seven Hills, but in the mere fact of its erection it was a great advance towards unity for a people so composite. On the Quirinal, the Sabine population had, up to this time, worshipped their national triad, the same three divinities whom the Etruscans specially honoured, both races deriving this cult from their ancient relations with the Pelaagians. The building of this temple, so much more imposing than that of the Quirinal, and on an entirely new site, was to deprive the Sabines of any exclusive rights in this special worship, while the marked prominence in every way given to Jupiter, appealed strongly to the Latins, one of whose chief divinities he was. In this first of the three great



*Cloaca Maxima.*







works of the Etruscan kings, their policy appears, across twenty centuries, almost as plainly as if it were a matter of yesterday. Masters of a city, in which three elements, each more or less hostile to the others, were compelled into fusion, they sought to form a national unity, giving importance to the Latins, the plebeian element, reducing the arrogance of the Sabine patricians, and establishing the Etruscan element, which was numerically inferior, in a position of equality with the others. A further conciliation of the Latins appears in the reign of Servius Tullius, who built a temple of Diana on the Aventine, among the plebeian dwellings of that humblest of the Seven Hills, to be a centre of worship for all the Latin League. Not so much as a column is left from that temple; but it is believed to have stood where the very ancient church, Santa Prisca, has, for sixteen historic centuries, consecrated the ground.

The second great Etruscan work in Rome has had as much fame as its more brilliant predecessor, and a vastly greater permanence. The Cloacae of the Tarquins, originally only drains, were of an importance that cannot be over-estimated, in rendering the city capable of becoming what it afterwards was. Everywhere the low ground is, by nature, marshy and full of springs and threads of water. Especially important was the drainage of the Forum, originally a swamp. We cannot do better than quote Pliny's admiring words: "Seven streams," he says, "after traversing the city, unite, and their waters are so compressed into one channel (the Cloaca Maxima), as to sweep everything along with them, like a torrent; and when a great body of storm-water is added, the very walls are shaken by the violence of the current. Sometimes the Tiber rises and beats back into it, and vast opposing masses of water meet and struggle with each other, yet the solid masonry resists, and stands firm. Huge weights are carried

over them; whole buildings, undermined by fire, or by some accident, fall upon them; earthquakes shake the ground around them, yet they have lasted seven hundred years, from the time of Tarquinius Priscus, almost uninjured,—a monument of antiquity which ought to be the more carefully noticed, since it has been passed over in silence by some of our most celebrated historians.”

“Seven hundred years,” says Pliny; and since his time seventeen hundred years and more have passed, and the Cloacae stand firm. “Nothing in Rome is really more remarkable,” says Middleton, “than the very complete way in which the great area of the whole ancient city is drained, with a perfect system of massive stone sewers as main arteries, and countless branches of various shapes and dimensions, according to the work they had to do. . . . Next to the great tunnels, as they might be called, with stone barrel-vaults, come a number of other large and primitive drains, built of similar blocks of stone, with triangular tops, formed of courses of stone on level beds, each course projecting over the one below.” The materials employed are tufa and peperino, with an occasional use of travertine, and, in some cases, there is a paving of polygonal blocks of lava, like the *selce* of the modern streets. Some of the smaller sewers are covered with large tiles, leaning against each other, like a pitched roof.

The great Cloaca, best known from the many pictures and photographs of its point of exit into the Tiber, has at this point an arch nearly eleven feet wide and a little over twelve feet high. Beginning at the foot of the Esquiline Hill this great sewer crosses the Roman Forum where an opening in the pavement of the Julian Basilica, made in 1872, shows it, with its rapid and rather malodorous current; and again through a grating it can be seen near the arch of Janus in the Velabrum. But a most satisfactory point to

observe the ancient sewer is where it emerges as an open channel, after having turned a mill in which plaster is ground, just against the northern slope of the Aventine. Entering by a narrow passage from the Via in Velabro, where a number of rusted bronze lamps, and other small objects, presumably fished from the channel, are exhibited for sale, one turns to the right and with a few steps stands above the rapid stream, turbid, — but scarcely more so than the Tiber, — emerging from under the mill, and after a few feet tunnelling the cliff of the Aventine which bars its way, and thence flowing underground again to the river. The sewer is thirteen feet wide where it pierces the Aventine, and the tunnel made for it was twelve feet high; at its entrance into the Tiber the channel is two feet less in breadth; and it is supposed that this contraction, together with a considerable descent, and an entrance into the river at an angle of 60°, are the provisions for cleansing the channel which were made by this unknown engineer of twenty-four centuries ago.

At the time these cloacae were made there were no aqueducts to bring vast quantities of water into the city which must be safely delivered out of it; there was no sewerage taken into account; there only was land to drain of little water-currents, and storm-water to carry off; nor could anything further have been foreseen. It is amazing to find that provision was made for these wants on such a scale, at so early a period, that all the need arising from the enormous water-supply of Rome, both in imperial times and in our own days, has been met by it. With all the splendid antiquity which Rome offers to the traveller's admiration, it is quite easy to overlook the Cloaca Maxima; but, after all, it is a picturesque as well as a classical spot, where the rapid current plunges under the grand old arch; the cliff above is draped with hanging festoons of greenery, and close

beside the turbid water, separated only by a very narrow ledge, is a little clear spring in a rocky basin, *Acqua Argentina*, "the silver water," which is older than the *Cloaca*, and is, we are assured, as sweet and wholesome as if it had no such uncanny neighbour.

It goes without saying that such a vast and solid network of drainage involved enormous labour, and points to a despotic authority. The work was begun by the first Tarquin; it seems to have been in a degree suspended in the reign of *Servius Tullius*; and it was completed by Tarquin the Proud. In an address, which one of the old historians represents Brutus as making to the people of Rome after the expulsion of the royal house, occur these words, which plainly refer to the *cloacae*: "He compelled you like slaves to lead a miserable life, hewing stone, cutting wood, carrying enormous loads, and passing your lives underground." Nevertheless, it is certainly true that no public work ever done in Rome surpasses in utility the Tarquinian sewers, for they rendered all the future possible. If the *cloacae* are, as they have been called, a monument of tyranny, they are also a monument of statesmanship.

We also read that the founding of the *Circus Maximus*, as a place of public amusement, is attributed to the elder Tarquin. With this begins the long list of contributions on the part of government to the entertainment of the citizens. From the rustic, primitive *Circus* of the seventh century before Christ, which was only a race-track apparently designed by nature in the long, narrow valley between the *Palatine* and *Aventine*, without enclosure, without shelter from sun or rain, and provided merely with rude wooden benches, whence the spectators witnessed the speed of a few Etruscan horses, and the skill of Etruscan pugilists, probably only a pair at a time, fighting to the music of flutes,

it is a far cry to the Circus Maximus of imperial Rome; but one is the direct sequence of the other. What Tarquin began, every subsequent ruler added to, through a period of a thousand years, until, last of all, the tallest obelisk in Rome, brought from Egypt by order of the Emperor Constantius, was the climax and the close of the long story.

The Circus of Tarquin was, as a farmer might say, a forty-acre lot, its width about a third of its length; the Circus of the emperors was nothing less than a continuous building enclosing this great area, with three tiers of arches and engaged columns like the wall of the Colosseum, on the outside, and on the inside, tiers of seats, rising one above another, sufficient in number to accommodate two hundred and eighty-five thousand persons. 'Outside and in, all was white marble, and the details of this vast construction were of the most elaborate finish; the white marble was of exquisite polish, and it was relieved everywhere with gold and painting, with brilliant mosaics and Oriental marbles and gilt bronze. These were the seats for the undistinguished multitude; also, there were lofty state-boxes for the magistrates, for the giver of the games, for the judges, and a very imposing *pulvinar* for the Emperor himself, whenever he deigned to be present. Bisecting the arena in the direction of its length was a long, low wall to separate it into two tracks, and this *spina* was loaded with every kind of splendid ornament, colossal statues of the gods, shrines, columns, altars, trophies, mysterious egg-shaped balls, and dolphins, and at each end three tall conical *metae* of gilt bronze.

The chariot-races in this magnificent place were worthy of its splendour. They were usually of four quadrigae at a time, representing the four "factions,"—the green, the blue, the russet-red, and the white. These were the *circenses*, which, with *panem*, were the Roman demand. From

ten to twelve daily were given, in Caesar's time, on race-days; and the number was gradually increased to twenty, and even twenty-four, and on more frequently recurring days. Seven laps made a race in general, but Domitian once shortened the number to five, in order to bring a hundred races into one day; and, in his time and later, the entertainment was held to be very insufficient if it were not arranged to begin at sunrise and last till the sun went down.

At the present day, the old ground is occupied by gasometers and petty shops, and a Jewish cemetery. The accumulated soil is twenty-five or thirty feet deep in the arena, bringing it nearly up to the level of the surrounding ground, and a modern street, the *Via de' Cerchi*, runs nearly on the line of the highest tier of seats, we are told. As late as the sixth century races were still held here, and there was enough of the walls and seats remaining to be worthy of mention by a visitor to Rome in the ninth century. In the twelfth and thirteenth it was regarded by Popes and princes as a convenient stone-quarry, whence they could obtain excellent building material; and, perhaps, no great building in the world has ever been more completely obliterated than this.

Very different has been the fate of the Servian wall, which dates from the Etruscan period in Rome. This is the second city wall, corresponding in extent to the great development which Rome had attained in the first two centuries of its existence. The great series of fortifications thus entitled takes its name from the second Etruscan king, *Servius Tullius*, and fittingly commemorates that great law-maker and organiser. By means of it the Seven Hills were for the first time made one city, and were placed in a condition of security. Each of the more important hills had had its separate defence before: the tufa



wall of Romulus, a mile in length, encircled the Palatine: the Capitoline had had added to its natural escarpments some similar masonry, fragments of which may be traced here and there on the southern and southeastern sides of the hill; but the fortifications of the other hill-settlements were only earthworks, or, perhaps, walls of brick. The employment of unburnt brick is known to be of very great antiquity, dating from Babylon and Egypt; the Etruscans were familiar with the use of this material; and when the Sabines learned so readily to copy the clay vases and statues of their Etruscan neighbours, there can be no doubt they also acquired the more useful art of brick-making.

Neither earthworks nor brick walls, however, were now sufficient for the sturdy young city growing amid enemies on every side; moreover, the valleys between the hills required defence, beginning as they now did, after the great drainage effected by the cloacae, to be filled with the overflowing population from the crowded hills. At this point comes up one of the vexed questions of history as to the population of Rome in the Servian period. Livy, quoting an earlier author, whose works have perished, says distinctly that there were eighty thousand citizens capable of bearing arms: that is to say, between the ages of seventeen and sixty, the limit of the military age at that time. When to this number is added the usual estimate for women and children and old men, and also a very moderate estimate for artisans and labourers beneath the military status, and for slaves, the entire population must be reckoned at eight hundred thousand. Figures so large have seemed incredible to many historians, and they have preferred to believe that Livy, — or Fabius Pictor, whom he quotes, — meant to say not eighty thousand fighting men, but eighty thousand inhabitants all told. "Where doctors disagree, who shall decide?" But, as has been well said, it may at least be observed,

reversing the arithmetical process, that if eighty thousand was the whole population, about half that number being women, and a considerable portion of the remainder boys and old men, the number of possible labourers for the great public works of the period is singularly inadequate. The Servian wall and the cloacae indicate a time when there was an immense amount of human labour at command.

Whatever view may be held as to the number of the Roman population at this time, it is certain that the great wall, behind which they were all equally sheltered, was a magnificent visible expression of that grand policy of fusion and unity which marked the reign of Servius Tullius. Carrying out what was, perhaps, the plan of his predecessor, it was his self-appointed task, out of dissimilar and hostile elements, to organise a great civic community; no ruler had ever a more difficult work, or fulfilled one more successfully. Contemporary with the building of the wall was the reconstruction of the community. There were the three original tribes representing the race-distinctions of Latins, Sabines, and Etruscans. Abolishing these, he organised four local tribes, residents severally of the Palatine, the Caelian, the Quirinal, and the Esquiline; then, taking the whole population collectively, he further divided them into six classes, with subdivisions of each class, on a property basis, for purposes of taxation, voting, legislation, and military service. In this way, all old ties were broken and new ones were formed. In a way analogous to this, he rendered the old fortifications useless, and built one new wall around the entire city.

The Palatine wall has been a mile in length; this was six miles. Beginning at the Tiber, just below the island, and about fifteen rods above the Sublician bridge, the only one at that time spanning the river, it made the circuit of the Seven Hills, following their cliffs as far as possible, and re-

turned again to the Tiber at a point about twenty rods below the bridge. On the other side of the river, the Janiculum, now part of the city, was connected with the bridge by a road across the low ground of the Trastevere, protected by high walls said to have been the work of Ancus Marcius; but the Janiculum was never one of the Seven Hills.

The Servian wall protected Rome for five centuries. Hannibal, who had come all the long way from Africa, through Spain and France and Switzerland, for the one purpose of entering Rome, looked at it, and turned away. Many another fierce enemy did the same. But after the fall of Carthage, Rome became so triumphant and so secure that she cared no more for walls. Then the villas and gardens of the rich, spreading out towards the beautiful Campagna of those days, and long lines of tenement-houses in less attractive outskirts of the city, began to crowd the old wall, to overbuild it, to cause it to be demolished even. Long sections of it were quite lost to sight and to mind; and in the Augustan period, no antiquary even could trace it in its whole circuit.

With the vast changes of destruction and rebuilding, that have followed one another in the nineteen centuries since the time of Augustus, and with the general elevation of level over most of the city, the old wall has been more and more concealed. An English author, writing in 1876, makes the observation that, with a few unimportant exceptions, no remnant of the Servian wall is now to be seen. It would be a great pity if this were still true. Happily, the situation is now quite different. The changes in Rome within the last twenty years which have destroyed so many and so bitterly-regretted old landmarks, have certainly had the merit of bringing to light a good deal of the Servian wall. In more than thirty places, in different quarters of Rome, the grand old fortification is visible; at many

points only a few courses of stone, it is true, but everywhere with the unmistakable aspect of venerable antiquity; and, in two or three places, magnificent remains which not even the most careless or ignorant person could pass unnoticed.

The longest of these is on the Viminal hill in the north-eastern part of the city. The railway-station is its nearest neighbour. Standing before this building, on the side by which outward-bound trains leave the city, one sees, over the low brick wall opposite, courses of masonry, made of huge blocks of reddish brown stone, rising to a height of about thirty feet. For a length of perhaps forty yards this is visible over the brick wall. Its top is irregular, and here and there a tuft of grass grows from a crevice in the stone. Birds fly over it, and perch on its upper edge, relieved against the blue sky. At both ends of this length of wall, the layers of stone are perfectly horizontal, as if it had been built only last year; but midway, they are somewhat dislocated, and sag. Nothing but an earthquake could have wrenched these great blocks out of place. Behind the wall are the modern dwellings of a street, and the white façade of rather a new church is conspicuous. Its pediment, topped by a light iron cross, and the tall, square, white bell-tower behind it, look singularly modern and trivial, in contrast with the Servian wall. In front of it, inside the railway yard, stand a locomotive and its tender; and telegraph-poles, bearing many wires, cross the line of vision. Church-bells ring briskly, and the locomotive of an out-going train whistles. And there stands the wall of Rome, which Horace saw, and Vergil, and Caesar, — and Hannibal, from the outside, — and, grander than any except Caesar, the old Etruscan king, about whom we know so much and yet so little!

It is allowed to enter the railway yard; and crossing

many tracks, one stands directly under the imposing ruin. The part which shows over the brick wall opposite the station, is hardly a fourth of its whole length, which must be nearly five hundred feet; but at its northern extremity the masonry is much broken down, so that only six or seven courses of stone remain. This grand old monument of ancient Rome stands now enclosed by a good fence, with granite posts, and will never be encroached on, though it is in the railway yard, with siding tracks at right and left.

In size and shape, the blocks of this wall exactly resemble those of the wall of Romulus on the Palatine; but the latter are entirely of tufa, while in the Servian wall peperino is also used. A great variety of mason's marks may be observed on the ends of the blocks, which, as in the Palatine wall, are set alternately, headers and stretchers. Some of the marks are letters, others are numbers. One of them, often repeated, resembles an arrow-head. This is thought to be either the Etruscan C H, or the early Roman numeral 50.

Under the Empire there was a row of houses against the outside of the wall at its eastern end; and the remains of them are plainly seen, — concrete, faced with brick, and in some places with that diagonal arrangement of small square-faced blocks of tufa, which is called *opus reticulatum*. This came into use in the early part of the first century before the Christian era, and remained in fashion until the time of Hadrian. Wherever it is seen, therefore, it dates the building in an entirely satisfactory manner. The squares of tufa are usually from two to three inches across. Rectangular pieces of larger size are fitted neatly in at the angles of the walls; and wherever there are arched openings for doors or windows, there are tufa *voussoirs*, about nine inches long and three and a half wide.

Another very interesting fragment of the Servian wall is

on the southern edge of the Aventine, near the Via di Porta San Paolo. This piece of wall was discovered as long ago as 1855, when a vineyard belonging to the Collegio Romano covered the ground which has of late been bought by the municipality. Labourers were at work clearing this area from masses of old brickwork which encumbered it, when the great masonry of the Servian wall was unexpectedly brought to view. It was for the most part covered up again at that time; but in laying out the new streets of this quarter quite recently, the slope of the hill in which the wall was hidden has been cut away, and it now stands high above the road in a very commanding position. This fragment is over a hundred feet long; and where it seems to emerge from the hillside, along the summit of which runs the wattled fence of the vineyard, it is about thirty feet high. At the other extremity it has been broken down to a height of not over fourteen feet. This piece of wall is remarkable on account of a beautiful round-headed arch which opens in it, high above the ground, probably an opening in which was set some catapult or ballista of the early time. The arch is built of lithoid tufa, very much harder than the friable stone of which the wall is composed; and its *voussoirs* are as sharply edged as if the stone had been cut but yesterday. There is, however, no reason to believe, authorities tell us, that the arch is of any later date than the wall itself. In the case of this fragment of wall, like that on the Viminal, it is clear that houses dating from the early empire were built against the Servian masonry. The material used was concrete, with a facing of *opus reticulatum*, which, as in the other case, dates it. The wall itself, behind the open arch, seems to have been strengthened by pouring in a great mass of concrete behind it. This is regarded as contemporary with the wall, and if so is held to be a very early instance of the use of this material.

It is believed, from accounts given by the old writers, that the Servian wall had no less than eighteen gates. One of these, the Viminalis, must have stood in the section near the railway-station; but not a trace of the old archway remained when the wall was disinterred. The site of each of the eighteen gates had been approximately determined; and it was not surprising when Mr. Parker, in 1868, measuring back a Roman mile from the former site of the first milestone on the Via Appia, did, in fact, discover foundations which are undoubtedly those of the Porta Capena, the "Eastern Gate" of Macaulay's ballad. A few years later, in 1875, a fragment of wall on the Quirinal slope was discovered when the level of the ground was lowered in laying out the Via Nazionale. That has since been enclosed with an iron railing, and has a little cluster of shrubs and ornamental plants about it. At the same time, in the consequent lowering in the basements of the adjacent houses, there was unearthed under the Antonelli palace another section of ancient masonry containing an archway, which has been generally accepted as the Porta Fontinalis of the Servian wall. Its position in the modern building is curious: it seems to make part of one of the interior walls. Two low, carpeted steps lead under it, and beyond it the staircase goes up to the first floor of the palace. The wall on either side of it is stuccoed and painted. Nothing could be more modern than the environment; but there is the ancient masonry, the great tufa blocks that tell the story of antiquity wherever they stand.

The more enthusiastic of the archæological fraternity accept, without question, this archway as the veritable Porta Fontanalis, which, by all data, should have stood just here; but it is only right to say that there have been sceptics who maintained that these old blocks of tufa, undoubtedly of the royal period, were put together anew in the

fourth century of our era to make some unimportant gateway into the Baths of Constantine, which stood in this region. They say the arch is too small for a city gate, and they also point to the concrete foundations on which it stands as proof of a later date than the Servian wall. To this it is rejoined that concrete was certainly used as early as the regal period; that among eighteen city gates some may very probably have been small; that no such archways as this were made in the fourth century; and that the character of the remains of ancient buildings with which this archway was surrounded and in part covered, prove that they certainly belong to a period two centuries earlier than the reign of Constantine. With which brief statement of the arguments on both sides, the controversy may be left, — being “a very pretty quarrel as it stands.”

The long reign of Servius Tullius was followed by the shorter one of the younger Tarquin, who was, according to history, the ideal tyrant. The story of his time is that of a succession of encroachments on the constitution established by his predecessor, and of inglorious wars with neighbouring peoples, not, however, without industry in completing the great public works left unfinished in the preceding reigns. With the well-known story of his expulsion ends the period of the kings.



## CHAPTER III.

### ROME OF THE REPUBLIC (509-49 B.C.).

THE five centuries composing the second era of the political life of Rome have left within the circuit of her walls two buildings, and two only, which remain to this day, the Tabularium, at the northwestern end of the Forum, and a temple near the river, supposed to be that of Fortuna Virilis mentioned by old authors, which has now been for a thousand years a Christian church, bearing the name of S. Maria Egiziaca (S. Mary of Egypt).

This is not to say that the Romans of the Republican period were no builders. In proportion to their means and opportunities, they did as much for their city as those who had preceded, or who followed them. But until their great conquests in the East their means were very scanty; and during the entire period of the Republic incessant wars occupied their time. In regard to dwelling-houses it was considered a matter of patriotism to observe extreme simplicity; and when, in the last half century before the Empire, wealth had become so great that men could no longer deny themselves some luxury in their habitations, public censure and even ridicule (as when the elderly speculator, Crassus, was called "the Palatine Venus," because he adorned his new house on that hill with six small columns of coarse white and grey marble) kept this display for some time within very narrow bounds.

The theatres of the time and the other places of public amusement remained very simple. The open space of the

Forum was often used for games and theatrical shows, with temporary wooden fittings, removed when the performance was over. In the Circus Maximus there were only wooden seats after the old fashion. The deepest prejudice against theatres built of stone characterised this period; one of the Scipios induced the Senate to order the destruction of a half-finished building of this kind as "useless, and also harmful to public morals," to quote the words of the decree. This was in 154 B.C., and just a century later, Pompey's buildings of stone were tolerated only because he craftily erected a shrine to Venus at the top of the *cavea*, and represented the rows of marble seats in the auditorium as a somewhat elaborate system of steps leading up to this shrine.

But through the Republican centuries, the gods were by no means neglected in Rome. More than fifty temples are mentioned in the writings of Livy and other classic authors as erected from time to time: eight or ten to Jupiter; as many more to Juno; several to Janus, to Venus, to Fortune, to Mars; two or three to Hercules; one to Cybele, when the worship of that Oriental divinity was introduced at Rome; and a great number to various personifications, as Concord, Honor (meaning public office) and Valor, Fidelity, Modesty, Hope, Intelligence, and the like. Many of these temples were small, no doubt; but some were stately edifices. It is probable that, in general, the materials employed were not of a very durable character. This was the city that Augustus called "a brick Rome," when he boasted of his own marble buildings. The unbaked bricks of the Republic were a poor enough material, and only lasted while the stucco, with which they were often covered, protected them. A great deal of tufa, both of the harder and softer kinds, was used, and some peperino and travertine. But in general the town was brick, and this fact, together with the extensive reconstruction made

by Augustus, sufficiently accounts for the almost universal disappearance of the architectural monuments of the Republic.

Something, however, remained in Rome which neither Augustus, nor any of the great builders, or the great destroyers, who followed him, could really change. This is that little space of low ground lying between the Capitol and the Palatine, an irregular parallelogram, not quite an eighth of a mile in length, and varying in width from a hundred to two hundred feet, — the Roman Forum, whose importance began with the Republic, and continued all through its history, making that little space of ground the most memorable political centre of the entire world. Its historic interest is entirely independent of buildings. It matters not that of all the constructions of those grand historic times scarcely a trace is left, — that the Senate House and the Rostra, the quaint archaic statues, the Ruminal fig-tree, the old shops and the new, even the temples, of the time of Camillus and Fabius and Metellus, of the Gracchi and the Scipios, have disappeared completely; and that only ruinous heaps are left from the Forum of Cicero and Caesar, while the few tall columns and the massive arch still standing, belong to a later age and a degenerate period; the Forum itself belongs to the Republic, and the imagination disregards all visible traces of the Empire, and peoples the space with the grand historic figures of a time when Rome, having little architectural splendour to boast of, might have said with Cornelia, "These are my jewels!"

The old common ground between the hills, once a market-place and a place where the chiefs from the hill-villages met to consult on their common interests, in the intervals of hostilities, grew with the Republic into new importance. As the new political organisation developed, localities in the Forum became devoted to certain specific uses, and the

words came into use which time has consecrated, — the Comitium, the Curia, and later the Rostra.

After much discussion among archæologists, it has finally been generally accepted as a fact that the Comitium, the patrician meeting-place, was in the northeastern part of the Forum, just beyond where now stands the Arch of Severus, and lying for the most part beyond the present limit of the excavation. A modern street bars further research for the present, but this must be for a time only; meantime, imagination, guided by history, restores the old site, a paved, roofless area, with some kind of railing or balustrade around it. At the present time a narrow strip of what seems to be this very pavement, about two feet below the general level, reached at one point by ancient steps of marble, and at another by travertine steps, begins near the edge of the great arch, and disappears under the embankment, a lure to the liveliest curiosity.

The Comitium was not only the meeting-place of the patricians for purposes of discussion and voting on public matters, but it was also in early times the great court-room of Rome, where the judges sat, in the open air, and heard cases of importance, decreeing punishments, capital and other, which were carried out on the spot. One of these impressive tragedies marks the earliest days of the Republic. Here, on a morning in March, a few days after the Tarquins had been expelled from Rome, the consul Brutus, the new Republican magistrate, sat with the stern patricians around him, and an excited crowd thronging against the railing of the platform, and saw the lictors make a way through the crowd, bringing his two sons to trial, charged with an attempt to restore the banished king. Here the summary trial took place; sentence was given; and before mid-day, the father saw an executioner strike off their heads.

A certain platform, either upon or very near the Comi-

tium, at first made of wood, but later of stone, was the place where a speaker might stand to address either the patrician assembly or the multitude of plebeians outside. We know it by a name given later, in the second century of the Republic. Continuous wars with their Latin neighbours had been finally ended by a decisive victory of the Romans, and all the Latin galleys had been seized as they lay in harbour, a few miles distant, where now, at Porto d'Anzio, the modern Romans take a day's pleasuring when the summer is hot upon the hills by the Tiber. But the Republic of those days was not as yet a maritime power, and could find nothing better to do with the captured vessels than to burn them. But the brazen beaks of the old galleys remained, after the wood had been consumed. Some person unknown to history discovered in them an ornament for the platform of the Comitium; henceforward this platform had a name, "The Beaks," the Latin word for which is "Rostra."

Above the Comitium and the Rostra, on the northeastern edge of the Forum, was the old Senate-house, the Curia Hostilia, which had this name from the tradition of its building by Tullus Hostilius, the third king. Here now stands the church of San Adriano on the corner of the Via Bonella. The church is of great antiquity, and is believed to be the last rebuilding of the ancient Curia itself, dating from the reign of Diocletian. Two great bronze doors, certainly earlier in date than the time of Diocletian, were removed from this church by Pope Alexander VII. in the middle of the seventeenth century to the Lateran Basilica, where they now make the principal entrance at the end of the nave. They were not quite large enough for their new place, and were lengthened by a strip of bronze at the top and bottom.

Three temples, from the early Republican period, stood in this part of the Forum: the temple of Saturn, on the

southwest side, where now eight granite columns remain from a rebuilding during the Empire; a small bronze edifice, consecrated to Janus, which stood in front of the Senate-house, on a spot now under the modern street; and the temple of Concord, at the base of the Capitoline hill, where now the huge platform on which the Augustan building stood marks the place.

Historically, these three temples are of great interest. That of Saturn occupied the earliest consecrated site in the Forum. Here, in the open air, was the altar of Saturn, the most ancient of Roman divinities, and it stood on what was probably the only dry spot in the whole valley. The earliest temple belongs to the first decade of the Republic, and, from that time to the establishment of the Empire, it served as the chief public treasury. Here, under the protection of the god, were kept the standards of the legions; and it was a stately ceremonial when they were brought out, or returned to their places. A secret chamber, beneath the cella, held the especially consecrated treasure, the *aerarium sanctius*, which was set apart to be employed only in case of extreme need. This was the store of gold and silver which Caesar appropriated when he came back to Rome after Pompey and the consuls had fled.

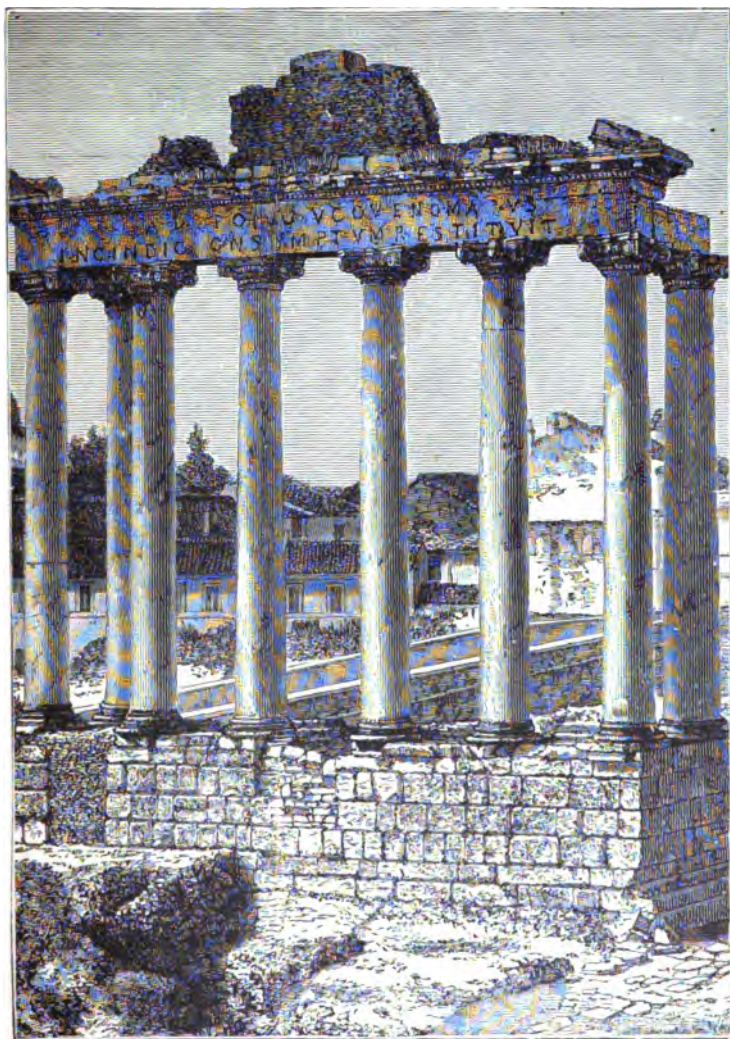
This temple was also the place where the decrees of the Senate were kept, engraved on bronze tablets, and, like the public treasure, in charge of the quaestor. Looking up at the great ruin, one wonders whether some of these precious memorials of the early history of Rome may not be hidden under it to this day, concealed in some unsuspected secret chamber hidden in the huge podium on which stand the eight remaining columns of the temple.

A very marked peculiarity of the Roman temples, is this enormous platform on which they were placed, as a statue is set upon its pedestal. A sufficient area—in the case of



*Temple of Saturn.*





PIRANESI



this edifice, it was a hundred and twenty feet long, by seventy-two wide—was enclosed by a wall, eight or ten feet thick, and twenty feet or more in height, made of blocks of hard tufa, or, more rarely, of travertine, laid with the utmost care; and into this space was poured concrete, until it was filled level with the top of the wall. The concrete, when set, was a solid mass, harder even than the wall, and it is these huge platforms, still standing, which nothing but dynamite could destroy, which mark for us the site and dimensions of temples, where not one stone is left upon another,—as in those of Vesta, and of Caesar, at the eastern end of the Forum, or lift, splendidly conspicuous, the few columns that remain,—as in those of Castor, of Vespasian, and of Saturn.

The podium of the temple of Saturn belongs to the rebuilding of the time of Augustus; but the eight granite columns of the Ionic order, and the rude entablature above them, are thought to be of much later date. An inscription declares that the Roman Senate and people restored this temple, which had been destroyed by fire. There is no mention of an emperor, neither is there of a divinity to whom the temple was consecrated, which has led to the conjecture that it was rebuilt after the capital had been removed to Constantinople, and after the Christian religion had been officially adopted. If this is so, the building was not restored, of course, as a temple, but as a treasury; and the lateness of the period would account for the extremely careless work. Broken columns are roughly re-set, unequal spaces are left among them, some have plinths and others not, and one column even has been set upside down.

The little bronze temple of Janus, of which fragments perhaps are still underground, was the second in date in the Forum, founded by Numa, according to tradition, and was the famous shrine whose gates stood open in time of

war, and were closed when Rome was at peace,—which had happened, up to Livy's time, but thrice.

The temple of Concord, between the Comitium and the Capitoline hill, comes within historic times from its very foundation. This seems to have been the first Roman temple dedicated to a personification. Camillus, the great general of his time, and the great statesman, also, had been made dictator, in his extreme old age, by the Senate, that he might save the patricians from plebeian encroachment. His measures to this end had excited one of those furious outbreaks, of which the Forum was so often the scene, and a tribune had tried to drag him from the Rostra, as he was addressing the multitude. The patricians rushed to his defence, and, for a moment, he sheltered himself among them in the Comitium, but almost immediately stood forth again, in all men's sight. Then occurred one of those dramatic scenes where personal daring changes the event which argument could not influence. In the excitement of the moment, Camillus created a new divinity. Looking up to the Capitol, where the scarlet Jupiter stood aloft upon his quadriga, clearly outlined against the sky, the old dictator uttered a vow that if these difficulties in the state should be peacefully adjusted, he would build a temple—not to Jupiter, or Juno, or Minerva, the enthroned Three of the great temple on the hill, but to Concordia,—a divinity unknown to the Greek or Roman Pantheon, and undreamed of by the Etruscan seers. Yielding to the force of circumstances, as many a statesman has wisely done since his time, Camillus now advised the patricians to conciliatory measures, and, from the stormy scene of the day, resulted, for the State, the admission of the plebeians to an equal share in the consular office; for Camillus, a triumphal escort to his home at nightfall; and for the city, a temple adjacent to the Comitium, that the patricians might forever be reminded of their sacred pledge.

The original temple lasted two centuries and a half, and when it had been burnt down another was erected in its place by the Consul Opimius, celebrating the triumph of the oligarchy over the younger Gracchus. Thus again peace was established in Rome after long discords, but not this time by the triumph of the right. The civil wars again made a wreck of the building, and its present ruins date from the rebuilding by Tiberius (6-12 A.D.) out of the spoils won by him in the German campaigns. There is nothing left of it now but the massive podium, strewn with fragments of marble columns, and here and there showing traces of the marble pavement of the cella. The threshold is indicated by two great slabs of Porta Santa marble, *in situ*; in one are two socket-holes for the bronze bolts that secured the door, and there is also in the marble a very curious little matrix of a caduceus, the ancient symbol of concord; but the bronze device itself has long ago disappeared.

Of the second temple there is, of course, not a vestige left; this was the edifice of Cicero's time. Here, as consul, he convened the Senate to denounce before them Catiline; from the steps of the temple that fiery harangue, the famous Third Oration, was addressed to the crowd in the Forum; here, on the following day, the fate of the other conspirators was discussed and settled, when Caesar, the merciful, sought to have their lives spared,—with the curious argument for a future Pontifex Maximus, that, since death was annihilation, it was a quite insufficient punishment,—and the hard-hearted Cato gave it as his opinion that the conspirators must die, which seemed to determine the assembly; and on the third day towards evening, in the adjacent Tullianum, Cicero superintended the execution of the Senate's decree, and then, after darkness had fallen upon the city, went proudly to his home, the other side of the

Forum, escorted by a great crowd of citizens with torches, while men stood in their lighted doorways, and women climbed the house-tops to see him pass.

The form of the temple of Concord was always peculiar, the cella being very large, and nearly twice as wide as it was deep, and the portico in front an extensive platform, very much larger than usual. There was also a wide and lofty flight of steps, whose ruins are in part covered by the modern street which crosses the Forum at this point.

At the opposite end of the Forum stood two temples of very early date, the temple of Vesta, and that of Castor and Pollux. A small circular podium of ragged concrete, from which all the facing stone has been torn away, marks clearly the spot sacred to Vesta. The first temple was built, tradition says, by Numa, who introduced the worship of this goddess, and devoted to her a space of ground just in front of his own dwelling-house. The king's dwelling in those days was called the *Regia*,—for the word *palatium* only came into use after the Julian and Flavian emperors had covered the Palatine with their residences,—and the king was high priest also, *Pontifex Maximus*. After the kingly office had been abolished, the *Regia* continued to be the official residence of the pontiff. This building was often renewed and much enlarged, extending eastward from the Forum, on the edge of which it originally stood.

Numa's temple was standing, after three centuries, when the Gauls burned Rome in 390 B.C., and it shared in the general destruction. It was immediately rebuilt, and the second edifice lasted about a half-century. The third temple stood until the great fire of Nero's reign; the fourth, for a little more than a hundred years; and the fragments which now mark the consecrated site belong to a rebuilding by Septimius Severus, and, therefore, are contemporary with the great arch at the opposite end of the Forum.



*Temple of Vesta.*







Through these numerous rebuildings the form and size of the temple remained absolutely unaltered, though the material used and the decorations were doubtless more splendid in the later edifices, and probably the podium, about ten feet high, though earlier in date than the building of Severus, could not have belonged to the first or second temple. It was always a small circular edifice, with a domed roof supported on columns; within, in the centre, stood a low circular altar, on which burned the perpetual fire whose maintenance was the chief duty of the six Vestals. The circular form and the domed roof have been thought to typify the round earth and the vaulted sky; but it is more natural to regard the form, taking into consideration its early date and the extremely primitive character of the Romans in Numa's time, as only a copy of the dwelling-house, the circular cabin in which men then lived. Even at first the materials used were probably more durable than those of which an ordinary house was made, and when stone and marble and bronze were employed, there was no lack of dignity in the archaic character of the edifice, but rather a reminiscence of antiquity particularly dear to Roman conservatism.

All this part of the Forum was brought to light by excavations made by government between 1871 and 1873. Three centuries and a half earlier, interest had been attracted to this spot; but the archæologists of the Renaissance, if so they may be called, had no other end in their excavations than to ransack and carry off spoils. The little temple of the second century A.D., buried under an accumulation of soil and rubbish which had raised the level of the ground from twenty to thirty feet, was found by them in a very fair state of preservation, and was ruthlessly destroyed, the columns, the frieze, and even the blocks of peperino which covered the podium, being taken away to use in the build-

ings of that time. Just where they were employed has never been known, but frequently the plunderers can be tracked; for instance, from the adjacent temple of Castor, one column was used by Michelangelo to make the pedestal on which stands the antique bronze of Marcus Aurelius, in the Piazza of the Capitol; and another, by Raphael, as the material for his statue of Jonah, in the Chigi chapel of S. Maria del Popolo.

Of the temple of Castor, three tall, beautiful columns, standing on a very lofty podium, mark the ancient sacred site. These columns are the remains of a temple of the Augustan period, erected in the name of two Roman brothers, Tiberius and Drusus, victorious in Germany, to the Great Twin Brethren of Greek mythology, who, according to the legend, once saved Rome in a battle fought almost under her very walls.

The early temple of Castor and Pollux was probably Etruscan in character; the heroes, to whom it was dedicated, are Greek; but, nevertheless, it commemorated a purely Roman victory, and the final ruin of the Greek-Etruscan Tarquins. The League of the thirty cities of Latium, always extremely jealous of the growing power of the kindred but hostile City of the Seven Hills, proposed to reinstate the banished tyrants, and were marching upon Rome with sixty thousand men. The Romans put themselves in the hands of a dictator for the critical moment, and went out to meet the advancing foe. There was a battle, twelve miles from the city, by a lake, — which is a lake no longer, but a dry hollow among the hills near Frascati, — and it was going hard with the Romans, when suddenly two strange horsemen appeared in the very midst of the fray. This is the story of the battle of Lake Regillus, and Macaulay's famous lay belongs to this spot in the Forum, and consecrates it as much as do the three tall, beautiful columns.

. . . "So like they were, no mortal  
Might one from other know ;  
White as snow their armour was ;  
Their steeds were white as snow.  
Never on earthly anvil  
Did such rare armour gleam,  
And never did such gallant steeds  
Drink of an earthly stream.

"And all who saw them trembled,  
And pale grew every cheek ;  
And Aulus the Dictator  
Scarce gathered voice to speak.  
'Say by what name men call you ?  
What city is your home ?  
And wherefore ride ye in such guise  
Before the ranks of Rome ?'

" 'By many names men call us ;  
In many lands we dwell :  
Well Samothracia knows us ;  
Cyrene knows us well.  
Our house in gay Tarentum  
Is hung each morn with flowers ;  
High o'er the masts of Syracuse  
Our marble portal towers ;  
But by the proud Eurotas  
Is our dear native home ;  
And for the right we come to fight  
Before the ranks of Rome.'

"So answered those strange horsemen,  
And each couched low his spear ;  
And forthwith all the ranks of Rome  
Were bold, and of good cheer. . . .

"Behind them Rome's long battle  
Came rolling on the foe,  
Ensigns dancing wild above,  
Blades all in line below.

So comes the Po in flood-time  
Upon the Celtic plain ;  
So comes the squall, blacker than night,  
Upon the Adrian main.  
Now, by our sire Quirinus,  
It was a goodly sight  
To see the thirty standards  
Swept down the tide of flight.  
So flies the spray of Adria  
When the black squall doth blow ;  
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time  
Spin down the whirling Po. . . .  
And fiers and pursuers  
Were mingled in a mass ;  
And far away the battle  
Went roaring through the pass.

“ Sempronius Atratinus  
Sat in the Eastern Gate ;  
Beside him were three Fathers,  
Each in his chair of state. . . .  
And all around the portal,  
And high above the wall  
Stood a great throng of people,  
But sad and silent all. . . .

“ Since the first gleam of daylight  
Sempronius had not ceased  
To listen for the rushing  
Of horse-hoofs from the east.  
The mist of eve was rising,  
The sun was hastening down,  
When he was aware of a princely pair  
Fast pricking towards the town. . . .

“ ‘ Hail to the great Asylum !  
Hail to the hill-tops seven !  
Hail to the fire that burns for aye  
And the shield that fell from heaven !

This day, by Lake Regillus,  
Under the Porcian height,  
All in the lands of Tusculum,  
Was fought a glorious fight.  
To-morrow your Dictator  
Shall bring in triumph home  
The spoils of thirty cities  
To deck the shrines of Rome !'

" Then burst from that great concourse  
A shout that shook the towers,  
And some ran north, and some ran south,  
Crying, ' The day is ours !'  
But on rode those strange horsemen  
With slow and lordly pace ;  
And none who saw their bearing  
Durst ask their name or race.  
On rode they to the Forum,  
While laurel boughs and flowers,  
From house-tops and from windows,  
Fell on their crests in showers.  
When they drew nigh to Vesta  
They vaulted down amain,  
And washed their horses in the well  
That springs by Vesta's fane.  
And straight again they mounted,  
And rode to Vesta's door ;  
Then, like a blast, away they passed,  
And no man saw them more.

" And all the people trembled,  
And pale grew every cheek ;  
And Sergius, the High Pontiff,  
Alone found voice to speak :  
' The gods who live forever  
Have fought for Rome to-day !  
These be the Great Twin Brethren  
To whom the Dorians pray.  
Back comes the chief in triumph  
Who, in the hour of fight,

Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren  
In harness on his right.  
Safe comes the ship to haven,  
Through billows and through gales,  
If once the Great Twin Brethren  
Sit shining on the sails.  
Wherefore they washed their horses  
In Vesta's holy well,  
Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door,  
I know but may not tell.  
Here, hard by Vesta's temple,  
Build me a stately dome  
Unto the Great Twin Brethren  
Who fought so well for Rome.'''

As long as the Republic lasted, a festival was held here on the Ides of Quintilis (the fifteenth day of July), the anniversary of the battle, and the review of the knights, before the temple of Castor, was one of the great pageants of the Forum. The whole equestrian body, sometimes five thousand in number, with purple cloaks and glittering weapons, came in procession from the Campus Martius, and defiled past the temple, each knight checking his horse at the steps, and awaiting the inspection of the censors, who examined the condition of his arms and accoutrements, accepting each man for the coming year, if all was satisfactory, or, if not, ordering him to sell his horse, which was equivalent to depriving him of his rank.

The Senate sometimes met in this temple, and the high platform was a favourite position for orators who addressed the multitude. Caesar, from this position, once spoke to the crowd, after having proposed, in the Senate, a law for dividing the public lands among the plebeians. This was the temple which Cicero spoke of as "the most illustrious of all monuments, a witness of the whole political life of Rome." The original building was of peperino, covered



with opus albarium, and was dedicated in 482 B.C. In 119 B.C. it was "restored"; but how much that means, we do not know. A fragment of the pavement of this earlier building is interesting; both its position, quite below the bases of the columns of the Augustan date, and its material and design, show the earlier date. It is a lozenge pattern in cream-coloured travertine and dark grey lava, of smaller blocks and much neater fitting than was usual in the later work. Probably the restoration of the second century B.C. closely followed the original Etruscan design; but the temple which Tiberius built was very pure Greek in style, and the cornice and bases of the pilasters of the marble facing, which still remains on part of the podium, show the most refined simplicity. This facing is remarkable for its solidity, the slabs being nearly eight inches thick. There were originally thirty-six fluted Corinthian columns which entirely surrounded the temple, but only three of them remain, with a fragment of the entablature. They are forty-seven feet high, nearly five feet in diameter, and the flutings measure nine inches across. Shattered and dislocated as they are, encircled and connected by an iron band, they still remain the most beautiful ruin in Rome. Time has painted with wonderfully soft and varied tints the originally pure white stone. In some of the flutings, there is a distinctly bluish tinge of colour; elsewhere, the tone is a dull yellow; in other places there are reddish hues with a mixture of grey.

The temple of Vesta was on the eastern extremity of the Forum. Beyond it, the Sacra Via was crowded by buildings on both sides. In the time of the Republic, the grove and the house of the Vestals were immediately behind the temple, towards the Palatine hill, and the Domus Publicus adjoined the street. This was the official residence of the Pontifex Maximus, and, being no longer occupied when Augustus had concentrated in his own hands all the great

offices, was built over by shops which seem to have been the property of the Vestals. Enough of the old pontifical residence has been spared, however, by the fact that the later buildings, which have since been removed, were at a little higher level, to give us the old floors and parts of the walls. These fragments repay the most careful examination: they seem to belong to different dates, being, in part, of soft tufa, the very earliest building material used in Rome; in part, large blocks of hard tufa, which may have belonged to the rebuilding, after the destruction of Rome by the Gauls; and lastly, walls of concrete, faced with triangular bricks, and parts of travertine columns, and some mosaic pavements, consisting of irregular bits of coloured marbles, set in hard cement of the last century of the Republic. There are also remains of extremely brilliant wall-painting, in crimson and blue. This is a very interesting early house, independent of historic associations; but it makes one's heart beat quick to remember that here Caesar lived, as Pontifex Maximus; these simple mosaics were the floors he trod, and through the narrow doorway he went out, on the last morning of his life. There are steps at this doorway, and bases of columns, and to an inner doorway there is a sill, with a groove for the bolt. All the rooms are very small and irregular: it is impossible to conjecture their several uses. It seems incredible that a dwelling-house of such importance could have been so entirely without a plan.

The five temples, namely, of Saturn, of Castor, of Concord, of Janus, and of Vesta, were the important temples of the Republican Forum. There was an arch of early date which is most noted because Horace mentions it, the arch of Fabius, a general victorious over the Gauls in 121 B.C. It spanned the Via Sacra just where the street entered the Forum from the east. Ruins of this arch were found about the middle of the sixteenth century, one fragment bearing

the name of Fabius Maximus in part of an inscription. With the usual indifference of the time these fragments were destroyed, or used for building materials. About ten years since, further excavations on the same spot were rewarded, and along the old road there are now lying massive travertine voussoirs and parts of piers, which belonged, unquestionably, to the ancient structure.

Of the five early temples, one, the temple of Janus, may still be underground for aught we know, since what lies beneath the street along the northern side of the Forum no man can tell; of two, the temples of Vesta and of Concord, only the ruinous podium is left; and of two more, those of Castor and of Saturn, a few tall columns of the imperial time indicate the ancient site. But on the northwestern edge of the Forum one building remains standing, its massive walls having successfully defied time and the barbarians, and the builders of the sixteenth century. This is the old record-office of the Republic, the Tabularium, which is dated in the year 78 B.C., by an inscription found in its interior.

The Tabularium stands close against the hill, so close, indeed, that part of the rock was cut away to make room for it; and it seems possible that this very sheltered position, as well as its extreme solidity, may account for its having escaped, in the first place, reconstruction, by which many of the old buildings disappeared, and later, the devastation wrought by Goths and Vandals and Lombards: while its simplicity of construction, being without marble or bronze that could be used elsewhere, saved it from Mediæval or Renaissance plunderers.

The Mediæval period took very little away from the old Tabularium; but, unfortunately, it added a good deal to it, esteeming the massive masonry particularly useful as a foundation for a new building, the Senator's palace, which

was erected upon it in the thirteenth century, and, very soon after, the tower on the northern extremity was constructed as a fortification.

The original building extended across the head of the Forum, with a length of about two hundred and twenty feet. The exterior wall, called by Middleton, "a noble mass of republican masonry," is built of Gabine peperino, and is nearly twelve feet thick. The blocks of stone are uniform in size, four feet long, half as wide, and half as thick, a double cube, and they are laid, like the Servian wall, alternately lengthwise and endwise. Between the stones is the thinnest possible layer of mortar, too thin to be in any way a cement, but simply to make the stones fit together with absolute accuracy. The ground-floor of the building is a long hall, with a series of bays, or small chambers, on the side towards the Forum, each having a very narrow window. Behind this corridor there is only the solid tufa of the hill; over it, with a floor about thirty-six feet above the Forum, is a long gallery, once open with a series of arches that are now all blocked up except one at the northern extremity. They had engaged columns of peperino, with Tuscan capitals and architecture of travertine. The one remaining open affords a magnificent outlook upon the Forum. The others were evidently filled in to strengthen the building, when the exceedingly heavy superstructure was piled upon it. A row of rooms opens into this gallery from behind, and out of it, a flight of stairs goes up to a large, low hall with massive vaulting supported on rows of piers, which extends the whole length of the building.

The ancient Tabularium was the repository of wooden and bronze tablets in enormous number, on which were recorded decrees of the Senate and treaties with foreign states, and also private transactions of importance. These, of course, are long since scattered and destroyed; and the

present use of the old building is as a museum for architectural fragments, and a great quantity of *amphorae* and other jars, some of immense size. The most interesting objects in the whole are two great sections of white marble cornice, from the exterior of the temple of Concord, and the adjacent temple of Vespasian, the latter of the time of Domitian (81-96 A.D.). They were restored and pieced together, from countless fragments found in the Forum, by the Italian architect Canina, and are most imposing. The one from the temple of Concord is regarded as a perfect example of an elaborate Corinthian cornice, probably the finest of this great size that now remains in the world. The carving of the acanthus leaves is most exquisite, and every detail is equally finished. The same perfect execution characterises the entablature from the later temple. "The great egg and dart moulding is undercut," says Middleton, "with the skill of a Chinese puzzle; and minute ornaments are introduced which must have been quite invisible when the work was in its place at a great height above the eye. The beautiful floriated patterns, which cover each egg of the lower egg and dart member, are worked with the delicacy of a cameo brooch, although not a trace of these patterns could be visible from below. On the frieze are sculptured ox-skulls and sacrificial implements, worked with great care and richness of design; on the ewer is a minute relief of a battle between a bull and a rhinoceros; the patera is fluted, and had a well-modelled head in the centre. Other objects, no less carefully sculptured, are the *aspergillum*, or holy-water sprinkler, the *securis*, or axe with which the victim was killed, the *cutter*, a straight-edged knife, a *cochlear*, a spoon for pouring the libations, and the *galerum*, the flamen's woollen cap, with its *apex*, the wooden spike at its top." In the general wreck of all the delicate architectural work of the great Roman buildings, the rescue

of so important fragments as these must be a source of great gratification to every lover of art.

With all its political and religious aspect, the Forum of the Republic retained its character of a market-place, and it had two rows of shops, the *Tabernae Veteres*, with a very central position, where later, the Basilica Julia extended its stately colonnade, and the *Novae*, which seem to have been along the northeastern side, possibly beyond the present limit of excavation. At some time during the Republic there were also rectangular constructions, pierced by archways, which were called *Jani*, designed to shelter the money-changers and money-lenders of the time. Moreover, there came by degrees to be a great crowd of statues in the Forum, erected sometimes as a mark of public honour, but often by the individual himself, covetous of a conspicuousness which was not offered to him. At times, these were cleared away by a decree of the Senate. All these early memorials, of course, have disappeared; but the row of brick pedestals, which still mark the centre of the Forum, bases of honorary columns or statues of the Empire, indicate the persistence of the old custom.

It was essential to keep a clear space in this central area of the city, that men might have room to meet each other freely, and to loiter and talk as much as they pleased. The eternal persistence of old customs in Rome is brought again to mind, and with a curious force, as the stranger makes his way, in the late afternoon, along the narrow Corso, and through a crowd assembled like a mass-meeting, where the sidewalk widens before the Café Aragno. Quite out into the middle of the street, and all along the block, these modern Romans stand in talking groups for hours. In these days, however, it is only from five o'clock on, that the crowd gathers: their ancestors spent the day in this manner. The Forum, it is true, was attractive in quite

another fashion than any modern street could be. All that concerned the town was forever taking place there, — sacrifices in the temples, business of every kind in the courts, the arrival of foreign envoys, or of couriers bringing news of the war, some exciting harangue from the Rostra, some hot quarrel blazing up between two public men in which the listeners at once took sides, some sudden tumult, a wave of public excitement, a popular frenzy of some kind sweeping the ground, inducing most unexpected and often very dramatic action. And daily, in the Republican centuries, the great men of the time might be seen and spoken with freely by the humblest, on this common ground where all men met.

Sometimes there were set occasions of general interest: a funeral from one of the patrician houses, with ancestral statues carried in procession on decorated chariots; or a show of gladiators given in honour of a dead relative, or merely to gain favour with the idle crowd, eager for amusement; or a singing train of boys and girls, on their way to some ceremonial; or that grandest of all Roman shows, the triumph of a victorious general, when, sometimes, twelve hours, from sunrise till evening, were not enough for the stately ceremonial, but for three days long, the great procession defiled slowly through the Sacra Via, and all Rome made holiday.

In the pathetic solitude of the ruinous Forum of to-day, one calls up the vision of that long-vanished pageant. And how vast a pageant it was! With us, in these more commonplace days, however important is the occasion or splendid the display, those who look on at it wear the dull-hued garments of their every-day life; the soberly attired spectators are the very large majority, and the most brilliant procession can be no more than a slender ribbon, glittering against their sombre ranks. Not so in gay Rome on her

great days; only one man wore the purple and gold, but every man had on his festal garment. It was a multitude in white that filled this space, as far as the eye could reach,—all the level ground of the Forum, and each of the adjacent hill-slopes to its top,—and extended away, far beyond, around the Palatine, along the Great Circus, across the Velabrum, and out to the Triumphal Gate which opened upon the Campus Martius, where the great parade began. And everywhere were the soft, white woollen togas of the men, the purple-bordered, white *praetextae* of the boys, and, on each shapely head, a closely platted wreath of lustrous green leaves.

This, of itself, would have made a very good gala-day, if there had been no more. But see what it was,—the triumphal procession of a Roman general upon the successful conclusion of an important war. First came the Conscript Fathers who had decreed the honour, in their senators' robes, white with broad purple stripes, the heads of all the great families in Rome. After them, the military band, whose instruments of music were trumpets only, with their fierce, rejoicing cry; then, the spoils: pictures, statues, vases, of every size and shape, by thousands and tens of thousands, partly displayed upon wagons, partly carried, one by one; and, in long file, heavy wains, laden with the captured weapons, shields and bucklers, armour, swords, spears, pikes, heaped in intentional confusion, and loosely tied together, so that they clashed as the slow wain moved, and filled the air with wild, martial noise.

After this, which was sometimes enough to fill a day, came the animals for the sacrifice,—a herd of white oxen, with gilded horns, and wreaths and fillets of bright-coloured silk,—each animal led by a youth in a white tunic, also be-ribboned and be-garlanded; and then the priests came, with their glittering paraphernalia. After these, came



another display of spoils, the special treasures of the conquered, — very remarkable objects of art or luxury, — vases as tall as a man's height and filled with gems or pearls, or with coined gold, and colossal statues of ivory and valuable rare woods: sometimes, there were gold wreaths by hundreds, which the petty kings and princes in the neighbourhood of the war had hastened to offer, as propitiatory gifts, as soon as victory was decided. This might have filled a second day; and, for the third, would be reserved the personal spoils of the defeated foe: his war-chariot and armour and weapons, his crown and throne, his tent and its luxurious fittings, his dinner-service of gold-plate. Finally, himself, the great captive, sometimes with his wife and children, a group all in black robes, walking bare-footed, and with disordered hair. To this fate, Cleopatra preferred the asp. Close upon these came the Roman lictors in red tunics, and a band of lute-players dancing and singing, and then the hero of the day, in purple toga wrought with gold, standing in the high triumphal chariot, drawn by four white horses abreast, or sometimes eight, attached four and four. He carried a laurel branch in his right hand, and, in his left, a tall ivory sceptre, while a slave, standing behind him, seemed to hold over his head the great gold wreath, which belonged only to Jupiter of the Capitol, king of gods and men. If the general had little children, girls or boys, they made a group with him in the chariot; and older sons and near kindred followed on horseback. Perhaps the grandest part of the show was its final section, when, last of all, came the legions, those iron soldiers who carried the Roman eagles all the world over, and brought home all these spoils "to make a Roman holiday." By thousands, they tramped after their chief, keeping rank but shouting, singing, screaming, as they marched. There has never been since a martial show like that.

Then, when the day was done, and the general, dismounting at the foot of the hill, had walked up to the temple, and laid Jupiter's gold wreath upon the knees of the god seated in the central cella; and the spoils had been heaped up all over the area in front; and the great captive had been cast into the Tullianum; and the legions had gone back to their camp outside the wall; then, this desolate Forum was one grand banqueting-hall, where, at the expense of the general, the whole city was entertained with dainties of every kind, and wines of the best vintages. Twenty-two thousand tables were spread once for this grand supper.

There was more space vacant in the Forum in those days than later. The great Julian Basilica as yet was not, nor the huge arch of Severus, nor yet Caesar's temple. In the second century B.C. there began to be greatly needed some sheltered place for the courts of law, hitherto all exposed to the same excessive heat of summer and the same heavy showers which drive us under shelter at this day. Cato, the great censor, was the first to build a basilica, borrowing its name from the court-room of the archon-basileios, the chief legal officer of Athens. Cato, using the public funds, bought the ground occupied by two private houses and four shops, and built the first basilica, calling it after his family name, the Porcia. Five years later, the Aemilian basilica was built near by, both of these buildings being on the northern side of the Forum, in the area now covered by the street. A Sempronian basilica also belonged to this date, but was incorporated into the Julia, which is one of the buildings of the Empire.

Besides the Forum Romanum, Rome of the Republic had another *piazza*, the Forum Boarium, the cattle-market, a space lying along the river, touching on the Servian wall where the Porta Triumphalis opened into the Campus Martius, and thence extending southward to the extremity



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*Temple of Fortuna Virilis.*  
(Portunus)





of the Great Circus. This Forum was a market-place only, and without political significance; but it had at least three temples of the Republican time, one of which is that nameless building by the river, so interesting and so puzzling to-day. Is it the temple of Fors Fortuna, or of Fortuna Virilis, or of Mater Matuta, or of Pudicitia Patricia, — or of some other divinity whose name is entirely beyond conjecture? All the writers upon whom we depend for Roman topography — Livy, Dionysius, Ovid, Plutarch — mention temples in the Forum Boarium, but not one casual word is let fall by any author which really identifies this building. And the edifice itself, with its entablature vacant of inscription, makes no sign. Its date, however, is fixed with fair closeness. By the material employed, which is tufa and travertine only without any marble at all, we know that it is of Republican date; and from the extreme purity of the Greek architecture, it is safe to say that it antedates the first century before Christ.

The building is small, about seventy feet long and thirty wide, and stands upon a podium faced with slabs of travertine, built with a handsome plinth and cornice. Under the edge of the cornice there must have been metal clamps securing the slabs of stone, for in every one of these are the holes made when the metal was wrenched out for use in the Middle Ages; but with this exception the little temple stands unharmed, the only one in Rome that has escaped devastation. At the four angles of the cella the columns are of travertine, and also the four front and two side columns of the portico, and the bases of the engaged columns of the cella, the latter are only simulated by the shaping of the tufa blocks which form the wall. But the whole building was originally covered with *opus albarium*, and evidently painted, so that the use of two kinds of stone was not apparent. The reliefs on the frieze are entirely in

stucco, representing garlands and candelabra, and ox skulls. Underneath these are a row of lions' heads, pierced as gutters to discharge the rain-water from the roof.

The old temple was made a church early in the Middle Ages, and the sides of the portico were walled in with brick-work. Inside, the tufa walls received a coating of plaster, which has been intentionally broken away at the sides and overhead to show the ancient masonry. The travertine columns, with their graceful Ionic capitals, are also left visible. As a church, the building bears the name of S. Mary of Egypt, and belongs to the Armenians of the Roman Catholic faith who reside in Rome. The floor is covered with slabs, marking the place of interment of these Asiatic strangers, and the inscriptions are in Armenian characters. On the outside of the old cella, which is now the chancel, are two very tall mural tablets of beautiful Oriental marbles, in memory of an eighteenth century cardinal and his nephew. On a Sunday morning, priests and choristers, in blue and white, intone the mass, and the little space outside the cella, the ancient portico, is filled with neighbour-folk of the humblest class, — the women with kerchiefs or veils tied over their braided black hair, — as many men as women, — children of all ages, — and all absorbed in devotion, and in no way concerned that their old parish church of that famous penitent, the Egyptian Mary, may have been originally the temple of Lucky Chance.

From the Forum Boarium three gates, set near together, opened into the Campus Martius. The space is about three hundred yards, where the Servian wall crossed the level ground between the steep escarpment of the Capitol and the edge of the river, and it seems at first difficult to see why three gates were needed here. But one was the Porta Triumphalis, of sacred special use, and the other two, the



Carmentalis and the Flumentana, connected the most crowded part of the city with the adjacent area.

This great level field by the Tiber, which, even in the time of the kings, was a place where the population gathered for voting, and the army was reviewed, became in the early years of the Republic also a much frequented ground for athletic exercises. Being public ground, it remained unoccupied by dwelling-houses, and in the later Republic and the early Empire afforded space for extensive groups of temples and porticos. In the Middle Ages, the strongholds of the robber-barons were built in and among the old structures; their humble retainers gathered about them, and presently the narrow lanes extended into streets; churches in multitudes were built here, modern palaces found sites, and now the Campus Martius is the very centre of Rome.

Quite early in the Republic, the Romans ventured outside their walls and built several temples on sacred spots in the broad grassy field. There had been altars here to Mars and to the goddesses of the underworld, Dis and Proserpine, from a very early period; but the first temple was in honour of the Greek Apollo, whose oracle at Delphi the Romans often sent envoys to consult. This was built only sixty years later than the temple of Castor in the Forum, and is interesting because it contained, we are told by Pliny, the original group of Niobe and her children,—the work of either Scopas or Praxiteles, says Pliny, but even in his time it had been forgotten which.

This temple to Apollo stood alone outside the walls, close under the western slope of the Capitol, for more than a hundred years, and then, in 296 B.C., Appius Claudius—he of the Appian Way and the Appian Aqueduct—gave it a neighbour, a temple to Bellona, a few hundred yards distant. Both these buildings must have been really large

edifices, for the Senate, on occasions, met in one or the other, notably in the temple of Bellona, to receive foreign envoys, — as if to call attention to the fact that they had not been afraid to build in the open Campus.

Just outside the walls, also, was very early established a market-place for oil and vegetables, the Forum Olitorium, and here three temples were built, Livy tells us, dedicated respectively to Hope, to Juno the Deliverer, and to Juno the goddess of morning. Why these three temples were set so close to each other is not explained, but the fact is certain that a single mediæval church, now standing, includes within its precincts fragments of all three.

The church itself, which is dedicated to S. Niccolo, in Carcere, had become ruinous and underwent extensive "restorations," in which some of the ancient columns and pilasters, that had been visible for centuries, were made to disappear under coats of plaster. Fortunately, enough remain to identify the three temples. These are as follows: two fluted travertine columns, built into the outside wall on the left of the façade; two more, of less height, unfluted, with a piece of very simple architrave in the outer wall of the first chapel on the left; in the wall of the right aisle, another column, also plain, but of smaller size; and in a little paved yard behind the church, reached from the passage to the sacristy, the stumps of three more fluted shafts, pushing their shattered tops up through the parchment to a height of three or four feet. Underground, in the vaults of the church there are huge walls, as solid as the Servian masonry, evidently in part the cella of the middle one of the three temples. The sacrista who, with his smoky lantern, shows this, and explains it according to his own ideas, maintains that these are the walls of the ancient prison, which gives the church its name, — *in Carcere*. Very probably the place was used as a prison in mediæval times, but in its original construction it was a temple.

The traveller who "sees Rome" between one Thursday and the following Tuesday — however cultivated and sympathetic he may be — will scarcely have time for fragments like these. But a true lover of the past, lingering long in Rome, will find them most interesting. They are all of Republican date, but the two Doric columns, with the simple entablature in the chapel on the left, plainly belong to the oldest of the three, the temple of Hope. Livy gives the date of this building, two centuries earlier than Caesar's time. In their venerable simplicity these columns look exactly what they are, — the oldest in Rome. The tremendous storm-cloud of the First Punic War was black upon the southern horizon when they were quarried and shaped; the entire Roman fleet had just been destroyed off Sicily; Atilius Calatinus, made dictator at this moment of peril, in three months had three hundred and fifty galleys again at sea; then, like Camillus, creating a new divinity suited to the occasion, he built a temple to the goddess — Hope! If ever a people anticipated the Puritan maxim, to trust in God and keep your powder dry, it was these Romans of the old Republic.

After the Second Punic War was over Rome became perfectly secure, — for Hannibal had been the only invader whom the citizens in their homes really feared, — and building went on freely in the great plain outside the walls. But some time earlier even than that, a very large construction, not a roofed building but a highly decorated enclosure, had been devoted to plebeian amusement in the Campus Martius. This was the Flaminian Circus, which owed its name to the plebeian consul of 220 B.C., — the builder, also, of the great northern road out of Rome, and himself the unfortunate general who fell at Trasymene. This was an offset to the splendours of the patrician circus, adjacent to the Palatine. It was not far from the walls, lying

westward from the Capitol, in the direction of the Piazza Margana and the Palazzo Mattei. Long after the buildings were gone,—the *carceres*, the goals, and the surrounding wall with its tiers of seats,—the space which they had occupied remained open, and afforded ground for a rope-walk in the early mediæval period, as is commemorated in the name of an ancient church of that region, S. Catherine of the Rope-walk (*de' Funari*).

Half a century later a building of a new kind was introduced at Rome, almost at the same date with the first basilica in the Forum, and like it, a copy of a Greek original. This was the *porticus*, a word unfortunately Anglicised as “portico,” because the portico of our familiar acquaintance is nothing more than a porch, more or less extensive. The Greek *stoa*, from which the Roman *porticus* was copied, was an altogether independent structure, and has been defined as a building whose roof is supported by rows of columns, single, double, or even treble, either in one straight line, or enclosing a space like a cloister. The builder of the first porticus was, naturally, a man who had seen the Greek buildings, namely Octavius, the Roman admiral who shared with Paulus Aemilius the honour of defeating Perseus, the king of Macedon. About twenty years later, another Roman, Metellus Macedonicus, victorious in Greece, built, with the spoils of war, a second, near the first; this was the Porticus Metelli. Both have completely disappeared; but they are very memorable, both because they set a fashion that lasted as long as Rome was a capital, and gave it some of its grandest structures; and also because each porticus was adorned with the spoils of Greece,—the Porticus Octavii, with a great abundance of Corinthian bronze, golden in colour, and for the first time seen in Rome; the Metelli, with the first Greek marble ever used in Roman architecture, and with the twenty-five

equestrian statues in bronze of Alexander the Great and his "Companions," made by Lysippus. Colossal sculpture like this is historic; up to the fifth century of the Christian era, the Greek horsemen were as well known in Rome as the Marcus Aurelius of the Capitol is to-day. Then they disappeared. It is thought, however, that the Horse-tamers of the Piazza in front of the Quirinal palace (Monte Carallo), are early copies in marble from two of these originals. A secretary of the Emperor Theodoric mentions the fact that there were four thousand bronze statues in Rome in his day. In 1450, the secretary of Pope Nicholas V. says sadly, that only one, which he calls a statue of gilt brass, was to be seen in the city.

In 1849, in excavations under a house in the Trastevere, there was discovered, together with other fragments of metal sculpture, a bronze horse, and a foot and ornamented shoe which may have belonged to the rider, believed to be a fragment from that famous group. The horse is in the Palace of the Conservatori on the Capitol. "Here we have the evidence," says Lanciani, "of a collection of works in metal, stolen from different places, and concealed in that remote quarter of the city, in readiness for shipment from the quay of the Tiber close by. Whether the deed was accomplished by a barbarian of the hordes of Genseric (who entered and left Rome precisely at this quarter), or by a Jew of the transtiberine community, the fact is that the treasure was never removed from its hiding-place until the accidental discovery in 1849."

The most important group of buildings, and the last of the Republican epoch in the Campus Martius was that composed of the theatre, porticus, and curia of Pompey, adjacent to which was his dwelling-house, so small and modest that its next owner, Plutarch tells us, questioned in astonishment where the great Pompey could have dined!

The design of giving Rome a very large permanent theatre, which as yet the city had not, was suggested to the Roman general, it has been conjectured, by the sight of the splendid Greek theatre at Mitylene, where, after his victory over Mithridates, he was entertained with a contest of poets in his honour. If this be so, it was again a signal case of Roman indebtedness to Greece. But the plan, if it had been formed so early, was long in maturing. Meantime, however, Pompey was constantly in evidence before the Roman world. In 63 B.C., on his return from the East, he had received a three days' triumph, in which he had made a great display of Oriental treasures, among which were vases in onyx and alabaster, and in an unknown material, *murra*, supposed to be Chinese porcelain seen for the first time in Italy, and also the great bronze vase of Mithridates, which (after what changes of ownership no man can conjecture), being rescued from the bed of the sea at Porto d'Anzio, now stands reinforced with new handles and foot, in the Hall of Bronzes of the Capitol. At his triumph Pompey had appeared in a chariot adorned with gems, himself wearing a chlamys which had belonged to Alexander the Great, but it is probable he was extremely discontented, for the Senate had refused his urgent request to have his car drawn by four elephants, instead of the customary four white horses.

Soon after this, Pompey had built a temple to Minerva, in the Campus Martius, an edifice whose marble columns were greatly admired, and whose cultus statue, to use the recent phrase, stands to-day in her calm dignity in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, while the name of the temple itself is perpetuated in the noble Dominican church of the thirteenth century which now occupies its site, Santa Maria sopra Minerva.

The temple was, no doubt, very splendid, but the vain

and ambitious Roman had not yet secured the public admiration and the popularity which he coveted. He had still vast store of treasure left from the plunder of Mithridates, and during the nine long years that Caesar was gratifying the Roman pride and securing his own popularity by brilliant successes in remote Gaul, Pompey at home, sought public favour providing for the amusement of his fellow-citizens on a scale of unequalled extravagance.

Eastward from the Campo di Fiori, — an irregularly shaped piazza; where now on Wednesdays something like a “rag-fair” is held, frequented by the poorer class of Romans to do their humble shopping, and by tourists of every nationality to pick up antique copper jugs and vases, or bits of old embroidery and lace, or cast-off priestly vestments which still have decorative value, and the statue of Giordano Bruno looks down, solemn yet triumphant, upon the spot where he met his death, — eastward from this busy mart, in a very nest of old buildings, usually hung with clothes-lines from which flutter many-coloured garments, one threads his way, following the guide-book’s hint of “enormous substructions of the theatre of Pompey.” Suddenly one becomes aware of a colossal something, that is absolutely invisible. It is not essential to ask leave to examine in the cellars and vaults of the Palazzo Pio the fragments of massive walls which remain there. This large building itself built on a curve shows how vast was the semi-circle of the auditorium, of which the front of the Palazzo marks only a section. Even the vaultings upon which the lines of seats rested can be traced under pavement and houses. The Via de’ Chiavari spans the great curve, marking with its straight line the ancient scena. The travertine and peperino and concrete composed a mass of masonry strong enough to outlast three or four of the devastating Roman fires of the old time; it was used as a thea-

tre for over six hundred years, and down to the sixteenth century its outer wall remained almost unbroken. It seems to have occupied an area about half that of the Colosseum, and accommodated, with its fine marble seats, about half as many spectators as did the Flavian Amphitheatre.

Behind the scena extended a great porticus, which was reached from the theatre by a magnificent arch, opening in the centre of the ancient stage. As the theatre itself was, by far, the finest building for public amusement up to its date, so the porticus was also far larger and more splendid than the two which had been built in the preceding century. It consisted of several parallel colonnades, with broad parterres between, and avenues lined with plane-trees, adorned with fountains and with statues of marble and bronze. Famous Greek pictures also decorated this porticus, all of which have long since perished; but marble and bronze are more durable; two of Pompey's satyrs, decorations of the orchestra of the theatre, were disinterred here in the middle of the sixteenth century in the little piazza which bears their name, *dei Satiri*, and they now stand in the cortile of the Capitoline Museum. They are semi-colossal, of good Greek style, though of Italian marble, and were doubtless made by a Greek sculptor working in Rome. Besides these, the most wonderful fragment of Greek art in all Rome, the colossal torso of the Vatican, the Herakles, signed as the work of Apollonios of Athens, and indicated by the late form of the Greek letter  $\omega$  (used instead of  $\Omega$ ) as probably of the first century B.C., — that is, contemporary with Pompey himself, — was found on this ground, in the pontificate of Julius II., about the year 1506. Quite recently (in 1864), another Herakles was discovered here and bought by Pope Pius IX. for the Vatican, at a price of ten thousand dollars. This statue is of bronze, and is more remarkable for its great size and perfect preservation than



for its beauty; very possibly it was of later date than Pompey's time. It is peculiarly remarkable from the care that was taken to preserve it. The colossal figure, fifteen feet high, was found "not only concealed," says Lanciani, "but actually buried, in a kind of coffin built of solid masonry and veneered with marble." It is also a matter of tradition that the columns and piers of red granite in the cortile of the Cancellaria were taken from Pompey's buildings.

Pompey's porticus was in some degree subsidiary to his theatre, not only as forming an agreeable promenade for the audience in the *entr'actes* which may have been long and numerous when, as the custom of those days was, a performance lasted all day, but also as a convenient place for marshalling those long processions which often figured on the Roman stage. Pompey presented five hundred lions in one entertainment in this theatre; at another time elephants, also crocodiles, hippopotami, and other wonderful beasts. These must have had some large waiting-rooms, very likely in a part of this space, before they were brought upon the stage.

But the porticus itself was open on all sides to the public, and became at once a favourite place of resort for Roman idlers. Cicero speaks of it in his *De Fato*; Catullus says to his friend Camerius: "I looked for you in the circus, in all the book-shops, in the sacred temple of Jupiter, in Pompey's pleasure-ground." Ovid praises its cool shade in the summer, and recommends the flâneur of his time to loiter under its arcades or in the plane-tree avenues. Propertius mentions the place in almost similar language: the jealous Cynthia, he complains, forbids his walking "in the Pompeian shades." The same great need for shade that is manifested in the Rome of to-day in summer, when shops on the sunny side of the street have an awning like a tent, not only sheltering the side-walk, but enclosing it with a

canvas wall, and portières are before the doors, and the solid wooden shutters of the windows are drawn together, almost excluding the light, and the advantage of narrow streets shaded in their whole width by the houses is apparent, — this extreme need for shade characterised no less that remote yesterday of Pompey's time. The colonnades and the avenues of trees were not enough to shelter his pleasure-ground from the burning sun, but heavy and splendid tapestries must be hung across between the columns, making the place almost as cool and dark as the underground grottoes, the favourite *crypto-porticus* of the century that followed.

Pompey's famous group of buildings was completed by a hall adjacent to the porticus, but on which side no man knows. "Probably on the southern side," says one authority. It was an *exedra*, with a semi-circular bay, furnished with rows of seats. The Curia Hostilia had been destroyed by fire and not as yet rebuilt, and this hall seems to have been constructed especially as a meeting-place for the Senate. One might think it a great audacity on the part of a private citizen to offer a building of his own for the accommodation of this august body, who, outside their own Curia had hitherto met nowhere but in temples of the gods; however, the proffered hospitality was not declined; the Senate met in the new *exedra* often enough at least to give it the name of the Pompeian Curia, "Pompey's Senate-house." The building lasted only a decade, long enough to be the scene of the great central tragedy of Roman History, and then was burned by a populace mad with rage and grief, and was declared by the Senate "*locus sceleratus*." The rapidity of events in the last years of the Republic and the first of the Empire was tremendous. In 52 B.C. these magnificent buildings which were solid enough to last twenty centuries, were completed at the expense and for the aggrandizement of one man; four years later he was a fugitive from the

battle of Pharsalia, dying almost alone on a desolate Egyptian sea-coast; four years later than the battle of Pharsalia, the great victor of that day himself lay dead in Pompey's Senate-house, pierced by the daggers of twenty-three Roman citizens.

A colossal figure in the Spada Palace has been believed to be that "Pompey's statua," at whose base great Caesar fell. Workmen excavating among old foundations discovered it, in the year 1553, lying buried deep in the ground, very near the spot where the historic statue stood. The colossal figure lay partly in one man's land, and partly in another's, and the dispute for its ownership grew furious. It was even proposed that the statue should be sawn in two, but in the end, both owners were willing to sell, and Pope Julius III. became the purchaser. This was before the days of a Vatican Museum in its present proportions, and a later pope gave the statue to Cardinal Capo di Ferro, who had just completed the Spada Palace, and in this palace it now stands. Positive identification, in a case like this, is of course impossible, but, with the statement of old writers that the original statue in the curia escaped the fire, and was placed by Augustus on an arch at the entrance of the porticus, also with the fact that this statue was found very near the spot where the entrance must have been, and lastly, by the resemblance of the head to effigies of Pompey on coins, the case seems to be very fairly made out.

The buildings of this group were the last architectural work of the Republic. Pompey's theatre was finished in the year 52 B.C. Three years later, with Caesar's dictatorship, the Empire in fact began; the old order had changed, though as yet men knew it not.

Meantime, outside of the city, Rome of the Republic had accomplished works of peace and of public utility, the most wonderful in history, considering the environment. This

whole period of four centuries and a half was one of incessant warfare, at first a life and death struggle with hostile neighbours and with invading foes from over sea; and then, that series of subjugating wars which made Rome the mistress of the world, and brought the spoils of all the earlier civilisations to enrich the city of the Seven Hills. These grand successes, however, came very late; for three hundred years Rome remained poor, and though she always fought for aggrandizement, still her very existence was often at stake.

In the years 313-309 B.C., the second Samnite war was at its height; the Punic wars and the wars with Pyrrhus were yet to come; and none of that wealth which conquests bring in had as yet been added to the narrow means of the valiant city. During those four years it was that Appius Claudius, the censor, began and carried forward to successful completion the two great works that bear his name, — the Appian road and the Appian aqueduct. The personality of this man is very interesting. A descendant of a great Sabine land-owner who came to Rome with a following of five thousand retainers in the very early days of the Republic, he was himself the most patrician of his race, yet with a certain large-mindedness which made him recognise plebeian claims, and promote the interests of these humbler fellow-citizens. He was a famous scholar also, one of the very few Romans of that early day who were familiar with Greek literature, and himself an author of Latin prose and poetry. Consul, censor for four years, interrex, dictator, his name recurs constantly in the history of the time, and finally, in extreme old age, thirty years after his censorship, he speaks for the last time in the Senate, insisting that no terms should be made with the invading Pyrrhus until the Epeiroi king had withdrawn his army, victorious though it was, from the soil of Italy.

The object of the *Via Appia* was to strengthen the Roman grip upon territory just conquered from the Samnites, and to give easy access to Capua, the great Campanian city, lying beyond, next to Rome the most important place in Italy. Rich, luxurious, very civilised, non-warlike, Capua was forever in dread of her rough neighbours the Samnites, and eagerly desired the protection of Rome. The great censor himself had been a general in the Samnite war, and had good reason to know the need for a paved road, as one has at this day who ventures off pavements in the neighbourhood of Rome during the winter months.

The distance from one city to the other was a hundred and thirty miles, and the engineers of those early days chose their route so wisely that the present carriage road to Naples follows very nearly the same track. The Appian Way began at the *Porta Capena*, in the Servian Wall, just under the south-eastern cliff of the Palatine. A mile of the old road lies within the city's limits, entirely hidden under the modern pavement. Outside the *Porta San Sebastiano*, the road still looks modern, with its diamond-shaped lava blocks for about three miles. Then it narrows suddenly to the ancient width of fifteen feet, and patches of the old irregularly shaped paving-stones appear, over which Roman chariot-wheels rolled, and Roman legions marched, while as yet all Europe beyond the Alps was but a wilderness.

For ten centuries or more this old "queen of roads" had lain buried underground, overgrown by the vegetation of the Campagna, betrayed only by the double row of ruinous tombs stretching away across the beautiful, desolate country to where the volcanic group of the Alban Hills rises out of the plain. In 1850, Pope Pius IX. undertook the task of disinterring it for about twelve miles, which was accomplished in three years, at an expense of something like fifteen thousand dollars. The pavement reached by this

excavation is of late imperial date, or possibly early mediæval, extremely rough and ill-jointed; and it is believed that at least in some parts of the road the fine old Republican work lies beneath and might be brought to view. About four miles this side of Albano the modern Appia cuts the old road, and three several ancient pavements can be seen in this cutting in the bank on the right. What Roman road-making was at its best, a little space in the Forum in front of the Temple of Saturn shows most clearly. The accuracy with which those irregular polygonal blocks of lava are fitted to each other is marvellous to see, and tells the story of the stupendous labour and the faultless skill which the Romans of the best epochs lavished upon their public works. There is no reason to doubt that the Via Appia, all the long way from Rome to Capua, was as good as this.

Vitruvius, writing in the time of Augustus, describes the process of road-making. First, parallel trenches were excavated, marking the breadth; between them, the loose earth was then thrown out till solid ground was reached, and upon this were laid four distinct strata: one, of stones "as large as a man could take in his hand"; next, a rubble of small rough stones mixed with lime and "rammed down very hard with wooden beetles," to make a layer nine inches deep; upon this, a rubble made of broken bricks and fragments of pottery for a depth of six inches; lastly, the great paving-stones carefully fitted so that the surface should be level as a floor. The nature of the ground in some regions modified the method of procedure; on rocky soil the lower stratum of rough stones could be omitted; in passing through marshy ground, there was an elaborate system of pile-driving. Crossing a valley, the road would be carried on a huge viaduct, like an aqueduct, either of solid masonry or built in arches. To keep the road as nearly straight as possible, there was no hesitation at attacking the solid rock, in cutting

fifty feet deep or more, and even tunnels in some cases were hewn out. Near Naples, a tunnel of the time of Augustus pierces the rock for a length of half a mile, with a width of nearly thirty feet and a height varying from twenty-five to thirty, with a grand entrance nearly ninety feet high. This was an exceptional luxury as to dimensions characteristic of the imperial epoch. But in the Republic, when the roads from Rome were built, they were no broader than was required. Procopius, in the sixth century, praises the *Via Appia* especially for its width, in that two wagons can pass one another anywhere in its whole course. Other highways were but thirteen feet wide, or eleven, or even less than that; and the *Sacra Via*, the city's most crowded thoroughfare and stateliest street, was at no point over twenty feet in width.

The *Appia* was the great southern road, the first of all, because it was southward that Rome at first turned her attention. Presently that part of Italy lying northward was the scene of important military movements. Then came the time for the *Flaminian Way* to be constructed, a century later than the *Appia*; and again a general who had made personal experience of the region was the censor under whose administration the new road was laid out.

The connection of the censorship with road-making does not at first appear. That office was peculiar, and singularly complicated as to its duties; it was, first, the supervision of the quadrennial census, and of the taxation based upon it; it was, second, a supervision of public morals, with very extensive duties; third, it was a superintendence of public constructions of every kind, the care of those already built, and the building of whatever new ones the time might require. The censorship was in some respects the most honoured office in the Republic, and really had the widest power attached it. The censors were far less conspicuous

than the consuls, because they were never sent into the field with armies as the consuls were; but in the interior administration of the city the censors were almost autocratic, limited only in their action by the control the two mutually exercised over each other, and by the fact that their term of office was usually for only about a year. In the case of Appius Claudius, however, one censor reduced the other to a nullity, and besides this, held on to the office, in some way we know not how, for the extraordinary term of four years.

The builder of the Flaminian road was a plebeian. In the time of Appius Claudius, a century earlier, the office was strictly patrician, but the lower order of the State had now gained a share in all the high functions. The year 221 B.C. was a time when men's attention turned northward. The Gauls in the great plains of Lombardy, re-enforced by their kindred among the Alps, had come down within three days' march of Rome, ravaging as they advanced. There had been gained over them a great victory, and Roman territory had been extended. Again a road was needed to consolidate the results of victory, and also to connect an important place with Rome. This city was Ariminum, a colony that had been for fifty years the frontier fortress of Italy towards the north, where the territory of Cisalpine Gaul touched that of the Republic. Flaminius, daring in many things as he proved himself to be, did not defy the law, as Appius had done, and hold on to the censorship until he could complete his road; it was completed by his successor, but none the less the public voice called it by his name. Just at this time came a memorable year: there was peace in Rome; the one time of peace between Numa's reign and that of Augustus. But the temple of Janus remained closed only long enough for the fact to become matter of history; the war with Carthage broke out once more;



Hannibal made his immense circuit by way of Spain and Gaul and the Alps, and came down upon the Lombard plain. Flaminius, a second time consul, hastened northward by the good road that he had made; and never came back again.

The Via Flaminia began at the Porta Ratumena, just under the northern edge of the Capitol. The gate itself, perhaps for lack of excavation, has not been discovered; but a landmark in the present Via di Marforio, — which poorly represents the Via Lata, “the Broad Street,” anciently the first section of the Flaminian Way, — namely, a massive old tomb of Republican date (whose front wall has been included in the basement and lower story of a solid-looking but shabby house), plainly shows where the ancient gate must have stood; besides this, a suggestive ridge crossing the street just back of this tomb of Bibulus hints at the presence of the old walls underground. Thence the road runs northward, — and to-day we call it the Corso, — almost straight as an arrow flies, to the Portadel Popolo of the present time; and thence, northward still, across the Tiber, bridging it, for the first time outside the city, with what we now call Ponte Molle; and so, off and away to gorges in the Apennines and to distant Rimini on the shore of the grey Adriatic Sea. Most of Rome’s military history as concerned with the transalpine world went out this way: the Via Appia led to Greece, and to Africa and Asia; it was by the Via Flaminia that the legions went to conquer Gaul and Spain and Germany and Britain. But the first army that went out by the northern road was that of the Consul Flaminius himself, and it was not a Roman victory that made memorable the shores of Lake Trasimene.

Nine other great roads are mentioned by the old writers, and nearly all of them were built during the Republican period, but no personal interest and no absolutely certain

date is attached to any of the others. All the road-making of these centuries, however, is memorable because the work is so purely Roman. From Etruria first, and later from Greece, Rome acquired all her other constructive arts, but it would seem that in this one she had no master. Greece, from the nature of the country, could have no important roads; and to the narrow policy of the Etruscans, road-making was something altogether foreign. Details as to roads may seem prosaic, but this first road-making ever done in the world marked a great epoch in civilisation, and it announced a great people. Nothing could more truly express the Roman character and foretell the Roman future than the Via Appia, that marvellous strip of pavement, fifteen feet broad and a hundred and thirty miles long, laid down across desolate country, over the Pontine marshes, through a region infested with enemies, and at the expense of a community whose slender resources were taxed to their utmost by incessant wars.

The Roman custom of extra-mural interment, wisely made compulsory by the city's earliest code of laws, resulted in giving the great roads a singular bordering of tombs. The countless majority of the dead — that is to say, the slaves and the lowest grade of Romans — were cast into the ground anywhere outside the walls, and it is probable that the great cemetery discovered in 1875 on the Esquiline was but one of many of these common burying-places; for all respectable families, however, there were separate tombs, and to the Roman mind no place was more suitable for these than the roadside, accessible, secure, and, above all things, conspicuous. The earliest monuments were nearest the gates, and as the space became filled, the line extended further, reaching to a distance of ten or twelve miles from town. Frontage on the roads was highly valued, and there was a distinct ownership of lots, their dimensions being fre-

quently recorded at the end of the sepulchral inscription, as: IN. FRON. P. X. IN. AGG. P. XX. ("frontage ten feet, into the field twenty feet").

In the general wreckage of all things in and about Rome, most of these tombs are the merest heaps of ruins. Those of the Republic in a few cases have lasted best. The tomb of Bibulus, in the Via di Marforio, is thought to date from the beginning of the first century B.C. It is built of concrete faced with immense blocks of travertine. There is a plain base, and above it a wall decorated with Tuscan pilasters supporting an entablature of which the frieze had originally garlands and rosettes and ox-skulls in low relief; of this a fragment remains at the southern angle. In the centre is a tall niche with a moulded architecture, and on each side of it a small tablet with a miniature cornice. The inscription remains perfectly legible, and records that the Senate and People gave this place to Caius Publicius Bibulus, the plebeian aedile, for a tomb in which he and his posterity should be interred, and moreover, that this was "*honoris virtutisque causa*"; there is no date; the end of the monument partly projecting from the side of the house, shows that the inscription is repeated there. There is something extremely interesting in this simple old record of the public approval of one man's integrity in office.

Another tomb of Republican date was not far outside the Colline Gate on the Via Salaria. The walls of Aurelian were built just behind it, later; and the destruction of the towers of this wall, shattered by the Italian cannon in 1870, brought to view the tomb which the fortifications had previously concealed. It is like the monument of Bibulus, but its inscription, unfortunately, is gone. Architecturally, the ruin is interesting, because it shows a sparing use of marble, — pilasters and plinth of white, and sub-bases to the pilasters of black, upon a structure of peperino.

A third monument, thought to be of about the same date, was also revealed by the destruction of parts of Aurelian's wall, or rather of a tower by which Honorius strengthened the earlier gateway, on the eastern side of the city. This is the tomb of Eurysaces the baker, than which nothing more grotesque ever served for so solemn a memorial. It is a huge structure of tufa and travertine, with an internal mass of concrete which appears where one side of the tomb is entirely torn away. It was in shape an irregular quadrilateral, standing in the fork of two roads, and widening to correspond with their radiation. The monument consists of a row of colossal cylinders, representing measures for grain, and upon them, in three tiers, huge circular kneading-troughs with their mouths outward. The cylinders and kneading-troughs surmount a high, plain basement, and above them is a frieze, with reliefs representing scenes connected with the baker's trade, and a toothed Corinthian cornice having consoles and rosettes. An inscription, thrice repeated, as on the tomb of Bibulus, indicates that this is the monument of Marcus Vergilius Eurysaces, baker, bread-contractor to the *apparetores* (the public servants of the Roman magistrates). So expensive a tomb demonstrates that contractors were a prosperous class in those days, as they have been since; but the difference of manners at different epochs appears in the readiness with which this rich contractor calls himself by the humble designation of his trade. This baker certainly was of a whimsical turn of mind, for even in ancient Rome men must have smiled to read the inscription to his wife, which seems to have made part of a similar tomb adjacent (and is now in the new Archæological Museum): *FVIT · ATISTIA · VXOR · MIHEI — FEMINA · OPTVMA · VEIXSIT — QVOIVS · CORPVRIS · RELIQVIAE — QVOD · SVPERANT · SVNT · IN — HOC · PANARIO* ("Atistia was my wife; she was the best woman alive; of whose

body the remains which are left are in this bread-basket"). Other bakers' tombs seem to have been in this neighbourhood, for there are curious fragments of sculptured travertine, now set against the wall along the roadside, on which are representations in relief of flat round loaves marked with a cross like the hot-cross buns of the English bake-shops.

The most important, historically, of the family burial-places along the Appian Way was not a monument at all, but neither more nor less than a catacomb, though it is known as the "tomb of the Scipios." It is about two hundred yards inside the present gate of the city, and is entered through a vineyard at a few steps from the road. A simple archway of peperino, opening into the hill-side, is the entrance from the Appian Way, and narrow passages, excavated in the tufa of the hill, slope downward rapidly and open to right and left. In recesses on each side of these passages the dead of the famous house were laid, and each *loculus* was closed by a slab of stone bearing the inscription, in letters incised and coloured with vermillion. Unfortunately for the interest of the spot, all these originals have been removed and their place is occupied by modern copies not always perfectly correct. The place is, however, too faintly lighted by one's own taper and that of the custodian, for any satisfactory inspection, so it is not so much to be regretted that the great sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus, which was the most important object found in this catacomb, and nearly all the inscribed slabs from the *loculi*, now stand in the full daylight of a hall in the Vatican Museum.

The inscriptions, which date from the third and second centuries before Christ, are the most valuable examples of archaic Latin palæography extant. In this respect, they rather concern the special student; but no one who remem-

bers even so much Latin history as that of his school-days, can fail to look with interest on these rude stones, which were venerable in the time of Cicero: — “When, going out through the *Porta Capena*,” he says, “you look upon the tombs of the *Calatinii*, the *Scipiones*, the *Servilii*, the *Metelli*, can you commiserate them?” — The *Scipio Barbatus* of the famous sarcophagus was consul in 298 B.C., and it was his great-grandson, consul in 134, who pursued *Hannibal* into Africa and gained that decisive victory which ended the Second Punic War. But the great Africanus was not buried with his people. The “ingratitude of republics” made him a voluntary exile from Rome and his tomb was probably at *Liternum*, on the *Campanian* sea-coast, where he died.

The epitaph of *Barbatus*, says *Ampère*, is like a funeral oration; it addresses the public: “*Cornelius Lucius Scipio Barbatus* (the bearded), son of *Gnaevus*; a brave man and wise; whose beauty was equal to his valour; who was among you consul, censor, aedile; *Taurasia*, *Cisauna*, he captured from the *Samnites*; he subdued all *Lucania*, and carried away hostages.” In the style of the inscription and in the form of the letters, and in the coarse stone of which the sarcophagus is made, there is all the rudeness of the early Roman time. The characters are irregular, the lines are far from straight, the Latin is archaic and barbaric. On the other hand, the architecture of the monument is of the purest style; the ornaments are simple and noble; to this day there has been no more grand and dignified sarcophagus. This marks the advent of Greek art transported into the midst of complete Roman savagery.

Of the two great classes of public works outside the city, for which the warlike Republic found time in the intervals between its campaigns, the road-making seems the more original; the making of aqueducts had its model in the

Etruscan water-conduits, with which the Romans had long been familiar. That the Cloaca maxima carried water away from the town and the aqueducts brought it in, scarcely makes a material difference. The Aqua Appia lies as much underground as a drain, for all but the last hundred yards of its course. The originality of the aqueducts came in the after-development of the possibilities of carrying this water-channel at a high level, so that it might supply the hills as well as the low ground in the city.

The Appian aqueduct entered at the Porta Capena, passed under the Caelian and Aventine hills, and had its reservoir near the Tiber just beyond the Aventine. Hence it supplied only that part of the city, — a crowded population and of the poorer class. The length of its course was about eleven miles, but the springs from which the water was obtained are only a little more than seven miles away, nearly due east from Rome. Remains of the old specus can be traced at different points, and where it passed under the Aventine in the old tufa quarries, the line can be followed, and the old masonry for some distance, where the specus was not merely a tunnel but laid in blocks of tufa, is plainly to be seen.

Forty years later than the Appia, in 272 B.C., another aqueduct was required, and this time Roman victories had provided means for the work. It is matter of history that Pyrrhus was the foe at whose expense the Romans got their second water-supply. Curius Dentatus, a plebeian consul, after the victory, and after he had enjoyed the honour of a triumph in which the first Greek statues and the first elephants were the *pièces de resistance*, received the office of censor, and devoted the spoils of war to this admirable purpose. Needing a larger water-supply than the springs could furnish, the engineers of the second aqueducts drew directly from the Anio on very high ground behind Tivoli,

at a distance of twenty miles from Rome. But they lost a great deal of the advantage of this high level by keeping on the ground and under it, and the Anio Vetus when it entered Rome was only fifty-five feet higher than the old Appia. Here and there in the Campagna, and especially at a point a few rods outside Porta Maggiore, where the tall arches of the Claudia make a sharp turn to the west, the extremely ancient *opus reticulatum* of the Anio Vetus lies plainly to be seen, just beneath the aqueduct of the Empire.

With the third aqueduct of Republican Rome began the arches which give such grandeur and beauty to the landscape of the Campagna. One wonders if they seemed as imposing to the old Romans as they do to us. The Anio Vetus was the river itself, but the water-supply of the third aqueduct, the Marcia, came from springs in the upper valley of the Anio, thirty-eight miles distant from Rome by the road, but brought in so circuitous a route, to avoid the small cross-valleys, that the specus attained a length of sixty-one miles; of this, the last seven were on arches, entering Rome at the Porta Maggiore, where the old channel is visible in the Aurelian wall eastward from the gate, about twenty-five feet above the ground, having the specus of two later smaller aqueducts carried above it.

The selection of water was so well made that in 1869, the engineers of Pope Pius IX., in adding a fourth aqueduct to the modern supply, could do no better than take the old springs of the Marcia. They made no use of the old specus or of the massive peperino arches; a new channel was laid in masonry as far as Tivoli, and thence, huge iron pipes traverse the Campagna almost in a straight line and on the north of the Anio, while the old Marcia lay on the south of it. The aqueduct of the year 144 B.C. was built at a cost of, approximately, eight million dollars, a special officer being appointed to superintend the work. In this case it



was not a censor, but a praetor, the chief judicial officer of the city, Q. Marcius Rex, of whom nothing further is known, but whose name is to-day, very literally, a household word in Rome. The introduction of the new water-supply was the last municipal work of Pius IX. ; the official name of the aqueduct is the *Acqua Pia*; but the *Acqua Marcia* it is and will be, in the vernacular, in memory of Quintus Marcius Rex, praetor in ancient Rome, two thousand years ago.

With the *Appia* and the *Anio Vetus* and the *Marcia*, the inhabitants of Republican Rome enjoyed an amount of water estimated variously from thirty to sixty million gallons daily. This was long before the time of the great baths, or the public uses of water on an enormous scale for scenic purposes. For all that, we find, nineteen years after the *Marcia*, another aqueduct added, the *Tepula*; this was a short one, only thirteen miles long, and for seven of these the specus was carried on the *Marcian* arches; it was a rather small supply, and of not very good drinking-water; but it had the great merit of a somewhat higher level. Rome was extending itself widely in these years on the high ground to the north and east of the old city; villas and gardens required water. It is plain to see that the little *Tepula* was a matter of patrician luxury, added to the grand popular supply of the others.

With this the Romans remained content for a century. In the time of the Empire there came new demands in every form of construction, but in none more vast than in the matter of water-supply.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ROME OF THE EMPERORS (49 B.C.—330 A.D.).

OUR tables of chronology usually date the Roman Empire from the year 27 B.C., when Octavius, Caesar's nephew, then consul for the seventh time, assumed the name of Augustus and was declared Emperor. This is a very mechanical way of fixing a date; and it has the striking disadvantage of omitting from the list of Roman Emperors the man who himself created the Empire. Octavius inherited it, and always said that he did; the great first Emperor of Rome was Gaius Julius Caesar, — whether we fix the date of his accession at the time when he crossed the Rubicon, in 49 B.C.; or accepted the dictatorship for an indefinite term, in 48; or received the permanent title of Emperor, in 46; or that of Dictator for life, in 44. For those five years and a half he was the Supreme Master of Rome; during that time "he worked and created," says Mommsen, "as never any mortal did before or after him, and as a worker and creator he still, after well-nigh two thousand years, lives in the memory of the nations — the first, and the unique, Emperor Caesar. . . . In the intervals of seven great campaigns, which allowed him to stay not more than fifteen months altogether in the capital of his empire, he regulated the destinies of the world for time present and to come, from fixing the boundary line between civilisation and barbarism, down to removing the rain-pools in the streets of the capital, and yet with leisure enough at his command to follow attentively the prize-pieces in the theatre and confer the chaplet on the victor with verses improvised."

In that short space of time, Caesar made very great changes in the aspect of Rome; while other men had built temples or theatres, he with a statesman's clear intuition of what was for the public good, had, from far away in Gaul, set on foot the plan for a new Forum,—a measure whose utility was so conspicuous that five Emperors, the best rulers Rome ever had, imitated it in following reigns until, when the last of the imperial fora had been created by Trajan, there was laid open through the most populous part of the town an area three times the size of the ancient Forum Romanum. The old valley between the Capitol and the Palatine had long been over-crowded, and various attempts had been made to widen the space available for public business, but any relief on a large scale had not been thought of. The great Dictator was, above all things, a man of initiatives, as we say; also, he was very free with his money. The land upon which he proposed to lay out his Forum was one of the most densely populated and most valuable areas in the city. But there had been large plunder in Gaul, and he gave *carte blanche* to his Roman agent to buy for him the ground he indicated, which is supposed to have been an area about three hundred feet square. This agent, who was no other than Cicero, paid, we are told, a hundred million sesterces (about five million dollars); the buildings remained undisturbed till Caesar returned to Rome; then at once there began to be a great pulling down of the old rookeries, and in three years, the new Forum and the splendid temple to Venus the Ancestress, and Caesar's own statue, on his favourite charger,—in gilt bronze, like Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol,—occupied the ground. Seated in this Forum it was that the Dictator omitted to rise to receive the Senate who came in a body for some purpose, and thus gave bitter offence; and hither he came, on the evening of the last day of his great triumph, crossing

the Forum Romanum with a train of forty elephants for torch-bearers, amid the acclamations of the whole populace of Rome, banqueting there at his cost.

It is a pity that whatever may remain of the Julian Forum should be buried so deep, and in such a squalid grave. One of the poorest streets in modern Rome intersects the ground; and if you enter through a narrow passage at No. 29 of this Via Marmorelle, in a little court like the yard of an inn, may be seen a length of tufa wall, — making part of some low modern buildings, — in which great arches now filled in with masonry and buried almost to their spring in the ground, tell the story of the vanished splendour. This is all that remains above ground of the Forum Julium, and what the splendid temple was that Caesar vowed at Pharsalia in 48, and dedicated in 46, “no man knoweth to this day.”

In the Campus Martius, the Dictator laid the foundations of the Septa Julia, of which five rows of piers, — travertine, apparently once covered with painted stucco or with slabs of marble, — may be seen under the church in the Corso, S. Maria in Via Lata. This, the sacristan will tell you, is the “hired house” in which S. Paul dwelt for two years while in Rome; and perhaps no traditional metamorphosis is more curious and unaccountable. Caesar had not time to complete this building, intended as a commodious voting-place for the Comitia Centuriata, who, hitherto, had been polled in the open field, and it fell into disuse not long after Augustus had completed it; then it served for gladiatorial contests, and ended by becoming a bazaar under the later Emperors. Also in the Campus Martius, nearer the river, Caesar proposed to build an immense theatre, and this plan Augustus carried out, completing it fifty years after.

Upon the sacred Forum Romanum itself Caesar laid an improving hand; and here traces of his work remain. The

Basilica Julia, with its stumps of columns and its broad marble floor, is one of the most conspicuous sites in the whole area. The coloured marbles of the pavement, the giallo, cipollino, pavonazetto, and africano, probably belong to a later date, when the material was more abundant, but the plan of the grand, useful building where four tribunals could have space for their legal business without disturbing one another, was doubtless the great Dictator's.

Also in the Forum, Caesar saw fit to change the position of the Rostra, and to erect a new and sumptuous platform in a more central spot, for the use of public speakers. A vastly tragic interest clings to this ruin, for the new Rostra was his last finished work in Rome, dating from 44, the year of his death, and here, without doubt, Antony stood to appeal to the Roman people for vengeance on Caesar's murderers, while the dead Caesar lay at his feet.

The platform itself is entirely gone; of the travertine piers which supported it only one remains standing, the others are all shattered; the tufa-blocks of the front and side walls have been mostly carried off, and were doubtless built into something else; and huge fragments of the beautifully carved plinth and cornice and the facing slabs, all of the finest white marble, with which the front and sides were covered, lie along the base and on the rude steps of the seventh century column of Phocas, which still rears its head incongruously over the scene where so many better things have gone to ruin. At first sight it seems impossible to tell what all this débris represents. But on a closer examination of the wreck, the confusion is readily dispelled, and the white Rostra reappears to the imagination, the most regal platform for an orator that the world ever saw: eighty feet long and eleven feet in height, with its massive projecting cornice carved in the pure Greek taste of the time; below it, in double row, the famous old

bronze beaks of the ships ; above it, a low, open balustrade, protecting the sides and part of the front, but interrupted in the centre for a space, so that the figure of the orator could be seen from head to foot ; finally, behind him who spoke, the grand, silent figures in bronze and marble, the statesmen and heroes of an earlier day. Overhead was the blue Roman sky, the background was all temples, and around and beneath, all the way across the Forum, was the eager, listening, responsive crowd ; surely whatever fire of eloquence a man had within him must have blazed high when he stood, the central figure of a scene like this.

No doubt Caesar himself was the first to speak from his new Rostra ; the noble structure was completed only a few weeks before that incredible tragedy of the Ides of March, when a craven pack of more than a score of armed men, who called themselves decent citizens, were not ashamed to set upon and murder one, defenceless, whose splendid careless courage had left him to be their victim.

The great shade of Caesar haunts all this central spot of Rome. At the opposite extremity of the Forum just behind the temple of Vesta, he lived as Pontifex Maximus. This Domus Publica, the pontiff's official residence, has left remains distinctly traceable, under other constructions of a later date. When Augustus became Pontifex, he did not choose to reside where his predecessors had lived, having already a house much more to his liking in a sunny spot on the Palatine ; and he gave the Domus Publica to the Vestals who lived next door. In enlarging their own residence they built over the old pontifical residence, and hence, there is a confusion of walls running obliquely to each other, but what the Vestals built was at a somewhat higher level, so that the mosaic floors of the early house were covered, and thus preserved. These pavements are of simple pattern, lozenges, hexagons, and squares made with tiny blocks of

white limestone and grey basalt; in other rooms there are fragments of coloured marbles set in hard cement which is now nearly black. The walls which still stand, a few feet high, belong to different dates, no doubt indicating that the *Domus Publica* was enlarged or altered, or rebuilt after fires, from age to age: soft tufa, which probably dates from the regal period; hard tufa, of the early Republic; and concrete faced with brickwork, of the first century B.C. The thin, triangular bricks are very curious, — probably the earliest of the kiln-dried that remain in Rome. There are also fragments of travertine columns, both free and engaged; remains of two, with a threshold between, evidently mark the doorway into the street. On all the walls there are indications of a free use of stucco, and in one room some of it remains, of a bright crimson colour. This was Caesar's dwelling-house; but here the imagination can do very little by way of restoration; the Vestals have quite destroyed the historic place.

Nearly opposite the *Domus Publica*, across the *Sacra Via*, — which in early times probably did not separate the two, but lay northward of its present track, — is a still more fragmentary mass, understood to occupy the place of the ancient *Regia*, which was the public office of the Pontifex. There is a piece of wall eight feet high, made of solid marble blocks, and there is a pavement of marble slabs, which are supposed to belong to the last rebuilding of this sacred fane, where many important rites were performed.

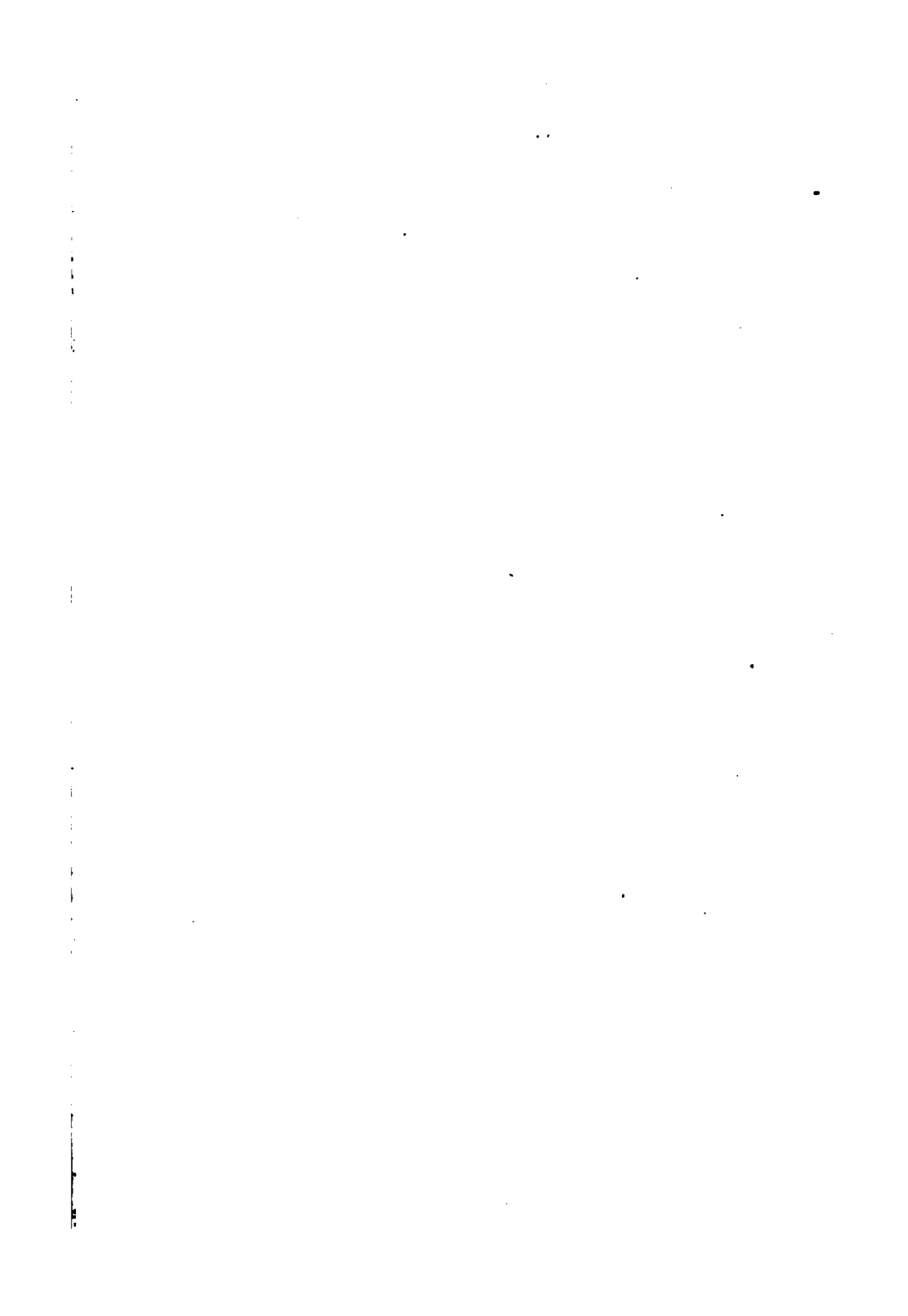
The remains of the *Regia* might easily be passed unnoticed, but no one could fail to observe, here on the extreme eastern edge of the Forum, the huge mass of ragged concrete, twenty feet high, and covering quite an extensive area, beyond which extended still further its solidly built travertine foundation, still, for the most part unimpaired. On every side of it lie fragments of white marble, —

pieces of cornice, huge sections of fluted columns, exquisite bits from Corinthian capitals, and rough chips of every size and shape. One grand block stands solid in front of the platform; it has an extremely elegant and clear-cut floriated design on two opposite sides, while the other two are left rough,—part of a decorated parapet, it may be. One thinks, at first sight, it is work of the Renaissance; then remembers suddenly that this is what the Renaissance copied from.

The temple that once stood on this lofty podium and looked across the Forum, overtopping all the earlier structures, was erected on the spot where Caesar's funeral pile had stood, very near his dwelling-house and immediately in front of his public office, the Regia. Here, three days after his death his body had been burned, amid a tumult of grief, in which wreaths and military decorations and all the paraphernalia of triumphs, and the long, heavy spears of the veterans, and the ornaments and vestments of the women, and the boys' togas, and the sacred gold balls that they wore as amulets, had been flung into the fire, an offering to the manes of the great dead. Then an immense multitude had watched through the cold March night the slowly dying embers, among them many Jews, we are told, who had been brought to Rome as slaves by Pompey, and hated him accordingly, but loved his great rival, Caesar, who had showed them kindness, as he did to all men; and finally, when all was over, the ashes of the dead ruler had been carried honourably to the Campus Martius and consigned to the Julian tomb. But public affection clung to the spot; a tall column of yellow Numidian marble, inscribed "*Pater Patriae*," marked it for all men's homage; and two years later, after the murdered Caesar had been decreed a god, the lofty temple invited all Rome to worship him.

The apotheosis of a man whom all men knew, and whose





*Julius Cæsar.*





murder was an event of so recent date, was a wonderful innovation, but no doubt the Romans gladly accepted it, for they "all did love him once"; and, moreover, new things had become the order of the day. The temple is mentioned by writers who saw it; and that it stood at the eastern extremity of the Forum, very near the temple of Castor, has always been known; but it had completely disappeared and grass had grown for centuries over the spot. One of the most interesting results of the great excavations of 1872 in and near the Forum was the unearthing of all the substructure of the old edifice,—the concrete core of the podium, in three huge masses, showing by the gaps between them where originally the walls of stone had been; under it, the immense platform of travertine, ninety feet square; lastly, the marble fragments of cornices and columns of the temple itself. Like the Rostra, this ruin, most unpromising at first sight, rewards study with very unusual satisfaction. The podium extended as a kind of platform in front of the temple itself; its front wall was recessed, and it was ornamented with bronze beaks of captured vessels, in imitation of the famous platform at the opposite end of the Forum. Hence it was known as the Julian Rostra, and was a favourite speaking-place during the first century of the Empire.

In a certain way this is the most interesting historic spot of ancient Rome: it marks the close of Caesar's marvellous career, and it marks the beginning of that famous era, "the Augustan Age"; furthermore, it seems a magnificent expression of gratitude on the part of the second Caesar towards the first. Heirs are proverbially ungrateful; but this, at least, was not true in the case of the boy not quite nineteen, recalled to Rome by his uncle's murder, who, after the two perilous years, filled with skilful diplomacy and savage revenge, had been crowned by the victory at

Philippi and the destruction of the two chief assassins, gave care and thought, in the very first moments of anything like security, to the erection of this temple.

It is good to know that the first visible trace of Augustus in Rome is this monument to Caesar. Does it possibly throw a kinder and truer light upon a character which history has agreed to stigmatise as cold-hearted and selfish to an unusual degree? One may sit down on the well-worn step of the old temple,—the solitary marble fragment *in situ*,—and remember what the circumstances of the case had been so far.

This young Octavius (whom history knows by the name of homage which the Senate decreed long after), left a fatherless boy at four years old, the same year that Caesar went into Gaul, had lived under the care of the women of his family,—his grandmother Julia, Caesar's sister, being the head of the household,—during the nine years of the Gallic campaigns, and there can be no doubt that the great fame of the general, the news of his victories from time to time, and all the details of his adventures in that strange barbaric land, must have filled the quiet home of these Roman ladies, his kinswomen, with intense enthusiasm. As time went on there came the complications of Caesar's relations with the Senate and Pompey's bitter hostility, and we may well believe that the women and the boy in the Octavian house just on the edge of the Palatine there, were hotly partisan in the cause of their absent hero. Then followed Caesar's return to Rome, with all its risks and tumult and victory; and so the boy, now thirteen years, came into the daily presence of his great kinsman, and felt all the overpowering charm of that fascinating personality which even the enemies of the Dictator could not entirely resist. Caesar took charge of him from that time forward, and here and there a chance word in history shows how eagerly the boy clung to the new com-

panionship. He tried hard to go with Caesar on the African campaign, and again, in 45, into Spain; but his health was never strong and the elders of the family would not consent. Only he had the satisfaction, the year that he was seventeen, of following on horseback the triumphal car in the great four days' parade of 46. The year following, claiming the rights of maturity at the earliest moment possible, he implored a distinct military rank, nothing less than master of the horse, that is to say, commander-in-chief of the Roman cavalry. The wise Caesar denied this; but the eager young fellow got something instead, which was better for him. He was at last permitted to leave home, although still his health caused anxiety, and was sent to spend a few months in the great Roman camp at Apollonia, across the Adriatic, where Caesar was slowly massing his forces with a view to the Parthian expedition planned for 44 B.C. He left Rome in the autumn, and was to pursue his studies under a tutor who accompanied him, while at the same time he would share in the military duties of the camp and have the opportunity of making useful acquaintances among the veteran officers. In the spring Caesar would come, and it was understood that he would then take Octavius with him into Asia.

Instead of this, in the spring, came the news of Caesar's death and of the wild confusion that reigned in Rome. There does not seem to have been a moment in which the lad, under this tremendous shock which must have left the whole world empty to him, hesitated about returning to the scene where the murder had just been committed. And still, there was good enough chance for him to be killed also; so his mother thought, whom he visited on the way in Naples, where she was now living with her second husband. Poor lady! she herself was dead the following year, long before it became sure that her boy would not perish also at

the hands of Caesar's murderers, but would bring them all and a great many other unfriendly Romans to a bad end. She no doubt said as much as a mother would say to-day to prevent her son, eighteen years old, from venturing into that storm of excitement and terror and anger which filled Rome. But the young Octavius was not turned back by any obstacle that an anxious mother could lay in his path. The famous bust of "the young Augustus" shows how this boy could set his lips together firmly, and harden the lines of his young face. He may have looked like that when he parted from his mother in her home in Naples and went to Rome.

Everybody knows what happened when he got there,—his courtesy and reserve towards Antony, who had taken advantage of the situation to plunder Caesar's estate; his acceptance of his own adoption as Caesar's heir, and of the duties imposed by the will; and his sacrifice of all his own hereditary possessions to pay the legacies which Caesar had bequeathed, namely, three hundred sesterces apiece (which is something like fifteen dollars of our money), to the three hundred thousand adult male citizens of Rome,—which act may have been policy, or may have been loyalty to Caesar's memory; but, in any case, brought great favour to the doer.

Then for two years followed the struggle for life, with possible assassination ever on his track; and the savage retaliation on Caesar's murderers and those who consented to the deed, and on his own enemies, present and prospective, which is known in history as the Proscriptions; after which followed victories over enemies in arms,—Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, Sextus Pompeius off the coast of Sicily, and Antony at Actium, wherewith finally, after ten years, the world was reduced to peace, and that famous era dawned which the Augustan poets celebrate, when the temple of Janus was shut for the third time up to date.



The plans of Caesar for the improvement of Rome had been broadly laid, and the young man who grasped the empire which his great kinsman bequeathed to him, did not wait for wars to cease before he followed the splendid example.

In the years between 36 and 28 B.C. the new ruler built a temple to Apollo in the centre of a stately porticus, and at some time within this period he reconstructed his own dwelling-house near by, which had been in part destroyed by fire. The *Domus Augustana* was never called a palace, for the word as yet was not, but all palaces since that time have been so called because of this one, built on the Palatine hill. The temple and the buildings belonging with it were on the higher ground, lying from northeast to southwest, fronting towards the Forum, while the house, placed a little lower, facing the other way, was in a degree hidden by these buildings and had a sunny exposure greatly valued by its master, who was very sensitive to the cold of Roman winters. The grand Palatine houses of the late Republic had been built along the northern cliff, whence their occupants might look down into the Forum, the great centre of all interests in those days; the house where Augustus had lived as a boy with his grandmother was in this neighbourhood. But the Forum had ceased to interest when the new ruler selected his residence, very probably at the time of his marriage with Livia in the year that he was twenty-five. It pleased him better to watch the games in the *Circus Maximus*, upon which he looked down from the upper story of his house. The view beyond may have pleased him also, though no historian would have thought to tell us this,—the green slopes of the *Aventine* rising opposite, and the temple of *Diana* with its grove of trees, and farther away to the right the shining curve of the river, spanned by two bridges then as now, though not the same that we see to-day.

The Domus Augustana was not very large, and it was not built of marble, but only of travertine; within, however, it was handsomely finished, we are told; there marble was not spared, in columns and pilasters and mosaic pavements, and the domed ceilings of the rooms were frescoed in graceful designs. Also there were many statues and paintings. But all this was as nothing to the magnificence of the temple, built of solid marble, vastly finer than anything Rome had seen before. In the porticus there were fifty-two tall monoliths of giallo, the beautiful yellow marble from Numidia, whose quarries, inexhaustible under the Empire, have lately been rediscovered. There were statues by the hundred, of bronze, of marble, of ivory, of cedar-wood,—the very best Greek work. There were countless vases and lamps and tripods in gold and silver. Besides all this, and specially appropriate to a temple of Apollo, there were Greek manuscripts enough to be called a library in a hall on one side of the porticus, and another collection in Latin filling a corresponding hall on the other side. The special interest of these Palatine buildings to us is that there has never been any really thorough excavation made here. No one can tell how much of all this magnificence still lies buried underground like an enchanted palace. Once or twice briefly the spell has been lifted, and then it has seemed to recover its potency. In the sixteenth century a part of the area of the temple was excavated, but as to this we have very few details. In 1775, the Abbé Raucourel, who was at that time the owner of the property, made some excavations and undoubtedly reached the Domus Augustana. It was ransacked in the reckless fashion of the time; some statues, of which the Apollo Saurocthonos of the Vatican was the most important, were taken out, and no one knows how much marble. The whole discovery was kept as secret as possible, and the Roman architect,

Piranesi, who was determined to know what he could as to the plan of the house, is said to have climbed the wall enclosing the grounds, in much peril from savage watchdogs, and to have made certain drawings by the light of the moon. Several cart-loads of marble fragments, judged worthless by the Abbé, were sold to the owner of a lime-kiln in the Forum, where they were unscrupulously destroyed.

Early in the present century the Augustan ground changed owners and fell into the hands of an Englishman, who erected a villa which is still standing. When Lady Blessington, on the 8th of May, 1828, took her last dinner in Rome under the roof of her "kind and amiable friend Mr. Mills," and her eyes glanced, as she tells us in her Journal, "over the extensive view from the Villa Palatina," she would have found even more scope for reflection than the view suggested if her imagination could have pictured the Augustan house and temple underground, whose remains her friend's house so effectually concealed. The villa is now a convent of the nuns of the Visitation, and with close-walled garden still hides this most attractive spot. The place, however, is now government property, and its thorough exploration is only a question of time and money.

The temple of Apollo was begun in 36 B.C., and we are told that it was the result of a vow made in the naval engagement of Sicily, in which Pompey's eldest son, Sextus, was finally defeated. In the three years following, the young ruler of Rome was absent from the city much of the time; he defeated the Alpine mountaineers, the Dalmatians, the Pannonians, and the Illyrians; and these latter successes brought in great spoils. In the spring of 31 he was present at the battle of Actium, and in 30 he was in Alexandria, at the time of Antony's death. Not until 29 was he again in Rome, but he then remained for some

time, and the following year the temple was at last completed.

Meanwhile, in the interval between his northern and southern campaigns, he found time for another group of buildings in a very different part of the town, namely, in the Campus Martius near the river. This was a porticus, within which he rebuilt two temples of earlier date, to Jupiter and Juno, and erected besides two libraries, one for Greek, the other for Latin works, and a hall for the meeting of the Senate. These buildings were also greatly adorned with a multitude of Greek works of art, statues, paintings, and medallions. He called them by the name of his only sister, Octavia. At a moment of attempted reconciliation with Antony, seven years earlier, he had given her in marriage to his colleague in the triumvirate, as one might give some precious ring in token of restored amity, and the beautiful, good Octavia, then a widow of about twenty, seems to have accepted willingly her rôle in the re-establishment of a cordial understanding between the two, who were, by the circumstances of their position, and also by their characters, almost fated to be enemies. But now the graceless Antony, far away in Asia and Egypt, forgetful of his country and all his duties, was the avowed lover of Cleopatra; at Actium he was to pay the penalty; but in the meantime, before all Rome, Octavius offered his sister the highest honour, calling by her name the splendid group of buildings of the year 33 B.C.

The Porticus Octaviae has fared better than the Palatine buildings in one sense, for something of it yet remains above ground; but, in another sense, not as well, for a more melancholy wreck of departed grandeur is not, in all this city of ruins. Probably, too, only part of what remains really dates from 33 B.C., for the ground was to some extent burned over a century later, and there were rebuildings by

Septimius Severus, as is recorded in an inscription on the porch which is the principal fragment now standing. No place in Rome has been more beloved by the aquarellist; until lately the fish-market was close by, and the tall Corinthian columns helped to make a very striking picture combined with the heaped-up fish on marble slabs from ancient temples, and the fish-nets hung to dry, and the crowd of poor people in their parti-coloured dress. Within a few years the fish-market has been moved away, and the adjacent Ghetto, with its wonderful rookeries, pulled down. An open gravelly space now extends between these columns and the river; the ruinous old porch lies in the sunlight, with a line of shattered bits of columns at its side which rather unsuccessfully try to suggest the ancient porticus.

Having completed these buildings in honour of his sister, Octavius went in pursuit of her recreant husband; between 33 and 29 B.C. he was absent from Rome nearly all the time; the battle of Actium, in which Antony was finally defeated, came in 31, and the year after both he and Cleopatra perished in Egypt, whither the young conqueror had pursued them, who, after the downfall of his last foes, then very slowly returned to Rome. He had a three days' triumph, with the parade of vast quantities of Egyptian spoils; and that curious animal of the Nile, the hippopotamus, for the first time delighted the eyes of the Romans in the games of the Circus Maximus. The colossal statue of the Egyptian river, surrounded by sixteen baby genii, which came to light in the time of Leo X. from the great wreck of the temple of Isis and Serapis near the Pantheon, and is now in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, is probably closely copied from some earlier work which commemorated this triumph.

The two obelisks that Augustus brought to Rome — though the date of their erection, one in the Great Circus,

the other in the Campus Martius, was later than the event by five and by fifteen years respectively — still stand to testify to the Roman conquest of Egypt in the last half century before Christ: the obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo and that of Monte Citorio. They came from the great temple of Heliopolis; they are of the same red granite, and both are covered with hieroglyphics. Both were long under ground, thrown down no one can say when; and in fragments, both of them, one in three pieces and the other in five. The hieroglyphics on both are very beautiful and wonderfully sharp-cut. It is impressive to reflect that these tall shafts, with their perfect intaglios, in Rome are the memorials of a civilisation that had already subsisted for a period of absolutely unknown duration when Romulus built the tufa wall, now so ruinous, at the base of the Palatine hill.

In the year that followed his return from Egypt, Octavius built or repaired eighty-six temples; he has left this on record, but no one can tell what they were. He does not mention his mausoleum, which, however, Suetonius ascribes to this year. Could it be as a *memento mori* that the Emperor, in these first days of his completed victory, occupied himself with the building of his tomb! Probably not, but he had seen the great tombs of Egypt and Asia Minor, and they would seem to have made a deep impression on his mind. Up to this date we find the Romans chiefly concerned with the sepulchres of their ancestors, and leaving the care of their own to posterity. Now, however, the all-powerful ruler of Rome, a young man just thirty-five years, returning home after victories on every side, and welcomed with an enthusiasm that amounted almost to worship, bethinks himself about his tomb.

The place he chose was towards the northern part of the Campus Martius, far away from the frequented region of

the theatres and the Flaminian Circus, in a stately solitude, with the river a few rods distant on the west, and the Flaminian Way about as near on the east. There was a grove of trees on the north, and between the Mausoleum and the road was laid out an extremely well-ordered crematory, after the manner of the times, where the imperial remains might be decently consumed. The great wreck of this stately tomb, now crowded close by the most insignificant buildings of the modern city, is a tragic sight to see. The huge circular mausolea of Rome, of which this was the first example, came in their turn to be fortresses held by the robber-barons of the Middle Ages. The grandest of them all, Hadrian's Mausoleum, ended with being the great papal stronghold of S. Angelo, and remains to this day under that name. For a tomb to become a fortress is bad enough; but for the Mausoleum of Augustus, in the midst of a city that is still Rome, and at the hands of men who called themselves Romans, to have been converted into a second-rate theatre is really an incredible outrage.

The building was of concrete faced with small regular tufa blocks laid in diagonal lines, the *opus reticulatum* of the period; and this was all covered closely with marble slabs. The great rotunda was over two hundred feet in diameter, we are told, and was itself a very lofty structure, while upon its roof a series of terraces, retreating one above another, were covered with earth deep enough for cypress trees to grow on them; above the trees, on an apex of some kind, a colossal bronze statue of the second Caesar stood, says Merivale, "to satiate its everlasting gaze with the view of his beloved city." A central circular chamber was destined to receive the ashes of the founder, and a series of smaller rooms in two stories were to contain the urns of those who should share the imperial tomb.

The Mausoleum is so shut in by the modern buildings

that it is not easy to tell how much of the great exterior is still standing; from the court-yards of houses in the surrounding streets, fragments of it can be seen; the marble casing is all gone, but the fine *opus reticulatum*, as well as the curve of the outline, marks the old building wherever it comes to view. The massive travertine base of the marble rotunda is entirely under the present level of the ground. Inside, the general plan is plainly visible. The great central space with its massive ribs of masonry, which in some way supported the terraces of earth, is now a kind of open dome, covered in with glass, and by rude steps one descends into the vaulted chambers surrounding it, forty feet wide and half as deep, and still retaining their original form. Every vestige of their marble lining has gone; all the statues and busts and vases which once so lavishly adorned the gloomy darkness of the place, have been removed or destroyed, but nothing can take away the grandeur of outline, the constructive dignity which characterises all the buildings of the Caesars.

Nothing, too, can impair the historic solemnity of the place. The division of the great Mausoleum into these separate chambers is very impressive; each chamber had its own occupant, undisturbed by intrusive propinquity. The ashes of the dead were, indeed, in a little urn that a man could lift with his two hands; but that slender urn and that handful of dust had spacious room. History has done them no less honour, and the names of those whose ashes were placed in these several chambers had been familiar to us all from our school-days.

For five years after it was completed the great tomb remained tenantless, and then that member of the Emperor's family who was the first to be brought hither was the one whose death was least expected, and most bitterly lamented by the great Emperor himself, — Marcellus, his only sister's



only son, and the husband of Julia, his own only child,—the youth who should have been his successor in the Empire, whom all men loved, whom Vergil praised in lines that will be famous while the world lasts. For eleven years this much-lamented inmate of the great Mausoleum remained alone; and then one who came, “as an honoured guest,” was the friend of the Emperor’s lifetime, his comrade in the camps at Apollonia, whence the two boys of nineteen set out together for Rome, beginning upon that career of thirty years’ unflinching success and steadfast fidelity to one another which makes such a bright page in the history of Augustus. Marcus Agrippa, also, had been Julia’s husband by one of those strange Roman marriages,—which, however, did not always turn out so badly,—when the girl-widow of eighteen was mated to the man, her father’s contemporary and friend. The third person to come to the imperial tomb was Octavia, whom her brother honoured in her death as he had done during her lifetime. Next to Octavia, but with an interval of over twelve years, followed first Lucius and then Caius, the two sons of Julia and Agrippa, lads who, like Marcellus, had been the designated heirs of the Empire. These were very great personal as well as political losses to the Emperor, and it was at last as a very desolate old man that he himself came to his marble mausoleum. But when the vast structure was built, all these disasters were still far in the future, and the long and brilliant climax of his prosperity was yet to come.

The next great dated monument of the reign is the Theatre of Marcellus, also in the Campus Martius, but close to the old gate by the Tiber. This was one of Caesar’s unfinished buildings; probably only its foundations had been laid before the catastrophe of 44 B.C.; it seems to have been carried forward only very slowly for many years until the second Emperor—upon whom the Senate had just now con-

ferred the name of the August One, by which history knows him — completed it in honour of his daughter's first marriage. The girl was fifteen, and Marcellus, her cousin-bridgroom, four years her senior; the old historians tell us that she had been extremely well brought up, — poor little Julia, whose later career was so scandalous, and its expiation so cruel! But up to this time she had lived a most quiet life in the Palatine house, under the eye of her step-mother Livia, and was a proficient in the art of spinning, we are told.

The ruins of this old theatre are most interesting and vastly picturesque. What remains of it is chiefly the enormous wall of the auditorium, a huge semicircle, making one side of the Via di Teatro di Marcello, which curves following the line of the ancient building. This wall consists of two stories of arcades, with engaged columns supporting an entablature to each story, the lower arcade being Romanised Doric, the second, Ionic, and it is probable there was a third of the Corinthian order. What the old roof was we know not. At present the lower arcade is buried to one-third of its height under the pavement; the arches are walled up with brickwork, in which rude square-topped doorways give access to the various work-shops which fill the ground floor, and above, small, irregular windows have been cut out, and here and there a hole for a funnel. Above the second arcade, a brick wall topped with a flat roof completes the building for its modern uses. The old edifice consists of massive blocks of travertine, and both brick and stone are alike of a dark grey tone; bits of the fine frieze and its beautiful cornice show here and there, and tufts of fresh green vegetation spring out of the crevices, marvellously bright in colour on a chill December day, though the wall faces north and east, and not a ray of sunshine strikes into the narrow street. But something in

this vivifying atmosphere of Rome keeps green things alive without sunlight or moisture, and with only a little stone-dust for earth.

No place in Rome is more crowded with the busy life of the poorest class of *cittadini* than this. The air is full of noise,—the heavy strokes from a smithy, the lighter taps from a coppersmith's little work-shop, the sound of a plane and other carpenter's tools, the incessant cries and chatter of children, an occasional outburst of sociability among a group of men who are tinkering at a cart in the street, the shrill laughter of girls from a doorway, the sound of heavy wheels,—all this makes up a singular environment for the majestic ruin.

Following the trace of the great curve of the auditorium, reappearing beyond the modern buildings which interrupt it, one finds along the southeastern side fragments of the columns and entablature making part of later walls in true Roman fashion. These are covered with the usual stucco, dull orange in colour, contrasting sharply with the dark grey travertine. There seem to be decent lodging-rooms here, some small low windows in the wall have a homelike aspect, with white lace curtains and plants within, and two are specially picturesque, with ivy twined around them in pretty festoons on the outside. Three plump pigeons, white and grey, seem to belong here, and sit preening their plumage on projecting bits of the imbedded architrave.

A step farther brings one to a still greater contrast; there opens a spacious gateway to a broad avenue, which makes a steep ascent to where a beautiful great house, partly visible from the street, lies brightly in the sunshine. This is the Orsini palace, and in hospitable Rome—where the stranger is made welcome almost everywhere, in palaces and palace gardens—it is strange to find access denied

even to the avenue, by a gate-keeper inexorable as the stone bears, rampant on the posts above his head. The old theatre covered all this ground and extended back almost to the river. It was all standing in the eleventh century, when a certain Pierleone made it a stronghold and drew much conflict about it. Hence, these ruins,—upon which, in 1526, one of the great architects of the Renaissance, Peruzzi, built a palace for the Savelli, and in the last century this was bought by the Orsini princes, the present owners.

In Niebuhr's Letters, a delightful paragraph describes part of this interior, of which we are not now permitted even a glimpse:—

“Nicolovius will remember the Theatre of Marcellus, in which the Savelli family built a palace. My house is half of it. It has stood empty for some time, because the drive into the court-yard (the interior of the ancient theatre) rises on a very mountain of rubbish, with a break-neck ascent. The apartments in which we shall live are those over the arcade of Ionic pillars forming the second story of the theatre, and some on the same level which have been built out like wings on the rubbish of the ruins. These enclose a little quadrangle, which is indeed very small, eighty or ninety feet long and scarcely as broad, but so delightful! It contains three fountains, an abundance of flowers, there are trees between the windows and jessamine under them. We mean, besides, to set out a vine. From this story one ascends forty steps or more to most cheerful little rooms, where I mean to have my own study, and there is a prospect over the whole country beyond the Tiber, Monte Mario, S. Peter's, even one can see over S. Pietro in Montorio. I think it would be possible besides to erect a loggia upon the roof (for which I shall save money from other things), that we may get a view of the Capitol, the Forum, the Palatine, the Colosseum,—in fact, the whole city.”

At some time, also, we know not clearly when, Augustus completed the Julian Basilica of the Forum, that most magnificent of all law-courts. He perhaps did not absolutely complete this, but it must have been very nearly finished at the time of his death. Caesar's building was more or less injured by fire, and in restoring it Augustus enlarged the original structure. He designed to call it the Basilica of Caius and Lucius, but in some way the Julian name prevailed, and the grand platform, which is all that remains, is still called the Basilica Julia, as Caesar intended.

Buildings of this kind in Rome were designated basilicas, borrowing a word from the Greek, and very great interest attaches to this form because church architecture so largely adopted and developed it. In the Basilica Julia the form is extremely simple; it is, in fact, the porticus, used for a simple building, instead of as an enclosure in which many buildings might be erected. There is the open central space surrounded by a colonnade, but instead of free columns there are piers and arches faced with marble and decorated with engaged columns; also, they are in a double row, and they are carried in two stories. The central space is, in fact, the nave, and under the colonnade are the aisles; the apse, however, is not yet developed, the colonnade surrounding the central space on all four sides equally.

In the Julian Basilica four courts were established, we are told, and carried on their proceedings without mutual disturbance. Its ground plan is approximately that extremely graceful form, a double square, and was about three hundred and thirty feet in length, covering, with its steps, an area of about an acre and a quarter. The open central space has nearly the same dimensions as the church of Santa Maria Maggiore (exclusive of its chapels), namely, two hundred and seventy feet by fifty-one, which gave space

enough for the four tribunals, organised as they were. The public were admitted to the second story of the colonnade, to the galleries, as we should say, where the women had a place apart, we are told. Between the piers on the ground floor, low marble screens, of which the Romans made great use in their public buildings, made a sort of shelter for the courts, or at least prevented passers-by from taking the Basilica as a short cut between the Vicus Tuscus and the Sacred Way. The platform was raised by one step, at the head of the Forum, above the level of the ancient street, and the number increased as the ground sloped away until there are nine steps at the eastern end.

At the western end of the Basilica there are remains of rooms in two stories, which do not correspond with the rest of the building; various theories about them prevail, but nothing seems very clear. There are manifestly, however, two ancient piers *in situ*, and from this model restorations of the piers are carried over the area, indicating the double aisle. This restoration has been sharply criticised, but is perhaps useful.

A detail of very great interest in the Julian Basilica is the pavement. This was composed of great slabs of coloured foreign marbles in the central space, and of white Italian marble under the double colonnade. The coloured pavement is laid in a very grand pattern of squares and parallelograms, the marble slabs being exactly of a width to keep the pattern symmetrical with the piers. A broad band of giallo surrounded the whole area, and cross bands of the same marble separated it into seven sections, of which three were square and four oblong. In the squares the pattern consisted of a large central area of one marble surrounded by bands of the others, but with a different arrangement in each. In the parallelograms, slabs of africano were laid simply. In its original condition all this

presented the most admirably smooth surface and faultless lustre. A carpet of stone! one says; and finds, on reading his Pliny again, that the old Roman has anticipated that phrase.

The present condition of the marble is deplorable; the great slabs, three and four feet broad and sometimes five feet long, are shattered into countless fragments, but they were so well fitted and so solidly based that they lie in their places over quite an area, enough to show clearly the entire scheme of the pavement. The rest of the floor was very neatly made, at the time the Basilica was excavated in 1882, by using the tiny fragments in a kind of cement which is not very unlike the pavements of the period just before Augustus.

With this reign begins that prodigal use of these magnificent marbles in pavements and wall-linings and columns, which has lasted through all the developments of Christian architecture also, and gives Roman buildings a character so remarkable at the present day. The earliest brought to Rome, so far as we know, are those of the Julian Basilica: giallo, africano and porta santa, and pavonazetto.

The giallo, a clear yellow marble, as its name implies, which the Romans called "the Numidian stone," has been rediscovered in its African quarries within recent years, in a range of mountains in the northeastern part of Algeria, and likewise in Tunis, which regions made part of the old province of Numidia. This territory only fell into the hands of the Romans in Caesar's time, 46 B.C., and it is probable that the scientific men who in those days were always sent with the legions into new countries, were the discoverers of the marble. In Tunis it makes a solid mountain, where the Roman quarries are plainly visible; they cut the marble out on every side, and also drove a shaft through the solid rock. Mr. W. Brindley, an Englishman

who had made extensive search for old Roman quarries, visited this place in 1887. "Here you can see distinctly," he says, "where the monoliths were cut and rough-hewn into shape, while still attached. A broken column, twenty-four feet long and four feet in diameter, with its apophyge roughly wrought, still lies in the channel unattached, showing how the weight had been reduced as much as possible in order to facilitate the transport some thirty miles across a hilly country to the sea-port of Tabarca. The chips and waste are piled up in the plain below in the form of a great mound. A massive wall, of which the remains are visible, enclosed these valuable quarries, and in the immediate neighbourhood are the extensive ruined monuments of an ancient Roman city. There is no appearance of marble in their construction, showing that the products of these quarries were reserved for Rome, where, according to Corsi, may still be seen a hundred and seventy-two columns." The giallo antico has a great variety in tones of yellow, from a tint so pale that it is scarcely darker than old ivory to a very warm colour, almost verging on orange. It is often of perfectly solid colour, and often, on the other hand, has veins and threads of brown, sometimes almost reddish.

The africano (of which porta santa is a variety) is a breccia, made up of parti-coloured fragments in rose, reds, browns, and greys, and is the only one which has also black fragments in it. This is usually the dark marble of Roman pavements; it came from the Roman province of Asia, which was merely a strip of the coast of Asia Minor with the adjacent islands, bequeathed to Rome by a certain king of the country, who died childless in 133 B.C. "Pliny tells us," says Mr. Brindley, "that the ancient quarries of africano were in the island of Chios, and that it was so called, not because the marble was African but from its dark colour, like a negro. In this he was wrong, for after a week's



toilsome search last May, I found, not the quarries of africano, but the very grand old workings of porta santa, whence the monoliths in S. Peter's and San Sebastian must have been cut, as well as the immense basin fifteen feet in diameter and four feet thick, discovered by Mr. Wood at Ephesus; on the ruins I also saw broken columns of the rose africano, the choicest variety." The modern name of porta santa is given in Rome to it, because a door of S. Peter's, opened only on Jubilees, has jambs and lintel of this marble.

Pavonazetto is also a marble from the province of Asia; this is of medium tone, a white ground with greyish veins, sometimes reddish or purple in tint, and more valuable as the colour of the veins or spots is brighter. It was first brought to Rome in small quantity, but later became very abundant. This is the "Phrygian marble" of which Horace speaks, whose beauty, he says, cannot relieve the anxieties of the mind or lessen the sufferings of the body. Tibullus also mentions it, preferring poverty with his Neaera to a palace supported on Phrygian columns, without her.

For white marble the builders of the Augustan period had at their command quarries in the mountains near Luna, an old Etruscan city on the famous harbour of Spezia, to this day one of the very best harbours in Europe and the great naval seaport of the Italian kingdom. So they got their marble shipped very easily, and could use it in the enormous quantities of which we find the fragments. This is the same with the modern Carrara marble, which is still abundant, although the Latin authors express anxiety lest in the Empire it would be entirely exhausted. One edifice of the Augustan time is of the grand Greek marble from Mount Pentelikos, the temple of Castor, as rebuilt by Tiberius, of which remain the three beautiful columns in line of the Roman Forum. "The grandest quarries extant,"

says Mr. Brindley; and he says also that the Parthenon, the Propylæa, and other buildings on the Akropolis, are all of an ivory white, rendered of a still warmer tint by the action of the sun's rays for many centuries. His remarks as to the fitting together of the drums of the columns apply equally to the work on the Roman temples: "The fineness of the points, especially in the great drums of columns six feet in diameter, so close, indeed, that I could not insert the edge of a sheet of letter-paper, are perfectly astounding. These drums have evidently been rubbed together with sand and water, in position, till they have closely fine-bedded each other. The faces of the beds were slightly cross-tooled, giving a hatched surface, which, when rubbed, would soon come down together, the flutings having been cut in position after the columns were built." Without question the Roman temples were built with no less care, but the fluted columns are not like that now, in Rome almost every drum is slightly displaced, and the line of the flutings is not perfect in a single column. This is worth noticing, for it is the record of earthquakes. There was no fault in these columns once.

To return to the Julian Basilica. It is mentioned for the last time in mediæval history in the seventh century. At some date unknown, during the eighth century, it became a wreck, but we know not how. Then followed the long burial of its ruins under accumulated soil and rubbish, and then its partial disinterment and shameful destruction, when all its available material for building purposes was carried off and incorporated into some palace of the Renaissance, while three lime-kilns set up within its area made an end of all the lesser fragments. Modern excavation in this part of the Forum dates from 1817, but not until 1882-3 was the ground completely laid bare. The special importance of this discovery was in determining the direction of

the Forum itself, which had been supposed to lie almost at right angles to what was then proved to be its actual site.

With all the great architectural works of Augustus that were begun and finished and publicly dedicated from year to year, there went on, continuously but slowly, the most imposing of all, the Forum which bears his name, with its grand temple of Mars the Avenger, commemorating the victory at Philippi. That date was 42 B.C., and the group of buildings, with all their splendid adornment, were not finally completed until forty years later; it is on record that Augustus himself, in some ponderous joke, which loses all its point by translation, was heard to complain of the intolerable delay. But to build the Augustan Forum was a prodigious task.

The Forum of Caesar was the sagacious addition by the great Dictator of a separate place for some of the crowded courts of the Roman Forum. Augustus, with a city of a million and a half or two million inhabitants, found urgent need of a still wider space for similar purposes, and closely adjacent to the other Fora. All the neighbourhood was densely populated, but this made no difference, the ground was cleared. We have no record of the Emperor's purchases, except that his plan was a little interfered with by a reluctance to sell on the part of one private owner; by a curious coincidence, the one side of the exterior wall of the Augustan Forum now standing has an unsymmetrical bend inward, which is seemingly the record in stone of this very incident.

This lofty circuit wall, a length of five hundred feet, with a height of eighty feet above the present level of the streets, is the most perfect ancient masonry that remains in Rome. It is built of peperino of the two kinds, the softer Alban stone in the upper part of the wall while the lower part is of the harder grey rock, and the blocks of this Gabine pep-

erino have a surface so new-looking that one can scarcely believe that it is not a building of modern times. Only the giant height of this wall and its evident present inutility compel the mind to admit that it must belong to the imperial date. The enormous stones, two feet thick and two wide and varying from five to seven in length, are laid, as usual, without mortar, but were secured, with what seems entirely a needless precaution, by wooden dove-tail clamps, instead of the bronze more commonly used; and it was this use of wood that saved the wall from being defaced, as other Roman ruins were, when in mediæval times the great plundering of metal was everywhere made.

The outside of this wall, which forms one side of the *Via di Tor de' Conti*, towering above the high modern buildings that have sprung up here, is the part that looks so specially new; on its other side, within the area that was once the Forum, the usual ravages are apparent. Here there was an immense amount of decoration: at the top of the wall still remains the original travertine cornice; below this, it is believed there was a coating of hard stucco with coloured ornamentation; then there are marks of the gabled roof of a lofty porticus abutting upon this wall, which was continued around three sides of the Forum; and here, as well as in the great hemicycle to the right, it is evident that the wall was faced with marble slabs. In this hemicycle are the rows of niches for the statues which Pliny tells us were collected in this Forum, works of Greek art even then antiques, and besides these a great list of portrait statues more or less ideal, of the most famous Roman heroes from Romulus down.

Augustus cleared an area of about four acres for his Forum. He did not dream that the fatal tide of human dwellings, beaten back and kept out by his lofty walls, would creep in again as the centuries went by, and cover the

ground, sweeping away for the most part the solid masonry as well as the buildings and works of art it protected. The length of wall that remains might have perished, too, if mediæval uses had not saved it. A church and a monastery were built here, close against it, and they probably still conceal interesting remains. There is also an original archway which gives passage for the Via Bonella, the modern street coming almost straight from the northeast corner of the Roman Forum. This was a thoroughfare always, and the archway was originally so lofty that though the ground has been gradually raised nearly twenty-five feet above the ancient level, the height of the arch is still sufficient to give ample room for all traffic. The first excavations here were made in the sixteenth century with the usual object, and it is supposed that a palace in the Trastevere was built of the spoils. The explorations of 1888 laid bare a large area of the old pavement in the northeastern corner of the Forum. This is of the same general character with the pavement of the Basilica Julia, but more simple. Only two marbles are used, the giallo antico and the splendid many-coloured breccia; the design is a series of open rectangular figures of giallo, filled in with broader slabs of the africano.

The most important building of the Augustan Forum was the temple of Mars Ultor, the first temple to the god of war ever built within the walls of Rome. There had been from very early times one outside the Porta Capena, and a second in the Campus Martius; but among their many shrines and temples, to have offered only these two to Mars was very odd of the Romans, as we know them. One conjectures why he was thus slighted by the most martial race, certainly, that ever lived, and can only conclude that they must have thought themselves strong enough to do without him, or possibly that he was sure

to be friendly enough to them in any case. But since, also, the god Mars was the legendary father of their first king, this somewhat scanty worship of him is at least hard to understand. Of the temple but little remains: three tall, fluted columns, with beautiful Corinthian capitals of white marble, all blackened and shattered; the architrave surmounting them; a part of the marble ceiling of the peristyle; and one side of the cella wall, partly marble and partly peperino. The temple stood close against the Forum wall, and from the Via Bonella one looks down upon the bases of the columns. There is no question as to the beauty of the ruin, but its surroundings of commonplace streets and buildings seem to have destroyed its charm. There is as much left of it as of the temple of Castor in the Roman Forum; the Corinthian columns are very nearly alike in both, but the temple of Castor has been painted and photographed a hundred times to the other's once. It would seem that only the archæologist can do justice to the temple of Mars Ultor.

Not so, however, with another building probably also of the Augustan age, the little circular edifice by the river that used to be called the Temple of Vesta and now is known, though not from any certain data, as the Temple of Hercules. This has always been a great favourite, though in a very unpoetic neighbourhood. This temple has the fluted columns and acanthus capitals which were the fashion of the time. The cella is of solid blocks of white marble, and so are the steps which surround it. The entablature of the columns is gone, and also the ancient roof, which is thought to have been conical and of bronze tiles. The present little roof is very low, and resting on the tops of the capitals still further falsifies the original structure. One of the twenty columns is missing; it seems to have been cut out carefully and taken away for a definite

purpose. One would be glad to know what has become of it.

The columns of this little temple are not monoliths, any more than those of the temple of Castor or of Mars Ultor. In the best period of Greek architecture the column hewn out of solid rock was not valued as it was later. To use stone in that way had always the disadvantage that it was set on end, and was thus much more liable to scale or split. But there is a certain opulence in a monolith which no built column can possibly have; and when once men's taste had been trained by the sight of obelisks, an invincible preference grew up in Rome for those huge shafts of solid stone which are the most wonderful objects in all the Roman ruins.

The temple by the river is not mentioned by the Emperor Augustus in his own list of buildings, so there is no reason to ascribe it to him individually, but it probably belonged to his time. Many of those who stood nearest the throne in that brilliant reign imitated the master, and many splendid buildings besides his own characterise the Augustan age. The Forum and the temple of Mars Ultor seem to be the last in which he was personally concerned; the next very important buildings, the temples of Castor and of Concord in the Roman Forum, in the year 6 A.D., though still in the reign of Augustus, are not his own work. Between these two dates of 2 B.C. and 6 A.D., the aspect of the world had changed completely for the old Emperor, and the interests of earlier years occupied him no longer.

When the temple of Mars Ultor was dedicated the great catastrophe of his domestic life had not yet occurred. His daughter Julia was still a member of the imperial household; Caius and Lucius, her two sons, the joint heirs of the Empire, were brought forward so prominently on that occasion that they seem to have been made the chief actors in

the festivities and ceremonies of the day, while Augustus remained a gratified spectator in the background. Even little Agrippa, who was only ten, had his share in the pageant, at the head of a troop of boys of his own age, sons of the noblest families in Rome. One person was absent who might have been a conspicuous member of the imperial group. This was Tiberius, the haughty, sombre, indignant third husband of Julia. Ten years earlier, immediately upon Agrippa's death, Augustus had required his reluctant step-son to divorce the young wife whom he loved, and marry Julia. The marriage had turned out badly; Julia's misconduct, for years known to everybody in Rome except her father, had completed the displeasure of Tiberius, and he had now been long absent, in something like a voluntary exile in the island of Rhodes. No person but Livia, his mother, regretted his absence; and any hope that either of the two had ever entertained as to his succession to the Empire was no doubt entirely crushed.

When the two temples in the Roman Forum were dedicated by Tiberius, in the year 6 of our era, after successful campaigns in Germany and in the regions across the Danube, Caius and Lucius were both dead; Julia was now the exile, at last overwhelmed by her father's indignation, and banished to a dreary island off the Campanian coast; even little Agrippa, who must have been inoffensive, shared in his mother's disgrace; and Augustus had found himself compelled to recall and to accept as heir, absolutely for lack of any other, his ill-liked step-son.

The rebuilding of the two temples in the Forum, at the expense of Tiberius, and from the spoils of his German campaigns, connects itself with the history of the time as part of that policy by which Livia's son strove to make himself endured,—not a pleasant task to the best of us, and probably harder for him than for most men. The three



columns of the temple of Castor bear witness also, it is thought, to a great seismic event, namely, the earthquake of the sixth century, the most formidable one from which Rome has suffered in historic times. Nothing but a tremendous wrench of the foundations could have moved those great blocks so far from their place and broken so conspicuously the continuity of the flutings.

Besides Tiberius, many other men sought to please the Emperor by adding new buildings to his beloved city. One of these was Statilius Taurus, who, after great victories in Spain had given him the command of much wealth, lavished an enormous sum of money in building an amphitheatre of stone in the Campus Martius, while the Emperor himself was erecting his Mausoleum, and building or repairing those eighty-two temples that we read about in his "Testamentum." A few years later, Cornelius Balbus, an old friend of Caesar's, whom Augustus had made consul, built a very magnificent theatre which seems to have been as large as the theatre of Marcellus.

The remains of the amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus are still underground and no man knows what they may be; there is enough left, however, to make a topographical feature of the city, a well-marked elevation which the modern Romans call Monte Giordano. This is in the Campus Martius near the Tiber, in a region of narrow streets and very crowded houses. Of the theatre of Balbus there is a curious little fragment standing in an old street in the Cenci neighbourhood, and portions of the ancient substructure are under some of the adjacent buildings. The visible remnant of that once stately pile consists of two engaged Tuscan columns and their architrave of defaced blocks of travertine, which have been built into a very poor modern house. The open space between the columns has been filled in, leaving a square doorway, over which hang various old

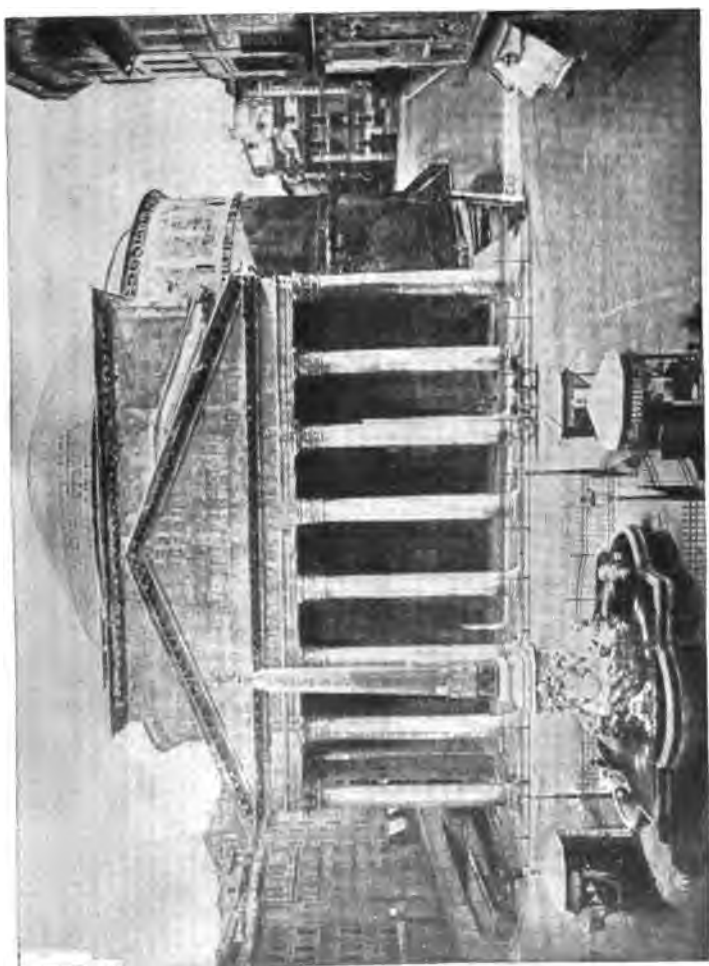
implements and utensils, and festoons of rusty iron chains, indicating that this minute fragment of the vast and magnificent building has come at last to the base uses of a junk-shop.

But the great builder of the Augustan age, after the Emperor himself, was his friend Agrippa; baths, aqueducts, roads, temples, a porticus or two, a Pantheon,— here is a long list, for the work of one man's life, who was, moreover, a general by sea and land, and absent from Rome through long campaigns. His name, deep-cut in the portico of the Pantheon, is more conspicuous than any other inscription that remains to us from pagan Rome. For over nineteen centuries this inscription has testified that Marcus Agrippa, the son of Lucius, in his third consulship, which means the year 27 B.C., built this massive pile. Or rather, it has been understood so to declare; all it really asserts, in fact is, that Agrippa built whatever that edifice was of which this pediment made part; but it did not occur to any person to doubt, until about thirty years ago, that the pediment with its inscription always surmounted the same portico of granite monoliths and was adjoined to the same colossal rotunda which we see to-day.

At the same time, the Pantheon has always been a stupendous problem in architecture. At the very first sight it perplexes; a series of questions present themselves to the mind. Why a circular building with a rectangular portico? Why a rotunda of brick, and a portico of granite and marble? Why columns arranged as if to lead up to three doors, and into a three-celled temple? It is neither Greek nor Etruscan. It resembles no other known building, least of all, the buildings of the Augustan age. Add to this that Pliny, who was almost a contemporary of Agrippa, and undoubtedly refers to the original Pantheon in his description, makes no mention of this anomalous combination of



*The Pantheon.*





circular and rectangular elements, nor in any way alludes to the stupendous dome, which, had it belonged to the Augustan age, would have been the most wonderful novelty conceivable in a city where as yet great domes and vaulted roofs were absolutely unknown. On the other hand, Pliny closely describes details that no eye has seen and no imagination can place,—caryatides, and bronze statues on the roof, and bronze capitals to the columns; ingenuity has been vainly expended in trying to place these decorations in the building as we now see it.

Further, it is known that the Pantheon was repeatedly injured by fire, and the language of Dion Cassius, who wrote a history of Rome which he completed in the year 220 A.D., seems to say that in the fire of 79, it was entirely destroyed. He evidently believed that the temple Agrippa built was a great dome, but this scarcely proves that it was, for the mistakes of the old writers are not uncommon, and Dion Cassius could not have been expected to understand as we do what an anomaly a dome like this would be in the century preceding the Christian era. Also, he says that Agrippa's building had been destroyed by fire, or greatly injured, and was reconstructed, or repaired, in its original form; but in a great rotunda, built entirely without wood, what could there have been to burn?

Lastly, Vitruvius, who wrote on architecture, and in the reign of Augustus, makes no mention at all of the Pantheon. A temple of a more ordinary kind might easily have escaped his notice, which, indeed, is not as detailed as might be wished; but such a marvel as this colossal dome, in an age unfamiliar with such a form of architecture, could not have been overlooked by the most careless observer.

However, no one seems to have expressed a doubt that the building was all of one date, until Mr. Fergusson ventured a paragraph on the subject, in his "History of Archi-

ture," published in 1865. Here, in so many words, he says, referring to the portico of the Pantheon and the singular arrangement of its columns, that he cannot avoid the conclusion that the original temple on this spot, as built by Agrippa, was not a circular building at all, but a temple of the Etruscan style, rectangular in form, three-celled like that of Jupiter Capitolinus, and strictly corresponding with the portico. It is true that in a later edition of the same work he makes recantation of this heresy and returns to the common belief; but it remains a fact that he was the first person to suggest this escape from the dilemma. The opinion, however, once expressed, gained ground, even after he had abandoned it. In 1888, Mr. Worthington, of the Royal Society of British Architects, in an essay entitled, *Five Famous Domes*, writes thus: "That the portico of the Pantheon dates from the age of Augustus there can be no doubt, both from the style and from its inscription; and it is probable, from the arrangement of its columns, that it formed the pronaos to a three-celled Etruscan temple with a wooden roof," a building very capable of being destroyed by fire, which Dion Cassius tells us was the fate of Agrippa's Pantheon.

As an amusing instance of the disagreement of doctors, we find in the very same volume of "Transactions," another paper, by Professor Brown, of the University of Edinburgh, in which the opposite opinion is supported as the only one possible in the case. The Pantheon of Marcus Agrippa, he says, is "the one outstanding landmark" in the history of Roman architecture. "For the dedication of this work," he continues, "we are fortunate in possessing a date which can be accepted beyond dispute." Later, he argues the case: "This opinion is not a mere theory or a matter of tradition; it is based on very clear and cogent evidence, the nature of which may be briefly indicated. The dates of ancient build-



ings are fixed (1) by documentary evidence, and (2) by the internal evidence of artistic style, especially in details. Two documents have come down to us, giving authoritative statements about the age and authorship of this building; one is the inscription on the frieze of the portico, the other, a passage in the historian Dion Cassius." Professor Brown explains the sudden appearance in Rome of this enormous dome, without predecessors or experiments of any kind, by the following hypothesis,—in support of which he frankly acknowledges the facts are at present few,—namely, that "the architecture of imperial Rome was, in all those respects in which it went beyond the old classical traditions, the creation of the great Hellenistic cities" (of Egypt and Asia Minor) "where works had to be carried out under the same conditions and with the same materials and processes found in use later on in Rome." He adds that, in the two centuries by which these cities had the start of Rome, they "may have been preparing the way for that development of building construction which begins, to all appearance suddenly, with the Pantheon of Agrippa."

Nothing could have seemed more unlikely up to the moment of its actual occurrence than that new "documentary evidence" as to the date of this famous building should come to light. But such has been the fact. In the early spring of 1892, M. Chedanne, a student of the French Academy in Rome, in the department of architecture, having selected the Pantheon as his special object of study, was making the most careful examination and measurements of it. Fortune favoured him marvellously. At the base of the dome nearly opposite the door, there had been for some time traces of leakage which called for repairs. At M. Chedanne's request, the authorities were willing to undertake them at that time, and, on the removal of the exterior coat of stucco, the young architect had an oppor-

tunity to examine the construction of the building, which no man had had since the date of the last repairs in 1743.

The discoveries of M. Chedanne as to the method of vaulting were important, but a dating fact which came to light unexpectedly is of more wide-spread interest: the bricks removed in the process of repair were found to be marked with stamps, perfectly well-known as those of the reign of the Emperor Hadrian, about a century and a half later than the time of Agrippa! The question at once occurred, how much did this signify? Was it exceptional, and indicative only of a second century repair? M. Chedanne obtained permission to pursue the inquiry further by removing the stucco and examining the bricks in other places; questioned at different points, at the very summit, at the base of the walls, here and there at various heights, the testimony of the great rotunda was always the same. With this the long injustice of centuries is set right; this splendid dome, the admiration of the world, Michelangelo's model for S. Peter's, Raphael's most beloved building, is not the Pantheon of Agrippa, but the Emperor Hadrian's Pantheon.

It remains to take account of the portico, which bears Agrippa's name, and also bears an inscription recording a restoration by Severus and Caracalla in 202. That Agrippa occupied this ground with a temple originally is certain; but whether these stupendous granite monoliths belong to his building, or to this restoration of it, who can tell? Up to this date, at least, granite had been unknown in Rome. It was a stone quarried in remote Egypt, — the grey granite, even at a distance of ninety miles back from the river, — and most refractory to work. Hitherto the Roman builders had used tufa, travertine, peperino, all from neighbouring quarries, and lastly white Italian marble from the mountains of Carrara. Here are sixteen huge

monoliths, forty-six and a half feet high and five feet in diameter. It is very difficult to believe that they are the columns of the portico above which Marcus Agrippa's inscription was originally placed.

The inscription is on blocks of white marble making the entablature. The granite columns also have marble capitals of the Corinthian order, much shattered and blackened. Under the portico there are fluted pilasters of marble with similar capitals, and on the outside are massive projections of masonry; between the rotunda and the portico, there are very thick facing slabs of marble, and more fluted pilasters and Corinthian capitals. All the marble is blackened and shattered; the beautiful reliefs of garlands and candelabra on the facing slabs are almost destroyed on the eastern side of the building. But the longer one looks at this mysterious portico and the singular mass of masonry connecting it with the rotunda, the more the marble seems to isolate itself from the other materials, — no less from the granite columns than from the brick rotunda, — and to be the sole representative of the Pantheon which Agrippa dedicated in the year 27 B.C. It was not like the pure taste of the Augustan age to place Corinthian capitals of marble on unfluted shafts of Egyptian granite, any more than it was to add a rectangular portico to a curvilinear building.

However, all these are but conjectures, and the grand old building offers other problems, though none so curious as these. But how, one says, seeing that three columns on the eastern end of the portico are of papal restoration, how and when were these huge monoliths taken away, and what could have been done with them? In what church do they now stand, sombre and sullen, remembering their old place in the sunshine? The three restored columns are in red granite, the one at the angle breaking the front rank which, with that exception, is entirely of the grey.

Other grand buildings of this neighbourhood were the Baths of Agrippa, those famous *Thermae*, the first on the great list which ends with Constantine's buildings on the Quirinal hill. From these there remain an immense mass of brickwork towering high against the back of the Pantheon, and at the foot of this wall, in the excavation twenty feet below the street level, the noble old pavement of slabs of foreign marbles and two fragmentary columns of pavonazetto reset upon their ancient bases, while along its top have been affixed fragments of the decorative frieze of white marble, extremely beautiful, and particularly interesting because they tell a story. Any man might have had cupids and griffins and candelabra and garlands; only Agrippa, the great admiral, whose victorious ships at Actium decided the fate of Rome, had a right to dolphins and tridents and shells. Moreover, this frieze is perhaps the most ancient Roman relief that we have.

The Baths extended east and west to a long distance, with a breadth supposed to be nearly a thousand feet; and due south from the Pantheon we find their limits marked by a curious old ruin which the Romans have called for centuries the Arco di Ciambella, — the *ciambella* being a certain kind of cake baked in a very large ring. To compare a huge mass of brick-faced concrete, fifty feet high and ten feet thick, the curved fragment of an enormous circular wall, to a sweet-cake, of which dozens slung on a long pole are carried through the streets by the perambulating vendors, seems inappropriate until one sees the *ciambella*, and then the resemblance is at once clear. This fragment, however, is not part of Agrippa's building, but belongs to additions made by Septimius Severus.

Agrippa opened his *Thermae* to the public with grand festivities in 21 B.C., probably on occasion of his marriage with Julia, for this was the year when that event took

place. The young widow had had a great building inaugurated in honour of her preceding marriage, — the Theatre of Marcellus; but it is not to be compared with the Baths. Buildings of such vast extent must have been a long-planned work. Agrippa had long before this undertaken a two-fold office of aedile or superintendent of public buildings, and *curator aquarum* or superintendent of aqueducts, and very great improvements in the aspect of Rome had testified to his sagacious activity. As early as 33 B.C., the two young men, just thirty years of age, of whom one was inaugurating an Empire, and the other was seconding him at every point with consummate ability and absolute devotion, Octavius — not yet the August One — and his friend Agrippa, had each a plan which required nothing less than an aqueduct apiece. The one would have a Naumachia in the gardens of the Trastevere, southward under the Janiculum, which the great Caesar had left to the public; the other would have Thermae, on a scale of entirely new magnificence, also for the public gratification. These were plans in the direct line of Caesar's policy.

The Naumachia was a great lake excavated in the ground, covering a space of fifty acres, and deep enough for thirty galleys of the largest size and many smaller vessels, carrying in all three thousand fighting men besides the rowers, to manœuvre at once. For this use an aqueduct from the volcanic group north of Rome brought water in a channel twenty-two miles in length; it entered Rome on a lower level even than the old Appia, but as it was intended only for the Naumachia on the bank of the river, this was of no consequence.

The aqueduct that served the Baths of Agrippa was called in his time the Virgo, from the current story that a girl had pointed out the spring. The same water comes to Rome now in a mediæval aqueduct. We call it the

Trevi now, and many maidens, from lands unknown to Agrippa, drink at its great cascade in the Piazza on the eve of departure from Rome to make sure of returning thither. The Virgo had only a mile above ground, entering the city also at a very low level but high enough for the Thermae. Besides these two, the Aqua Julia, preceding them by several years, belongs also to this reign, and added generously to the supply for domestic uses. This was one of the aqueducts from the Alban hills, and had the highest level yet attained. Across the Campagna the Julia, like the Tepula of the preceding century, was brought upon the Marcian arches, and in many places where the arches have been broken away the three specus are visible, one above the other, of course in the order of their construction, the Marcia, the Tepula, and the Julia. Among all the Roman aqueducts each specus differed, either in shape or dimensions, from every other: the Marcia is a tall rectangle; the Tepula, of less height, has a pointed top; and the Julia, taller than the Tepula, has a round arch. To the year 10 A.D. belongs the beautiful arch of Dolabella on the Caelian hill, supposed to have been built for the Marcian aqueduct over the old road which still remains with a modern name borrowed from the neighbouring church of SS. John and Paul. Later, Nero covered the arch with the brickwork of his branch from the Claudian aqueduct; then the destructiveness of time or of human hands made a ruin of the brick; and now, framed in this ruined brickwork, the splendid, simple travertine structure remains, one of the most picturesque objects in Rome.

Agrippa selected for the site of his Baths a region of low, wet ground, the ancient Goat's Marsh of early tradition, whence Romulus was said to have disappeared by a sudden apotheosis, which may have been a stroke of lightning or may have been a Sabine's knife. In this respect

the ground was a good site for a temple, and it was also advantageous as offering ample scope and verge enough. But no man hitherto had ventured to build in a marsh, and what the substructure was which made it possible to rear such buildings as the Pantheon and *Thermae* covering an area equal to that of *S. Peter's* we should all like to know. There probably was as much work done underground as above, with enormous sewers also, connecting with the *cloacae* of ancient times. It has been conjectured that *Agrippa* must have had the entire space excavated to a great depth and then defended by masonry like a kind of dry dock, before he laid the first foundation stone of his magnificent buildings.

Other initiatives in Rome are due to *Agrippa* besides the first *Thermae*. The great soldier, who took charge of the Roman aqueducts and highways and public buildings, as if the command of Roman armies by sea and land were not enough for one man's work, was the first to appreciate the decorative possibilities of water. Before his time, so far as we know, there was only the *Piscina Publica*, which seems to have been a public swimming-bath; in the same year that the *Aqua Julia* was introduced we hear that he endowed Rome with seven hundred tanks for the public use, five hundred leaping jets of water, and a hundred and twenty ornamental fountains. Completing this decoration of dancing water were three hundred statues of marble and bronze, and four hundred marble columns.

Some of these statues and columns were probably in his Gardens, also for the public gratification, which were east of the *Flaminian Way*, where now the shop-windows of the *Corso* and the *Via Condotti* attract the loiterer's eye. Here *Agrippa* had an ornamental lake and a running stream of water of some breadth; and in the neighbourhood of the Gardens he built a second temple to Good Fortune, *Bonus*

Eventus; and huge Corinthian capitals of white marble, which have been found at different points underground all through this part of the modern town, are believed by Lanciani to have belonged to the porticus surrounding this temple.

On the other side of the Corso, just southwest from the Piazza Colonna, we again trace Agrippa's work; here was a porticus of the Argonauts, or of Neptune, with its temple, — making his third group of buildings in the Campus Martius. There are eleven tall columns standing with their entablature, but these are not up to the Augustan standard of architecture, and it is thought they belong to a later rebuilding. But excavations of 1878 brought to view remains which must be those of Agrippa's porticus, indicating an immense enclosure, over three hundred and twenty-five feet square, paved with travertine, having an outer wall of peperino faced with Luna marble, and inside a row of columns following the line of the wall in a manner to suggest a covered walk or arcade. These columns seem to have been of the same white marble, except at the entrance to the porticus, where fragments of pavonazetto are found. This seems to have been the first of the foreign marbles to be freely used in Rome.

Just one sentence history vouchsafes concerning the men who carried out, with such signal ability, Agrippa's grand designs, and without whom, indeed, all those designs would have been fruitless. When this great sailor and soldier, and Baron Hausmann of his time, died, — which happened suddenly in the very prime of his life, in the midst of all his varied and brilliant activity, — he bequeathed to the Emperor Augustus two hundred slave architects and engineers. This is all we know about these very able men, who were slaves only because foreigners, Greeks or Asiatics, natives of countries subjugated by Rome, and themselves



brought to Rome by the victorious general along with other plunder. Among them were the Bramantes, the Michelangelos, the Lionardos of the time; it was their scientific knowledge and professional skill which made Rome a new city in the Augustan age, yet not one name of them all has come down to us; two hundred slaves, and nothing more, who changed owners, in the year 13 B.C.

The partialities of history are scarcely less conspicuous, however, in the case of him who was their first master. The fate of Agrippa in this respect contrasts singularly with that of Maecenas. The latter every student of the Latin language knows from his school-days, but one must come to Rome to learn much about Agrippa. Maecenas did very little for Rome; he was a trusted and useful councillor of Augustus for many years, but even this influence upon the times was not permanent; later, he fell into disfavour and was entirely separated from the court. But he was the friend and patron of two poets, and for this cause his name shares their immortality, and we of the nineteenth century are filled with delight to find even the least fragment remaining of that house in which Horace and Vergil were familiar guests.

While Agrippa, of plebeian race, was filling Rome with the fame of his vast and sumptuous constructions, Maecenas, the descendant of kings, — as Horace calls him, though what kings they were we know not, — quietly, on the unfashionable side of Rome, made for himself some gardens, including a long stretch of the Servian wall, and built a simple house. He laid out a beautiful terrace half a mile long on top of the wall; he built a tower from which the view was extensive over the Campagna as well as the city; not only the poets, but also Augustus, were guests here, and in later times the whole estate fell into imperial hands.

In excavations of 1874 remains of this house were unearthed, identified as the villa of Maecenas by its position against the old wall as well as by its unusual size and importance. It was extremely ruinous, but one room was carefully preserved and is covered in with a modern roof. One descends a long flight of modern steps, for the old place was twenty feet below the present level, and there is a long hall with an apse at the northern end, having rows of stone benches or steps rising one behind another halfway to the top of the wall. This at first suggested an auditorium, but is now believed to have been only a kind of staging for rows of house-plants. The hall had no windows, but many square-topped niches representing windows and one large arched recess were frescoed in brilliant colours, — wreaths and clusters of flowers on a crimson background, garden scenes with the blue of the sky behind them, — and light was probably admitted from the roof in some way. The whole area is now completely filled with fragments of old sculpture of every description, statues, busts, representations of animals, vases, columns, reliefs; it is no exaggeration to say there are thousands of these fragments, and there is not even the tiniest figure which has escaped fracture. The larger objects are arranged in the various niches, and all the smaller débris is in heaps upon the floor. They are all so covered with the reddish dust of Rome and with cobwebs not a few, that their original surface is not visible, but here and there a fresh fracture shows the white marble of which, no doubt, they are all made. There are vases of exquisite design, two doves headless, feet in sandals, a frog with a snake wound round him, a laughing baby head, the shoulders of a Minerva identified by the Medusa head on the breast, heads without shoulders and shoulders without heads, Corinthian columns and Roman-Doric, a hand with the first and fourth fingers extended, holding a vase;

there are portrait busts, more than one lying humbly on its back in the dust; in one of the niches are set a half a dozen fragmentary heads, every one a portrait; a bald-headed, oldish-looking man, whose scanty locks curl round his ears, may have been Horace; there is an Egyptian head — perhaps Cleopatra herself, who was in Rome once, it is certain; there is the base on which a group of figures stood, one pair of feet remaining entire, and enough of two other pair to be identified. There was so much life put into these things in the beginning, that, shattered as they are, it remains yet. Especially is this true of the heads. The features are almost effaced, but the expression lingers; the soul that was in them looks out of the dust and the centuries, with the baby laugh, or the serious young dignity of the Roman girl, or the stateliness of the matron, or the shrewd look of the philosopher, or the puzzled expression of the man who found life as much of an enigma in the first century as we do now, or the “carpe diem” of the worldly little poet regretting that the years go quickly, or the grand look of some one of those masters of the world. *Una bella presenza*, says the custode; and indeed it is “a fine presence,” this, — the splendid Roman head, the low, broad forehead, the well-set eyes; life was good in the first century, which matured the race to such perfection. Many very beautiful fragments of cornices are fixed against the wall, — the egg and dart moulding, the Greek fret, the acanthus leaves, a superb bracket, the long curves of leafage which the Renaissance delighted to copy, an angle of a pediment, something so hopelessly broken that you cannot tell what it was, yet of the richest carving, the edges as fresh and sharp as if cut yesterday.

All this is the wreckage from a single house; the débris from one of our fine houses after two thousand years would make no such show. Outside, the villa of Maecenas was

very beautiful, with its extensive gardens. All the gardens in this part of Rome are memorable, as the old writers describe them. There were sure to be terraces on the irregular levels of the hills, and besides there was often a length of the Servian wall included, — much as in modern Rome, arches of Nero's aqueduct adorn the lovely garden of the Wolkonski Villa. Roman trees were just the same then as now; the parasol-pines, the ilexes, the cypresses, the plane-trees, not without oaks and elms also. In flowers the list was simple, as it is now: lilies, white and red and green; gilly-flowers; violets, purple, yellow, and white; of roses, a great abundance and what was then considered a great variety, — one rose with twelve petals, another of a hundred, a different kind for every month in the year. Besides these there were laurels, and also fig-trees and mulberries, and they grew in avenues curiously interlaced. Also the Romans of the old time loved to decorate their gardens as well as their houses with works of art of all kinds. Moreover, a place would have been considered quite incomplete without its miniature hippodrome, its porticus on a tiny scale with columns and statues, its fountains, caves, lake, and little artificial streamlet.

Accordingly, these villas occupied enormous space for city residences, which they still were, and the contrast between rich and poor in the distribution of the population was much sharper than in modern times. While Maecenas had a terrace half a mile long, the people near the great Fora were living in houses over seventy feet high and built so closely together that neighbours over the way could touch hands across. In fact it would seem that — except the few that we know by name, of which the very widest was not over twenty feet broad — the city had no streets at all, and houses were built as close to each other in every direction as the law would allow. This limit an early Republi-

can ordinance had fixed at two and a half feet. Such an ant-hill as was the old city nothing at the present day can at all represent, unless, perhaps, the great Chinese capitals. This makes it possible to believe, as we are assured is the fact, that at the best epochs under the Empire the population of Rome was over two million in number.

A house on the Palatine, excavated in 1869, under the orders of Napoleon III., who was at that time the owner of the Farnese part of the hill, proved to be almost unimpaired as regards plan, and is the best representative of the domestic architecture of the Augustan period. As such, it is a curious study. Basilicas and temples and baths of the ancient time were very good for their respective uses, — in fact, rather better, as a rule, than we have now. But the private houses of that time are a very marvel of discomfort, to judge by this one. Its position is such that while the upper story is on a level with the road along the ridge, the atrium and the whole lower floor of the house are ten or twelve feet below the level of the lower road. A flight of steps at the entrance of a house is not unusual, but that they should lead down instead of up into the house, as these which are the ancient steps do, is truly surprising. The same peculiarity characterises a villa of the Empress Livia at Prima Porta, which seems to prove that it was not on account of the character of the site, but altogether as a matter of preference, that the Palatine house is semi-subterranean. Furthermore, the three reception-rooms of this floor have no windows and were lighted only from the atrium into which they open like alcoves, or by apertures in the roof. The only access to the upper floor is by the narrowest possible staircase, and the series of rooms, fifteen or more in number, which surround the central hall of this floor are in no instance over eight feet square, and some are even smaller than that. These rooms, however, were without

doubt the bedrooms and bath-rooms of the house. The Roman idea of a bath-room was to use the room itself as the tub, entering it by a door three or four feet above the floor, and for this use, six feet square is well enough. But how did human beings sleep in closets like these, of which, besides, all the inner ones are windowless?

In the central hall of this upper story the concrete core of a staircase remains, which may have led to still higher rooms, but more probably to the usual terrace on the roof. But the roof itself is entirely gone and all the tiny rooms lie open to the air and sunlight. In the upper story there remain only the massive concrete walls; both doorways and windows are ragged apertures, and frequently even the *opus reticulatum* is broken away. In the lower story the condition of the house is far better. The pavement of the atrium and of the rooms is quite good at many points, a very dainty mosaic in white and grey. The flat-arched doorways are in perfect condition; but, above all, the frescoes of the walls excite great admiration. There is great variety in the decoration of the three parlours; landscapes, mythological scenes, a representation of houses and figures in a city street, garlands of flowers and fruit, and even a row of columns with their entablature. The Egyptian taste of the period shows in columns like the canes of the papyrus, and sphinxes making part of the architectural decoration, and also the figure of a camel in a long narrow frieze of little landscapes in the south room. In the triclinium, the supposed dining-room, there is a painted colonnade with crimson panels and a representation of fruit in glass bowls; also designs of birds and animals of a very low grade of art. On all the walls the colour is extremely vivid, but the contrasts and harmonies are so well managed that the general effect is not unrefined; there is also a sparing use of black, which is very effective; and the brilliant colour on

the walls is finely relieved by the cool grey and white of the pavement.

A very curious feature of the house is the presence on the upper floor of two little rooms at the southwestern angle that must have been shops, without doorways into the house itself, opening only upon the street. These shops on the outer verge of a fine house seem to have been as usual in ancient Rome as in that of to-day. The palace of Tiberius had a long row of them on the top of the Palatine hill; so had the palace of Caligula, along the Nova Via and the Street of Victory under the hill; so had also the house of the Vestals.

But the crypto-porticus of this Palatine house is its most extraordinary feature. From the central hall of the upper floor, among the doorways into the bedrooms, opens one much more imposing, evidently a part of the original construction, which gives access to a wide, vaulted, underground passage into the hill, rising steeply behind the house. This is paved with herring-bone brickwork, and solidly walled with masonry. It branches in three directions, in two of which it is still choked with rubbish, but to the right the gallery has been cleared, and one may follow it for some rods to the right, emerging at last to daylight, among the ruins of another house which is thought to be of much earlier date. The damp walls of this very singular corridor are tapestried with maidenhair fern, growing luxuriantly wherever a glimmer of light through a crevice in the top or at the extremities of the passage makes vegetation possible, but this attempt of Nature to decorate the gloomy place scarcely renders it any more cheerful. There could have been no more appropriate spot in Rome for an ambush and a tragedy than this sombre crypto-porticus, leading off from the bedroom floor of a dwelling-house.

A similar gallery strikes into the hillside northwards, on

the lower level just beyond the steps leading down to the atrium of the house. This crypto-porticus led in the opposite direction, past the palace of Tiberius as far as the guard-rooms of Caligula's palace, and then turned to the east, coming out into the open space of the Area Palatina. There is also a broad, straight gallery connecting it with the Flavian palace. All this, however, was probably built later, after these palaces had been built. But it is connected in a very singular way with the story of the Palatine dwelling-house. When this building was first excavated there was a general disposition to assume that it was a kind of dower-house of Livia, to which she retired after the death of Augustus and made it her home for the remaining years of her life. But there was absolutely no ground for this conjecture. Suddenly some person chanced to notice that exactly this place must have been designated by Josephus when he said that after the murder of the Emperor Caligula,— which took place in the crypto-porticus adjacent to the guard-rooms, — the assassins "escaped through the house of Germanicus." For this is the only way they could have gone, fleeing from the scene of their crime,— down the steps into this house, across the atrium, up the tiny staircase, and so out through the other crypto-porticus to the opposite side of the hill.

It is very probable that Germanicus built the house that thus bears his name, but the great soldier could scarcely have lived here much himself, being in Germany and in the East during the larger part of his short life. But when Germanicus was dead, and his beautiful and stately widow, just turned of thirty,— who had been with him in every campaign, adored of his soldiers, fondly called "the mother of the camps," the proud mother also of nine children,— came back to Rome from Syria, bringing in her own hands the urn which contained her husband's ashes,



and had placed it in the Mausoleum of Augustus, while all Rome was in a tumult of grief and sympathy, to this house she doubtless came and here there is every reason to suppose that she lived for the eleven years that she spent in Rome. This was Agrippina, the elder of that name, whose seated figure in the Capitol Museum is one of the grand statues of the world.

In this historic light what a scene of tragedy is the Palatine dwelling-house, with its gay frescoes of the rooms below, and its tiny bedrooms above, and the door into the sombre crypto-porticus! Here, in his mother's house, Caligula was a boy, and the younger Agrippina grew to girlhood, and the proud and noble mother could scarcely have foreseen their future infamy in history. Of the other children we know but little. There were two sons older than Caligula, whom Tiberius finally put to death, and there must have been other daughters, of whom history makes no mention. Here the little group of brothers and sisters were together for awhile, protected by their youth, and here the widow, after the tumultuous, happy years of her life in the camps, lived neglected, remembering always that she, in this humble house, was of imperial race, nothing less than the granddaughter of the great Augustus, while Tiberius, in his palace near by, was only Livia's son, without a drop of the Julian blood in his veins. And so she, who may have been a sweet woman in the lifetime of her brave and generous and kindly-tempered soldier husband, grew to have the look that her statue wears; and so at last Tiberius, wearied out, broke up the household and sent her to die in Pandataria.

On the other side of Rome, across the river, another dwelling-house of the early imperial date is worth seeing. It was a fine private house, unusually large, and for some reason was converted into what is known as a fire-brigade

station. This has mosaic pavements and frescoed walls, much injured; a bath-room lined with marble slabs, a fountain in the atrium, but is most interesting for the *graffiti*, inscriptions scratched on the walls by many generations of soldiers after it had been converted to their use. All this building is far below the level of the ground, twenty-five feet or more, but it seems probable that it was in a degree subterranean when it was built.

By a natural transition from the houses of the living to those of the dead, we look to see what were the tombs of the Augustan period. In a triangular space of ground, lying between the Via Latina and the Via Appia, outside the Servian Porta Capena, but inside the present wall, there have been discovered, at different times, a curious class of cemeteries of this date and a little later. This triangle measures perhaps half a mile on each of its sides; the ground rises in a low hill, and in the mediæval period it was called the Monte d'Oro, perhaps from some suspicion of buried treasure within it. There was not very much gold in these columbaria, but there have been found here a great many objects of archæological interest. To visit any one of the columbaria is a most interesting day's work. To appreciate them there is need of time; the visitor who has only half an hour to spare may find them hardly worth while, though perhaps rather curious. But if one can take all the time that is required, there is hardly anything in Rome that brings back a feeling of the old days like these middle-class burying-places. While the great families had their lordly tombs upon the Appian Way, and challenged the admiration of all men for the splendour of their commemorative monuments, and while, on the other hand, the poor and the slaves were cast into the ground with shameful neglect, here the industrious freed-men, in a little space and with expense proportioned to

their means, preserved the ashes of their dead with the tenderest care, with simple expressions of respect and affection, and with little objects placed near the urns that were precious to themselves or dear to the one departed.

The general plan of a columbarium is always a deep rectangular excavation in the tufa rock, lined with concrete, in which are rows of niches that vary in size from a space just large enough for two little jars sunk into the floor of the niche, to dimensions which can receive miniature marble sarcophagi, some of which are very beautifully carved in high relief. A columbarium, of course, implies cremation; it is only the ashes, literally, that are placed in these little receptacles which are like pigeon-holes, whence the name *columbarium*, a dove-cote. A central pier gave support to the ancient roof, and in this pier also there were rows of niches; in some cases there were fresco decorations of a symbolical character, doves, peacocks, domestic fowls. To reach the higher rows there were wooden balconies supported by brackets, of which traces remain. The walls were finished in *opus reticulatum* or in brick later, and frequently stucco was used with decorative reliefs. Under each niche was its inscription, often with the name of the deceased, and the person's name who bestowed this funeral honour; in the case of freedmen, the name of the patron. Thus we know that one of these columbaria was possessed by the freedmen of Marcella, the niece of Augustus. In others we find the name of Tiberius Caesar recurring frequently, also of Octavia, and the earliest columbarium discovered outside the modern wall was filled with the urns of Livia's freedmen and women, to the number of five thousand.

There is great simplicity and brevity in the inscriptions: a mention of age, when the person died very young; a single word of affection or praise,—frequently *benemerente*, “to

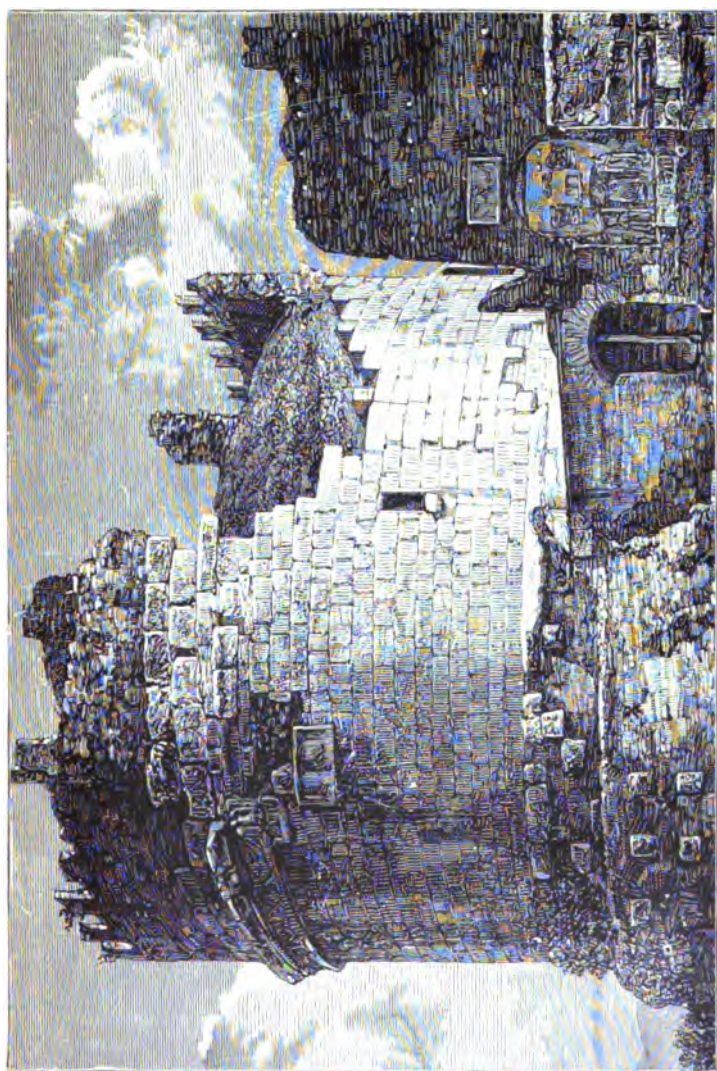
the well-deserving"; or, *amatissimo, dulcissimo, fidelissimo*, "the most beloved," "the sweetest," "the most faithful." Everybody asks to see the dog, in one of the columbaria of the Vigna Codini,—a tiny relief of a very animated little canine friend, much like a fox-terrier, whom his mistress, Synnoris Glauconia, commemorates as her "delight."

Five columbaria in the Vigna Codini were discovered quite by accident, between 1840 and 1853. Having been abandoned when cremation was no longer practised after the introduction of Christianity, they were to some extent rifled, and, the roof being destroyed, were filled completely with earth. In the cultivation of the vineyard which had grown for centuries above them, the top of the stairway was reached; this led to exploration, and so gradually the whole columbarium was unearthed. Two of the five were so far destroyed that the owner covered them again, not to sacrifice too large a proportion of his vineyard; but a plentiful store of antique lamps, jars, and vases in terra cotta, fragments of inscriptions and of sculpture in marble, and bits of wonderful iridescent glass were taken out, forming quite a little museum, which may be seen in the Vigna Codini. The three columbaria in better condition were carefully roofed and are preserved as show-places. These are on the old Via Appia (now S. Sebastiano) within the walls. On the old Via Latina, near the closed Latin Gate, there is another columbarium which may be visited; and, underground, no doubt there is many another which will some day be unearthed.

Of the great patrician tombs dating from the Augustan period only two remain in a condition to be recognisable; the huge round tower of Caecilia Metella, on the Appian Way, and the pyramid of Cestius, on the Via Ostiensis, now included in the wall of Aurelian, on the west of the modern Porta di San Paolo. There is a certain similarity in these



*Tomb of Caecilia Metella.*







two tombs: their enormous size, the massive solidity of their construction, the fact that they were not family mausolea, but destined each to an individual whose name comes down to us only from the inscription on the tomb, are points which establish a strong resemblance between the tower and the pyramid, otherwise so unlike. Each was a new departure as to the construction of Roman sepulchral monument, we may believe; but the tower was more in accordance with Roman ideas, and was imitated in many other tombs,—especially in the great Mausoleum of Hadrian, while the pyramid remains alone, and was, with perhaps two exceptions, the only one that Rome ever saw.

The tomb of Caecilia Metella bears so many familiar family names in the marble panel of its inscription that one feels at first sure of knowing something about her. But the only identification possible is that of her father, Quintus Caecilius Metellus, who obtained the name of Creticus for his conquest of Crete in 68 B.C., that is to say, five years before Augustus was born, and ten years before Caesar went into Gaul. Caecilia Metella was the wife of Crassus, the inscription makes known, with exasperating reticence as to his other names, of which he probably had the usual number. He may have been Crassus the Rich, who was triumvir with Caesar and Pompey; or a son of the Dives who went with Caesar into Gaul, or some other Crassus who attained no historic celebrity. Concerning Caecilia herself there is not a conjecture; the daughter of one Roman, the wife of another, this is all we know. Her tomb was so massive that it could not be destroyed, though it has suffered from all forms of violence. It is a circular tower, seventy feet in diameter, on an immense square base,—the tower, of magnificent blocks of travertine which must have been shaped with very great care to make part of a circular building, and the base of concrete, strengthened with projecting

bond-stones of travertine which supported the marble blocks of the facing. All the marble has been stripped off, part for making lime, and the larger blocks for the statues and some other decorations of the fountain of Trevi. There was a conical roof originally, which was taken off in the Middle Ages, when the summit of the wall was topped with battlements for defensive purposes. At this time the tomb was used as the tower of a stronghold built adjacent to it, which is now quite ruinous, fortunately. The old frieze is still in its place, with its bas-reliefs of white marble, representing festoons alternating with bulls' heads. Through the ruins of the Gaetani stronghold, where now violets grow around the edges of the walls, and a peaceable old woman with her knitting waits for your soldi, one enters the tomb itself, of the simplest possible construction, just a circular chamber in the centre, open to the sky, and enormously thick walls of a tower surrounding it. The sarcophagus is gone long ago, but the one which is shown in the court of the Palazzo Farnese denies positively by the pooriness of its sculpture that it belonged to the Augustan age and to Caecilia Metella's tomb.

The pyramid of Cestius, in its exterior, is scarcely changed from that which Augustus and Agrippa beheld, except that a papal inscription has been added to the original two, and that the white marble blocks are now blackened by time and weather. The early inscriptions indicate that this is the tomb of Caius Cestius, a praetor, tribune, and priest; and that the monument was erected in two hundred and thirty days, as directed by the will of Cestius, by his heir, and a freedman. There is no date here, but when the pyramid was freed from the accumulated earth at its base by Pope Alexander VII., two inscribed pedestals were found which conveyed the further information that Caius Cestius died during the lifetime of Marcus Agrippa. It appears

that Cestius was the possessor of extremely precious wearing apparel made of cloth of gold, which he ordered to be placed with him in his tomb. Agrippa, who was aedile at this time, forbade this waste, and the *attalica* were sold, the proceeds being applied to the making of two bronze statues. Of these the pedestals remained, and one is now in the courtyard of the Capitoline Museum, where it supports a veiled statue called Pudicizia. The pyramid itself is a hundred and fourteen feet high, with a breadth of each side, at its base, of ninety feet. A very small central chamber is lined with stucco, with painted decorations nearly effaced. This tomb also, like that of the Appian Way, has been robbed of its sarcophagus.

In exploring Rome, it is wonderful to see what an amount of relics remain from the Augustan age, and from the succeeding reign, which lasted twenty-three years, how very few are left. There was, in fact, very little done by Tiberius, partly because there was less occasion, when so much had already been accomplished, but partly also because of the individual character of the ruler. It is not easy to do justice to Tiberius, he has been so long pilloried by the old historians; he seems, certainly, to have had none of the attractive qualities which make even great faults pardonable; but it must be remembered, on the other hand, that the hardships of his life were very great, and that when, within a few years of sixty, he at last reached the throne to which his own ambition, and especially his mother's for him, had so long looked forward, it is probable that very little interest in life remained for him.

In the twenty-three years of his reign he built but little in Rome. There was an unfinished temple in the Forum Boarium,—on a spot which had been consecrated ever since the Latin wars,—which he completed. The old church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin now occupies the site, but the

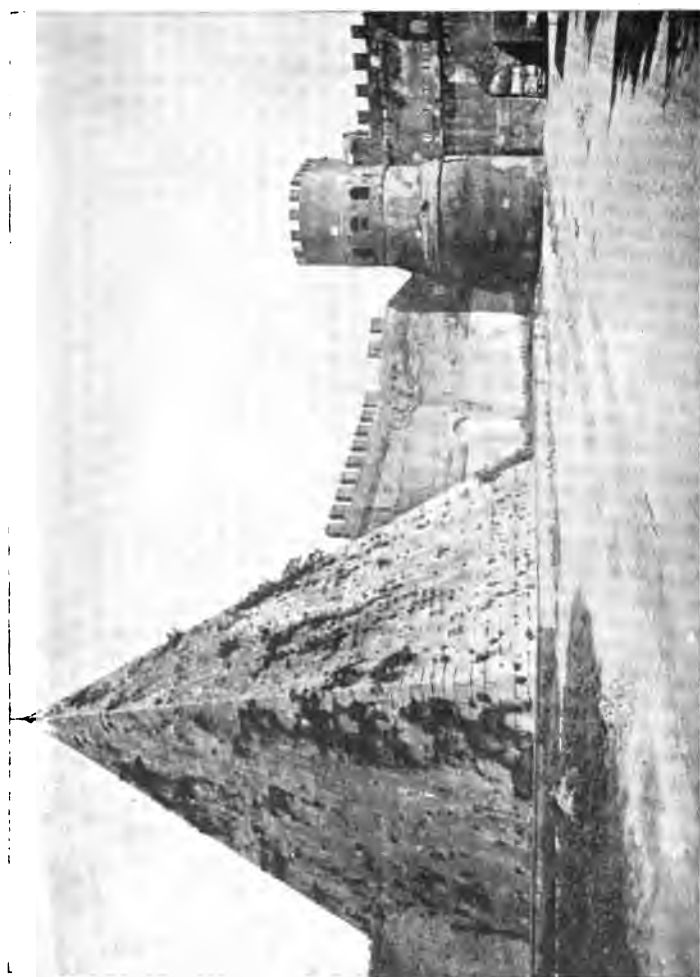
ancient columns which are built into the church are thought to be of later date than Tiberius. He also completed the Julian Basilica, which had been very nearly finished by Augustus. And, moreover, he began to build, as in duty bound, a temple to his apotheosised predecessor, following the example of Augustus himself in the case of Caesar. But while the temple of Caesar in the Forum was the work of only two years, the temple of Augustus remained still incomplete when Tiberius himself died.

Also the new Emperor built himself a house on the northwestern crest of the Palatine. It is scarcely a fanciful supposition that the Domus Augustana, on the other side of the hill, whither his mother, Livia, had brought him, a little lad of four, on her marriage to Augustus in 38 B.C., was a place too crowded with the bitter and angry memories of his thwarted life, for him to be willing to live there again, even though his step-father was dead and he himself was now master. It seems probable that Livia remained there, amid the surroundings that fifty years had made so familiar to her, while the new Emperor very willingly established himself at a suitable distance;—this is what a man would be very likely to do in the same circumstances now; and these great historic personages, after all, were “men of like passions with ourselves.”

The Domus Tiberiana was probably a very plain and simple building; the old writers barely mention it, with not a word about marble or bronze, or Greek statues, or decorations of any kind. Still it was very large, extending from the edge of the hill,—where long rows of small, vaulted rooms remain, which may have been its guard-rooms,—across in a southeasterly line, with other rows of small rooms left, which seem to have been shops, to a great water-tank on the high ground opposite the entrance of the house of Germanicus. All that remains evidently belongs



*Pyramid of Caius Cestius.*







to the substructure of the palace, and its principal rooms have been entirely destroyed. Still all these small rooms are beautifully built in *opus reticulatum*, with traces of fresco still visible on the walls, and fragments of mosaic pavements in simple patterns. There are traces of stairs at different points on this northwestern side, and one broad flight of steps from the lower level, interrupted half way. Also on the opposite side, beyond the water-tank, two flights of stairs ascend from the crypto-porticus which runs beneath from the house of Germanicus to the guard-rooms of Caligula's palace. The Farnese Gardens cover this site, now the property of government but not yet excavated, so that there may still be portions of this palace brought to light at some later day. We have reason to suppose that it served for a dwelling to the succeeding Emperors for a long time, the great Flavian palace, built later, being entirely composed of public rooms. We are told that it was the favourite residence of Marcus Aurelius, who had at least three palaces to choose from, for Hadrian's splendid structure, on the far southeastern edge of the hill, was already built in his time.

What remains to us of the temple which Tiberius built in honour of his predecessor is a very melancholy ruin, consisting of high, desolate-looking walls and floors of concrete and brick, lying below the Domus Tiberiana, immediately behind the temple of Castor in the Forum. No wreck of any ancient building in Rome more sadly lacks the picturesque element. It is like the shell of a huge warehouse left standing incomplete. Only a very persistent student of archæology will find it interesting, for the sake of the beautiful brickwork, probably the first use of this material on any large scale in Rome.

Besides these scanty memorials of the twenty-three years during which Tiberius reigned, there is still one other

famous historic spot whose history begins with his time. In the year 23, the Emperor was induced to order the establishment of permanent barracks for the nine or ten thousand household troops, as they would be called in our day,—the only military force allowed to be in Rome,—who had hitherto been quartered in various parts of the town and its suburbs. These barracks were erected in the open country just outside the belt of villas and gardens, and in this entirely peaceful neighbourhood they were built in the well-known form of a legionary encampment in an enemy's country, occupying an area of about forty acres, and were surrounded with very solid brick walls, from ten to fourteen feet high, according to the level of the ground.

It was urged that bringing the praetorian troops together in this way would make them a more useful weapon in the Emperor's hands; the result proved to be that they became a dominant force in the state, with whom all subsequent rulers, even the strongest, were obliged to make terms; and not only this, but often for years together the praetorians made and unmade Emperors at their will. This disgrace began with Claudius, not quite twenty years later, nor did it cease for more than three hundred years, till Constantine, in the first half of the fourth century, destroyed the organisation and dismantled the camp. When this took place the attitude of Rome towards the outside world had greatly changed; no longer supreme mistress, whom none approached except to pay homage, she was now forced to be on the defensive against invasions of her territory which might even be pushed so close as to threaten the city itself; and when Aurelian had undertaken the enormous task of building a circuit wall he had included the three exterior sides of the praetorian camp in his new fortifications. He built them up to more than twice their original height, covered the tops of the gate-towers, and blocked up

the gates. Constantine did no more than throw down the fourth wall which separated the camp from the town. Then the place fell into the abandoned and desolate condition which Ampère, writing in 1856, describes.

"The formidable fortress which has made and unmade so many Emperors," says the French historian, "is to-day a quiet vineyard of the Jesuits, a rural retreat where their pupils take the air; instead of fierce praetorians there are peaceable neophytes at their harmless recreations, and a monk walks up and down and reads his breviary." This was in papal Rome; at present, the capital of Italy quarters her artillery in the Praetorian Camp; the military spirit, but in its nineteenth century form, again rules the place, and inside the old area it seems to have obliterated the last traces of the work of Tiberius.

Outside, however, there remains something to see. A modern exit from the city at the extremity of the Via Montebello — not a gate, but a mere opening made in the useless old rampart — brings one at once to the northern side of the camp, where, looking closely, the low praetorian wall can be seen embedded in the later work, and the old gate with its towers on each side. Tall brick pilasters with moulded bases decorate the towers on the edge towards the gate, and in each tower there are two round-topped loopholes. The details of these little windows are curious to notice; it is a solid piece of terra-cotta which makes their tops, but this is incised to look as if it were built with tiny bricks. The pilasters, not quite two feet wide and twenty in height, are faced with the best brickwork there is in Rome — fine red bricks, a trifle over an inch in thickness and separated by the thinnest possible film of mortar. All along the wall the old small, square battlements can be traced, about twenty feet apart, and the string-course of moulded bricks, like a little cornice, two feet below.

This very same low wall was the scene of that famous auction of the year 193, when a lawyer of note, an ex-consul, who was, moreover, the richest man in Rome, seated upon it like a school-boy on a fence, bid for the Empire against another ex-consul, who on his side had the advantage of being son-in-law to the Emperor just dead, but had not so much money as his rival. The Emperor's son-in-law had been allowed to come inside while the other had only the favour of a place on the wall; the two could each hear plainly the offers that the other made, and the praetorians, masters of the situation, by turns listened to both. The two at first warily and by comparatively small sums went above each other; finally the man who had the longest purse distanced his rival by something like three million dollars at one bid; the Emperor's son-in-law gave way, the bargain was closed, each praetorian soldier being the gainer of about fifteen hundred dollars. The man on the wall was assisted to come down inside, the soldiers saluted him, and he returned to town, a "pious, happy, and unconquered Emperor," to perish, just two months later, when Septimius Severus arrived with the army from Illyria.

Besides the praetorian camp it is possible that the praetorian amphitheatre, for the diversion of the soldiery, was the work of the reign of Tiberius, but there is nothing that fixes its date with certainty. This is about a mile distant from the camp, also on the edge of the town, and also included in Aurelian's walls. In its original condition it was a miniature Colosseum, an oval area surrounded by a ring of open arcades. It has now only the lower tier of arches left, and they are walled up, so that one has to look closely to detect the early building, but it is quite worth the trouble. Seen from outside the city, about half the curve of the oval appears, set in the city wall. It is of beautiful brickwork

in yellow and red, used irregularly. There are engaged columns of the same, with Corinthian capitals, even these made of moulded brick, laid in courses like the rest. A large block of travertine is embedded in the wall under the base of each column, and smaller rectangular pieces in the sides of the arches are supposed to have been points of support for metal screens across the open space. This amphitheatre was probably the first great building on the southern side of the Esquiline; a century later it had a grand neighbour, the Sessorian Palace, of which a ruinous mass of walls and arches may perhaps be the remains, but whose name is perpetuated, certainly, in Constantine's Sessorian Basilica, Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, which stands yet, a venerable old church, many times "restored." A religious community was established here in the tenth century, and included in its holdings the ancient amphitheatre of the camp. So it has happened that this space has never been built over, but being ready walled to hand, has been the monastery garden for over a thousand years.

The entrance is through an arched doorway in the high wall at the right of the church, and a courteous monk cheerfully unlocks the door. There is scarcely another place in Rome so peaceful and so still as the soldiers' amphitheatre to-day. Rows of early vegetables are springing up in the warm February sunshine, a bird twitters from a little fruit-tree near the wall, a lay-brother is at work with a hoe, but it is no every-day kitchen garden, this, in which one picks up fragments of precious marbles at every step,—a bit of Phrygian pavonazetto, a moulding of Numidian giallo, another of rosso antico from Greek quarries that, lost for fifteen centuries, have lately been rediscovered, or a chip of Syrian alabaster from some unknown quarry near Damascus;—and it was not a palace, on which this sumptuous decoration was lavished, but only an am-

phitheatre where the rough soldiery were amused at the public cost.

If one has leisure enough, and has learned to value the fine thin bricks, perfectly laid and lasting as stone, which belong to buildings of this era, it will be a pleasure to walk outside, under the walls, from S. Sebastian's Gate to S. Paul's,— the two gates furthest west in the southern wall of the city,— for the sake of seeing on the way the tall, arched gateway of an ancient villa which is built into the wall. The outline and part of the two engaged columns can be traced, there is a fragment of terra-cotta moulding, and the beautiful arch between the columns. This fragment is near the Appian Gate; and by going out that way, one may dispense with the walk, but there is a beautiful piece of road here, with the grounds of three villas on one side and Aurelian's wall, with its many restorations, on the other. Add to this the rose and soft grey of a sunset sky, and the old walls of Rome make one of the finest pictures in the world.

For the last eleven years of his reign, Tiberius had abandoned Rome, and, far away in Capri, dragged out a miserable existence, hated and feared of all men. When, therefore, upon his death in 37, the handsome young fellow of twenty-five to whom he had bequeathed the Empire hastened back to town, all Rome rejoiced. The new Emperor began with immense popularity; again the Julian race was on the throne, he was a descendant of Augustus, and besides, he was the son of the much-loved Germanicus and Agrippina. His name was Caius, but his childish pet name of the camps, Caligula,— from the *caligae*, the soldiers' boots, that he had worn as a little boy,— clung to him still, and clings through all the centuries. From the four years of his short reign, two very memorable constructions remain, and they represent, as it happens, one, the short good period,

and the other, the longer time of his madness,—for, no doubt, after his illness in the first year, he was as insane a man as ever lived. One of these two works belongs with the very wisest and grandest of imperial undertakings; the other is the most irrational of them all. By a curious misfortune, however, the good work, which it is true he did not finish, does not bear his name, but is called the Claudian aqueduct, from his successor who did finish it; and only the palace of Caligula remains to tell the story of this brief and miserable life.

The palace is just beyond the *Domus Tiberiana*, covering the northern hill-top for an eighth of a mile and extending down across two roads to the very edge of the Forum. What is left of it is the most confused and incomprehensible tangle of walls and arches that remains in Rome. This also seems to be merely a substructure; fine broad stairways and others very narrow ascend through it to the upper floor where the grand rooms must have been, and it would seem that the whole structure from basement to roof was a good deal over a hundred feet in height. To build it, all the fine Republican houses that occupied this side of the hill had to be destroyed,—Cicero's house, that of Crassus, and of Catiline, and of Lutatius Catalus, no one can tell how many. Also altars were removed, the sacred grove of the Vestals was destroyed, and no doubt public feeling must have been bitterly aroused. When his palace was completed, the mad young Emperor built himself a bridge high above the Forum to the great temple on the Capitol, so that he could cross from one hill-top to the other, as a divinity might, without descending to the ground, and visit his brother Jupiter quite informally at any hour of the day or night. The historians make so much account of this bridge that one naturally looks for it, searching the ruinous pile of brickwork that towers above

the Forum. But it is certainly a surprise to find a fragment of it really there. Unquestionably there is something, which may indeed have been a balcony and nothing more; but there is no reason why it may not have been continued in some way upon piers now destroyed, and its direction is clearly towards the opposite hill. The fragment remaining is a projecting gallery with a length of very curious balustrade, which only with difficulty can one recognise as marble, so much does it resemble a light wooden trellis. It is not surprising to see wood imitate marble, but to see marble imitate wood is perplexing. This was, however, a favourite balustrading with the Romans, and fragments of it remain in many places.

The palace of Caligula is principally interesting on account of the way the building materials are used. The core of all the walls and arches is concrete, which was just coming into general use. In the lower stories this is faced with *opus reticulatum* in the central spaces, alternating with bands of brick, and the arches are also faced with brick. Above there is no tufa used, but brick only. Also it appears that this fine brickwork was covered entirely either with stucco or with slabs of marble. Into the walls all over the building earthenware pipes were laid, extending its entire height; of these some appear to be flues for smoke and others drain-pipes for the escape of rain-water from the roofs. There is very little mention of this palace in history, except of its enormous size and of a famous stable in the lower story for the Emperor's horse upon which he conferred the office of consul. But of statues and other works of art, and of libraries and poet-friends, we hear nothing. Yet the Augustan age was less than half a century ago and Caligula was in the direct line of descent from Augustus.

One other trace of the fourth Caesar we find in Rome,



across the river, namely, his selection of the site of S. Peter's; that is to say, his construction of a great Circus in ground that had belonged to Agrippina, which, after Nero, twenty years later, had made it the scene of the earliest Christian martyrdoms, the oppressed and afflicted community of believers quietly held sacred, until they could erect there a little chapel, whence grew, in the long development of ages, the imposing Basilica, which is the grandest of modern buildings.

To decorate his Circus, Caligula ordered from Egypt the third obelisk that was brought to Rome. It stood where he placed it for more than fifteen centuries, and a slab in the pavement with an inscription in Italian, near the present sacristy of the church, still marks the exact spot. In 1586, Pope Sextus V. removed it, and it is now, as everybody knows, the obelisk of the Vatican. It is unsculptured, except where the inscription ordered by Caligula himself indicates, somewhat faintly, on two sides of it, that it is consecrated to the divine Caesar, and to the divine Augustus, son of Caesar. Part of the old Circus still underlies the Basilica. In 1606, when the foundations of the façade were laid, great walls of *opus reticulatum* appeared, and at the opposite end of the church other masses of masonry clearly indicated the line of the stadium. Some carved marble slabs were also found, and a bronze coin of Agrippina. To give access to his new pleasure-ground, Caligula built also a bridge of which the foundations may be seen to this day when the river is low. Hitherto the Vatican region had been quite "unimproved," as we should say, a part of the Campagna merely, and not belonging specially to Rome; but with Agrippina's Gardens and the Gardens of Domitia, who was an aunt of Nero, the occupation begins, and in the next century Hadrian selected the place for his Mausoleum, which is now the castle of S. Angelo.

When this brief reign came to an abrupt end with the memorable tragedy of the crypto-porticus, the imperial succession went back one generation instead of forward; and it was the uncle of Caligula, the middle-aged, scholarly, unambitious Claudius who found himself, to his surprise, not unmixed with terror, by grace of the praetorians, Emperor of Rome.

He had no occasion to begin, as his predecessors had done, by building himself a palace, for they had left him three, any one of which was far finer than he required. The late reign had left an unfinished Circus, but this does not seem to have attracted his notice. The great twin aqueducts, however, which Caligula had begun in the rational first months of his rule in Rome, were exactly in the line of the new Emperor's tastes. He went on with them at once, and their completion occupied nine years; besides this, he created a new harbour at Ostia, an enormous undertaking of the greatest importance for the provisioning of Rome; and he employed eleven years and the labour of thirty thousand men in the construction of a gigantic tunnel to drain a lake in the Apennines whose overflows had long been destructive to a wide region of country.

The domestic infelicities of this Emperor have occupied so much space in the pages of the gossiping Latin historians, that they singularly obscure the great features of the reign. It would have been better to dismiss with brief contempt two miserable women, and to tell us more about the Claudian aqueduct and Lake Fucinus and the Ostian harbour. However, the two aqueducts speak for Claudius, and so does the portrait statue in the Vatican, a face without beauty or commanding dignity, it is true, but ennobled by its gentleness and intelligence; such was the Emperor whose literary tastes and love of knowledge

were worthy of Augustus, and whose grand engineering works of practical utility, whose humane legislation, even extending to the case of slaves, and whose assiduous care that justice should be done to all, rise to the level of Caesar himself.

The water of the two aqueducts comes from the Sabine hills, but from sources entirely distinct; the Anio Novus, like the Anio Vetus of three centuries earlier, was taken directly from the river Anio, forty-two miles distant from Rome; but the Claudia was pure spring water, from two famous sources among the hills, the Fons Coerulius and the Fons Curtius. Forty-nine miles of the Anio Novus is subterranean, and thirty-six miles of the Claudia. This brings them both to the level ground of the Campagna, at the height of the hills of Rome; hence into the city, both channels are carried on the same arches for a length of a little over six miles. The arches preserved the level, varying in height according to the nature of the ground, rising gradually from the base of the hills where the specus first emerges to the daylight, and at some points reaching a height of over a hundred feet. Finally they enter the city at Porta Maggiore, and are carried on to various reservoirs, whence the water was conducted by iron pipes in every direction. These two aqueducts increased by more than a third the water supply of Rome. To say what the whole amount was, in gallons *per diem*, from this time on till the sixth century, when the Goths cut the aqueduct in their final siege of Rome, is not easy. An English writer, who made very careful study of Roman antiquities about twenty-five years ago, makes the statement that the entire mass of water would be represented by a stream twenty feet wide and six feet deep, constantly pouring into Rome at a fall six times as rapid as that of the river Thames. A French engineer has computed that, with some

additions which were made between the time of Trajan and that of Aurelian, the supply of water to Rome was about three hundred and thirty-three million gallons daily. There were an enormous number of reservoirs and filtering-places both in the city and outside of it; not only Rome itself was supplied with water, but all the splendid villas and the multitude of farms which covered the Campagna in the imperial age. According to Frontinus, the great authority on aqueducts, who wrote in the reign of Nerva, nearly one-fourth of the whole distribution of water was outside the city walls. Another fact of great interest is that very much the larger amount of water used by the inhabitants was furnished gratuitously; there were five hundred and ninety-one open reservoirs in the city, for the service of any one who chose to bring his bucket. And to these about eighteen million gallons in the twenty-four hours were supplied.

The Claudian arches on the Campagna are built of massive blocks of stone, travertine and peperino and also tufa of the hard kind; a branch inside the walls added by Nero, crossing to the Caelian, is of concrete faced with extremely fine brick; the archways over roads, as the Porta Maggiore, are always of travertine. The two specus of the Claudia and the Anio Novus are quite distinct, wherever the broken arches show them, the former square-topped, the latter a round arch. The Claudian specus is built of large blocks of stone, the edges chamfered off, and the Anio Novus generally of brick, with exceptional *opus reticulatum*. The specus of all aqueducts has a uniform lining of the very hard Roman cement, *opus signinum*, which was made of lime, pozzolana, and pounded pottery. It is generally supposed that the great mound of broken jars beyond the Aventine, which is known as Monte Testaccio, was a store-heap of this important material for the cement.





It has been questioned why the Romans built arches for their aqueducts across the Campagna instead of laying pipes as soon as they had come down to the level which they wished to preserve, for they were by no means ignorant of the common hydraulic law that water in a closed pipe finds its own level; a curious reason even has been found for this supposed waste of labour in the magnificent appearance of such structures as these tall arches, "bestriding the Campagna," to use the favourite phrase. But a cause much simpler probably lay behind this vast expenditure: to use pipes as the Romans did, for distribution in the city and "rising mains" to upper floors of houses, was a different thing from bringing the entire water supply across the Campagna in this way. They had not the use of iron that we have; their pipes, of the more costly and far weaker lead, would have been perpetually endangered by the force of the water. In one case a large leaden pipe found within the city, was encased in brickwork, showing that the old engineers knew they could not trust the strength of the metal. We find they tried leather, and earthenware, and more frequently bronze, especially the latter in places of special pressure.

Not only were the Romans afraid to trust the great body of water to anything but masonry, the force of a stream of water four feet deep and two feet wide, running at the rate of five or six miles an hour in an unbroken current, was too great, it was feared, even for that to resist. For this reason, at least as often as at every mile, the direction of the aqueduct is changed at a sharp angle, and a filtering-place or a reservoir, and frequently both, was built. In this way, also, there was an opportunity for the deposit of much of the calcareous matter with which the water was loaded, in a place specially accessible and conveniently to be cleared. These great reservoirs of the Campagna, built of the best material,

have been a quarry for centuries, and are almost completely destroyed, and it is their removal which has so largely broken and confused the line of the aqueducts. The filtering-places were constructed in four huge chambers, two above and two below, all lined with *opus signinum*; the water entering one of the two higher chambers, passed by a large pipe into the one beneath, thence through small holes, perhaps with a fine grating over them, into the second lower chamber, and upward through a hole in its top, into the fourth, regaining its original level and going on its way in another specus. The specus by which the water entered and that by which it went away would of course not be on the same line, but have the width of the filtering-place between them. Sometimes the opportunity of the angles has been taken to let one arcade cross another, and this makes two of the famous points in the neighbourhood of Rome for aqueduct-views: Porta Furba, two miles out on the Frascati road, where the Claudian arches cross the Marcian, and the Aqua Felice, a mediæval work, still further complicates the affair; and the Tor Fiscale, on the left of the Via Appia Nuova, a mile further, where not only does the Claudia cross the Marcia, and the Felice cling to the Marcian arches, but the old Anio Vetus, half underground, is to be seen also on the same line with the Claudia.

Besides the two new aqueducts, the restoration of part of the Aqua Virgo was due to Claudius; in the Campus Martius it had been injured by Caligula in some irrational building plan of his, and Claudius puts on record the damage and its author, as well as his own rebuilding. His contempt for his young predecessor pierces through the formality of the inscription. Himself, Tiberius Claudius, the son of Drusus, with titles in great number: "Caesar, Augustus, Germanicus, Pontifex Maximus, Tribune for the fifth time, eleven years Emperor, Father of his country,



Consul designate for the fourth time," has made new from their foundations and re-established the arches of the Aqua Virgo, destroyed by Caius Caesar — with no titles at all!

This interesting fragment of architecture and of history may very easily be seen, though most visitors to Rome never see it. It is the inscription on a grand travertine arcade of three arches, with the large specus surmounting it, in perfect preservation, perfectly in sight in the court of a building at the corner of Via del Tritone and the Via del Nazzareno. The juxtaposition of names in Rome is curious: here we have the Tritone, from Greek mythology, referring to a sculptured triton in the piazza just up the hill; the Nazzareno, from Holy Writ, because a theological seminary near by bears that name, and the inscription on an aqueduct, injured by one Emperor and repaired by another.

The date of the arcade is 52 A.D.; this is the same year in which the Claudia and the Anio Novus were completed. About this time a pair of obelisks were imported from Egypt to decorate the entrance to the Mausoleum of Augustus. They are destitute of hieroglyphics, nor did Claudius give them any inscription, but it is generally supposed that they belong to his reign. One of them now stands on the Esquiline near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, disinterred from the Campus Martius by Sixtus V., and the other makes part of the decoration of the Piazza del Quirinale, where the splendid colossal Horse-Tamers from Constantine's *Thermae*, and a magnificent granite basin for the fountain, which was brought from the Roman Forum at the beginning of the present century, combine with the obelisk very effectively. The shafts of the two Claudian obelisks are very slender, and are less than fifty feet high. Both were much broken, and in being set up one was made about three feet shorter than the other, but there is no doubt they were originally exactly alike. The Egyptian obelisks

were always in pairs, and it is worth noticing that Claudius was scholar and antiquary enough to wish to have them placed in Rome in the true Egyptian method.

The reign of Claudius had lasted thirteen years when Agrippina his wife prepared the historic dish of mushrooms which ended it so abruptly; and the light-minded Romans, who had become very tired of their elderly Emperor, welcomed the new reign with enthusiasm. The boy of seventeen, whose path to the throne had been cleared by his mother's crime, had much in his favor; but no human being ever played such fantastic tricks before high Heaven, as did this last and most degenerate of the Caesars. In another thirteen years, even the Romans had had enough of Nero, and were more than willing that his successors should efface his memory and undo his work, as far as possible,—literally burying underground the beautifully decorated rooms of his new palace, and erecting their colossal amphitheatre just where the broad mirror of his artificial lake had for a brief time reflected the sky.

Yet the changes that Nero had made in the aspect of Rome for the purpose of building his Golden House were so vast that their effect has lasted permanently. Up to his time, the imperial residences had been limited to the Palatine hill; north and east, on the Esquiline and Caelian, and in the low ground lying between these hills and the Palatine, was a region of dwelling-houses, closely packed—a solid mass of very high buildings threaded by the narrowest of lanes, with perhaps no other street than the Sacra Via. In Nero's reign this whole district, an area of nearly a square mile, was completely cleared; and a large part of it has remained open ever since. Here, in the low ground, Vespasian built the mighty Colosseum; Titus, on the Esquiline, erected baths and a palace; Hadrian, on the Velia, a ridge between the Palatine and Esquiline, found

a magnificent site for his grand double temple of Venus and Rome; and lastly, some enormous structure, which probably served Commodus as a palace, was built on the Caelian hill. All these great edifices are more or less ruinous, it is true; of most of them, merely the foundations remain; but they have held the ground. Only two or three scattered convents and churches have invaded it. The tide of population, diverted by Nero, has never returned.

There was a character of oriental despotism in this act which Rome had never before seen. Less than a century earlier, the great Augustus had sacrificed the symmetry of his Forum to a respect for the property of one owner who was reluctant to sell. Even Nero could not have accomplished his wholesale eviction of hundreds of thousands of honest people without the aid of fire,—the memorable conflagration of the year 64, for which history holds him responsible. It began at the eastern end of the Circus Maximus,—not far from the spot where now stands the church of San Gregorio, an early Christian landmark,—and swept north through the valley between the Palatine and Caelian hills, including their slopes also, and thence widened out to east and west, still making its way northward, no doubt driven by a strong July scirocco, until it was finally arrested, far away on the Esquiline, by the destruction of a broad belt of buildings in the line of its advance.

The great houseless multitude Nero transferred to his own hereditary grounds on the other side of the river, the Gardens of Agrippina, his grandmother, and of the two Domitiae, his paternal aunts, where he had caused a supply of tents and booths to be made ready. Probably a large majority of these people never returned, but settled permanently in the Trastevere and the Vatican region, thus augmenting the suburb which was already populous in the time of Augustus. But a six days' fire will clear even

more ground than a Nero demands for his new palace, and we read of great re-building on an improved plan, with something like streets instead of the old lanes, with restrictions as to the height of houses and as to the use of wood and brick; so that, on the whole, no doubt the disaster was much to the profit of Rome.

But it was upon the palace for the Emperor that Severus and Celer, the first architects ever mentioned by name in Roman history, lavished all the resources of his boundless wealth and their skill. It seems so extravagant to say that the Golden House extended over an area of nearly a square mile in the very midst of the city, that if there had not been left, from point to point, remains of it over a considerable part of this area, the statement of the old writers to that effect would not have seemed worthy of belief. But there is an enormous mass of substructions and ruined walls on the north-east corner of the Palatine and all along under the hill extending towards the Velia; far away opposite, where now stand the ruined arches of the Basilica of Constantine, there are other extensive remains of the Neronian buildings, and a plan by Ligorio, a famous architect of the sixteenth century, shows them extending northward with colonnades, a peristyle, and a very broad flight of steps (now entirely covered by the accumulated soil), and, at this mere angle of the whole palace, occupying nearly as much space as the whole immense Constantinian Basilica; thence eastward, we find what is principally known as the Golden House, in a series of underground halls which have the famous fresco decorations, so much admired in the Renaissance; and, above ground, still further eastward, the Sette Sale, a colossal decorated reservoir, undoubtedly Neronian; lastly, there are enormous ruins on the Caelian, partly of the later Domus Vectilinea, but in the substructure and possibly in other portions not yet excavated, making part of the Golden House.

It was not, of course, a continuous building that occupied three hill-tops and the low ground intervening; but it appears certain that the entire space was actually enclosed by the three colonnades each a mile long of which we read and the grand entrance portico on the side towards the Forum, where the limit was necessarily somewhat narrower. Within this enclosure, besides the imperial residence, there were parks and gardens and vineyards; there were baths, which must have been extensive buildings, though not on the scale of the public *Thermae*, and it is said that they were supplied not only with the usual aqueduct water, but with water from renowned sulphur springs, twelve miles distant, and also with sea-water from the Mediterranean; there was a temple to Fortune, built of a rare new stone which had the quality of translucency; and there was an immense lake for naval sham-fights, after the plan of the *naumachia* of Augustus, fed by torrents of water falling in cascades from the great reservoir on the Caelian.

It is interesting to make the circuit of what remains of the Golden House in the four quite separate localities where it may still be seen. On the northern side of the Palatine, beyond the *Via di S. Buonaventura*, the cliff is masked to its very summit by an enormous wall of brick-faced concrete; below it and out to the edge of the *Sacra Via* are the ruins of a vast number of rooms of the ground floor, above which were others in several stories, as may be traced by the impression of their walls and arched ceilings against the retaining wall of the cliff. Among these rooms there are passage-ways, and near the cliff there are broad stairways, interrupted either above or below, left hanging half way, leading to nothing that is remaining, but telling surely of some noble structure above, to which they gave access. On the hill-top, however, where

it once stood there is nothing now, except a neat garden belonging to Prince Barberini, where vegetables are growing, and hard-working men and women labour daily. It is very extraordinary that kitchen-gardens should remain undisturbed on some of the most magnificent sites in Rome. Just out at the corner of this garden there is a rude arbour; it has not even a seat, so little frequented is it; but the view, as one stands under its little trellis, is worth coming four thousand miles to see. No spot in Rome commands so much, close at hand. At the right, spanning the street between the Palatine and the Caelian, is the arch of Constantine, its summit just at the level of one's feet. Diagonally opposite, within a stone's throw, is the magnificent oval of the Colosseum, and in the street between, the curious ruined fountain, probably of Nero's time, the *Meta Sudans*. In front, across the *Sacra Via*, still remains the imposing platform of Hadrian's temple, with its ruinous double apse and fragment of wall, and a little further to the west, the three great bays of Constantine's Basilica. Nearer, quite to the left, where the ground rises slightly, stands the triumphal Arch of Titus, grand and sober, with its deep, square-cut inscription in letters tall enough to fill the lofty attic with four lines:—

SENATVS  
POPVLVSQVE • ROMANVS  
DIVO • TITO • DIVI • VESPASIANI • F  
VESPASIANO • AVGVSTO.

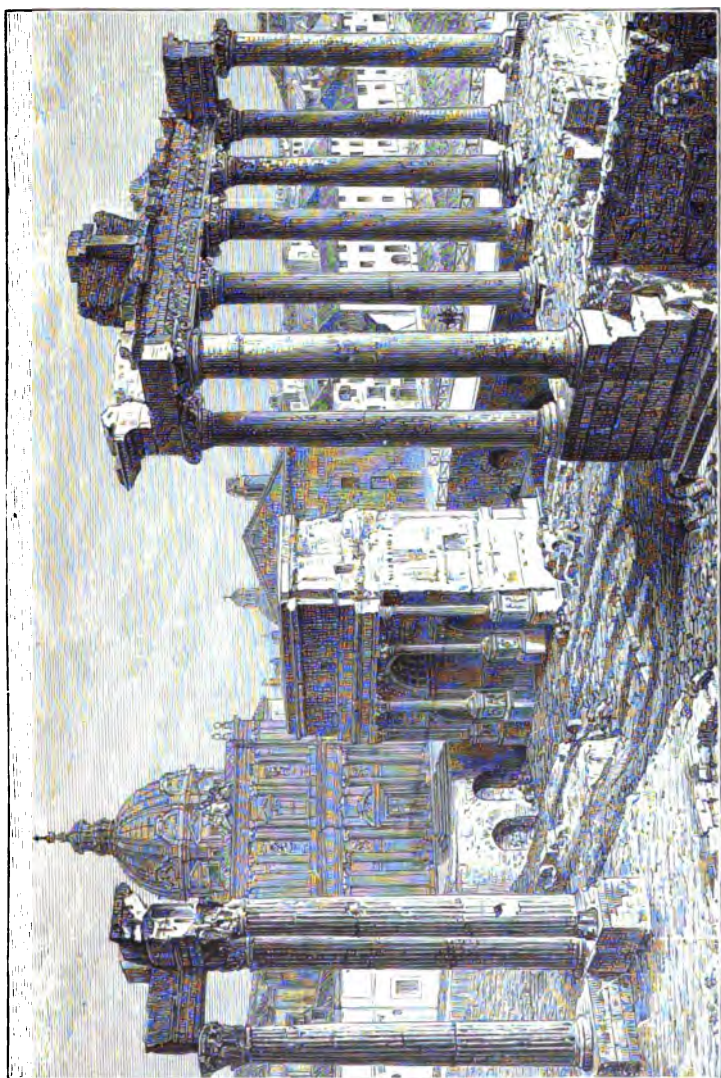
And, finally, beyond and further westward lies open the whole grand excavation of the Roman Forum, the temples of Romulus and of Faustina on its hither edge, and the *Tabularium*, its boundary under the cliff of the Capitol.

This is the foreground of the picture and its classic aspect. For mediæval and modern details, in the background is a ring of church towers and domes and pinnacles,



*Roman Forum and Arch of Titus.*







from San Gregorio and Santi Giovanni e Paolo on the Caelian, and the far-away Lateran, with the colossal statues of its roof clearly outlined against the sky, to the great dome of the Gesù rising amid the mass of roofs beyond the Forum from among the ruins of Hadrian's temples, and the tall bell-tower of Santa Francesca Romana. And, moreover, there is the one famous palm-tree of the Palatine, never to be overlooked, and great abundance of trees upon the Caelian; and on the horizon, the exquisite outline of the Alban hills, sketched in the softest tints of grey and pearl.

But what Nero saw when he looked from this corner of his palace was neither Arch nor Colosseum, nor any temple now standing, but the splendid white marble structures of the Forum westward, and, all about him, parks and gardens, his great lake with its fleet of galleys, the cascades from the Caelian, the gilded roofs of his colonnades and baths and residences, and instead of the campanile of Santa Francesca, his colossal statue in a bronze largely composed of gold and silver lifted its uncomely head higher than the bell-tower. No imperial features were ever less adapted to magnified proportions than those of the unlucky Nero; but there can be no doubt that they were represented in all their native ugliness, even on the scale required by a figure a hundred and twenty feet high. The portrait busts of the imperial time leave no ground for a charge of idealising; whether it was a superlative vanity or a consummate indifference is hard to say; but certain it is that, as repeated in different busts and statues, and confirmed by the effigies on their coins, there remains a long series of evidently unflattered, as well as extremely clever, portrait sculpture.

The Neronian colossus remained to be a kind of white elephant to later Emperors. Vespasian moved it from its original position and cut off the portrait head, replacing it

by one of Apollo; Hadrian found it in the way when he prepared to build on the Velia, and transported it to a pedestal which still remains opposite the Colosseum, — a low, square mass of concrete, once probably faced with marble; later, we read that the Emperor Commodus caused the figure again to change heads, substituting his own for that of the sun-god; and, finally, it is supposed, the whole statue fell a victim to Gothic cupidity some time in the sixth century.

The Neronian buildings under the Palatine cliff, and bordering the Sacra Via for a length of a hundred rods, also, like the Colossus, suffered similar changes before they were quite destroyed. There is a curious series of baths along the edge of the road, which the brick-work seems to date in the early part of the third century. These repay a careful examination. One small bath-room is in quite good preservation, and has two marble-lined baths; the flue-tiles for heating are also in their places in the wall. Into the midst of this third-century work has been built, probably in the fifth century, a very curious hall which has many points of resemblance with a Christian basilica. The plan of the building is clearly a nave with short transepts and an apse. At the head of the nave there is a step, and two marble columns are *in situ*. Nearly the whole of the apse, however, is filled with a mass of concrete which seems to have been nothing else than a fountain. At the eastern end of the nave is a small semi-circular bath, or perhaps a font, lined with large pieces of very beautiful alabaster and coloured marbles. From the middle of the nave, near its western end, a tiny, very steep flight of sixteen stairs descends to a very small subterranean room. All this is extremely interesting and curious, and is one of the many recent excavations due to the Italian government.

At different levels under these buildings there comes to

view a most astonishing platform of lava concrete, the hardest building material that ever human skill composed. Quite far westward, very near the Arch of Titus, this platform is largely visible, and upon it there are some huge blocks left *in situ* that were part of a still later building; and, latest of all, a mass of concrete made wholly of broken marble, part of a mediæval fortress which extended as far as the Arch and over it, and was still standing as late as the sixteenth century.

The portion of Nero's Golden House which now remains near the Basilica of Constantine is only some ruinous brick-work on the edge of the slope, facing towards the side of Santa Francesca. Here, in the sixteenth century, extensive remains were standing, and are represented in a drawing by Ligorio, one of the great authorities of that time in architecture and archæology. The colonnades and courts and a very broad staircase covered an area nearly as large as the Constantinian Basilica. Now a grassy slope, and further back some modern houses, have encroached upon the palace, and left nothing in sight but the long row of fragmentary walls.

Much further eastward, in the same line, far away beyond the Colosseum, is the grand excavation which bears the name of Nero's Golden House, and may have been the chief imperial residence in the whole enclosure. It was built on the slope of the hill, half-way up, and all the front of it was open to air and sunlight, though now it is entirely subterranean. This is not owing to the general elevation of soil during centuries, but was brought about by the distinct intention of the Emperor Titus, who, within twelve years from the time this palace was completed, caused its arched doorways to be bricked up in many places, a very avalanche of earth and stones to be hurled in upon it from above, many of its rooms to be cut through with foundation walls for his

own buildings, and, so far as possible, its very memory to be blotted from men's minds.

After complete oblivion for more than fourteen hundred years, these rooms were rediscovered in the time of Julius II. by some happy chance, and the fresco decorations still visible on the lofty ceilings furnished models for some of the most graceful designs of the Renaissance. Later it would seem that the palace was re-interred, with the idea that it furnished too convenient quarters for brigands in the very heart of the town. In 1777, the place again attracted attention for a time, but the present excavations date almost entirely from the period of the French occupation between the years 1810 and 1814. From a street just beyond the Colosseum at the left, one ascends by a *cordonata*, and then a well-kept avenue lined with flowering shrubs, to a narrow terrace whence a row of cavernous archways opens directly into the hillside. These arched entrances are made by the parallel walls, of which there are eleven remaining, built by Titus, as the substructure of part of his Baths. The actual plan of the rooms of Nero's palace is not at first clear, by reason of these subsequent constructions. Between Nero's brickwork and that of Titus, the difference is apparent; and there are also panels of *opus reticulatum* set into the brick, in walls of a long corridor at the left, which are thought to indicate Trajan's work, who built some additions to the Baths of Titus overhead. At the end of this corridor, at a lower level and entirely at a different angle, is a beautiful mosaic floor in black and white, of which a few square feet only are visible. This plainly belongs to an earlier house on the same ground.

Quite at the back of the present excavation runs a long and very lofty cryptoporticus, lighted by small square apertures in the roof. Parallel to this, about a hundred feet in front of it, are the suites of rooms, varying in size and shape,

which composed the palace at this point. Between these rooms and the cryptoporticus, there was an open court surrounded by columns of which many of the bases remain, and in the centre, a fountain. All this open space was filled in by Titus with his parallel walls, about twenty-five feet apart.

The custode, with a tin dish set with candles, at the end of a long-jointed pole quite like a fishing-rod, lights the way through this underground labyrinth. What remains still of the fresco on the ceiling and walls of the cryptoporticus and of Nero's rooms, he will point out. He will take care that you see the little lion, and the reclining Venus, and the doves, and the perfect curve of the arabesques, in all their brilliant colours still and their exquisite finish, after eighteen centuries underground. These are the same dainty designs that pleased the taste of Nero in his time, and of Raphael in his; and may remain to be admired and copied a thousand years from now, — who knows?

In the atrium, behind the fountain, the custode calls attention to a platform of rough concrete, once faced with marble slabs: "of the Laocœon," he says; but this is doubted. That famous group was found in the ruins overhead; but Titus may possibly have plundered it from this very spot. Other pedestals, of less size, in different rooms, bear witness to statues, which very probably now stand in the Papal Museum or in that of the municipality, but no one knows which they are. It is certain that Nero's palace had every adornment and decoration that that opulent and most artistic age could furnish. It is thought that its name, the Golden House, was due to the gold-plated tiles of the roofs; but no doubt as much of the precious yellow metal was used inside as out, in cornices and mouldings, and the capitals and bases of columns. With this there was the soft yellow white of ivory, both carved and in smooth panels, and all

the beautiful colour of the painted ceilings. There were also easel paintings in very great number, and besides all the statues, countless vases of every size and form.

At the extremity of the cryptoporticus, there are archways which might lead to other portions of Nero's palace. But they are choked with the rude earth-heaps for which Titus is responsible. This situation recurs at many points, and the very last one of the opened rooms is so odd and pleasing that it stimulates one's curiosity vastly. This room is small, very lofty, peculiar in shape, half-domed, and with a very beautiful apse. Where the wall is not curved, many niches and arched doorways, either bricked up or choked with earth and stones, give it great originality. On the floor are two curious bases of concrete, curved to correspond with the line of the wall, which may have been pedestals, or may have been the substructure of broad couches. Opposite the apse, a higher mass seems to have been part of a fountain, and near it, in the floor, is a channel cut in travertine blocks. To one's fancy the shade of poor, beautiful, worthless Poppaea haunts the place, in her garments "of woven air." Wreck though it is, there is so much grace in the design that this may well have been a boudoir of Nero's wife. The Clytie of the British Museum is thought to be Poppaea, and there is a portrait bust of her in the Capitol,—not, however, with the soft loveliness of the Clytie, but in another phase of that marvellous beauty we read of, with the little head haughtily lifted. The odd little room of Nero's palace,—to which one returns again and again drawn by some vague attraction,—differs from all the rest because the light of day shines full into it: a huge fragment of the high vaulted roof has been torn off, leaving an oval opening perfectly in keeping with the other contours; a fringe of the tall grass and shrubs growing in the field above hangs over it, lightly waved by the soft



wind, and beyond is the sapphire blue of the Roman sky. It is not possible to express the charm of this picture.

At the fourth point where Nero's Golden House can be traced, along the northern and eastern part of the Caelian, there are only ruinous masses of brick-faced concrete, and a gigantic lava platform extending for a length of five hundred feet along the Via Claudia under the cliff. The walls for the same distance, masking the side of the hill, show arches and vaults of noble proportions, and what seem to be niches for colossal statues. Remains of mosaic pavement indicate that this building, whatever it was, originally extended across and beyond the space where the modern street runs. No ruins in Rome are more obscure than these. What portion of them should be attributed to Nero it is impossible to determine. It is said that Agrippina began here a temple of Claudius, who had received apotheosis after his death, and that Nero destroyed it. Whether his successors in turn destroyed his buildings we cannot be sure: it is generally believed that a great residence, built here by a certain Vectilius not otherwise noteworthy became imperial property about a century later, and was enlarged and occupied by the Emperor Commodus; which may, however, mean only that Vectilius had enlarged and reconstructed the Neronian building. The names both of Claudius and Nero linger here: the modern street takes its name from the elder Emperor, and the ancient designation of this corner of the hill as the *Nymphaeum Neronis* commemorates the younger. The Passionist monastery and church of SS. John and Paul, just back of these ruins, no doubt cover much that it would be well to have excavated; and in the monastery garden, not generally accessible, there are interesting fragments of masonry. The lava platform is exactly like the one underlying the ruins at the north-eastern base of the Palatine, and there is also a huge mass

of the same concrete among the Esquiline ruins, which seems to have been a retaining wall where the irregular hillside sloped suddenly to the lower level on which so important a part of the palace was built. The recurrence of this unusually solid lava concrete, in these three localities, suggests the idea that the buildings for which it secured a foundation are of the same date.

A large portion of the Caelian ruins consists of fragments of reservoirs and aqueduct-arches, from the Arch of Dolabella northward. On the Caelian hill, these fragments are not particularly picturesque or conspicuous, except the Arch itself, where Nero utilised the Augustan construction as the base of a reservoir whence his branch of the Claudian aqueduct, itself subdivided, led to the Palatine and to the northern edge of the Caelian. Eastward, however, — between this point and the angle of the wall, a few rods south from Porta Maggiore, where the Neronian branch begins, — the tall arches crossing the low ground make a series of most characteristic Roman pictures.

The great Claudian aqueduct, coming in from the Campagna, served later as part of the city fortifications for about a quarter of a mile, its arches being solidly walled up. But in Nero's time, there was no wall, only open country, through which two magnificent lines of aqueducts came grandly into town, — the Marcia, Tepula, and Julia, on the lower line; and on the taller, the Claudia and Anio Novus. The point where the Claudian aqueduct served as part of Aurelian's wall is just south-east of the gate, Porta Maggiore; here there was an immense reservoir, out of which the aqueduct emerged at right angles to its previous course, crossing the two roads, Praenestina and Labicana, with a very grand double arch, which is itself Porta Maggiore. From this reservoir begins the Neronian branch, skirting the Esquiline and then the Caelian, to its own

reservoir at the Arch of Dolabella. All this was low ground, and gave occasion for tall arches. Being inside the later walls, this work was not exposed to Gothic ravages; and, being built of concrete, it was not stolen away piecemeal for building materials, as the stone blocks of the Claudia and the Marcia were; still, even the brick facing, without which concrete was rarely used, offered temptation to the mediæval pilferers as excellent material for new concrete. Accordingly, the Neronian arches have been stripped bare for most of their course, without being entirely destroyed except at points where the ground on which they stood was required for some other buildings, so that enough of them remain to make the line clear from the Claudian reservoir near Porta Maggiore, to the Caelian hill. Very near the Claudian reservoir a beautiful archway remains, where the Neronian branch crossed a road which is still used,—not now, as formerly, the highway by which the soldiers, off duty in their camp, thronged to the amusements of the Amphitheatrum Castrense; but a very solitary, peaceful lane leading, between patches of grass, to the most unfrequented and remote of Roman basilicas, Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. On each side, this archway had an inscription, the panel in the brickwork and the holes for the metal pins showing where the marble slabs were once fixed.

Using concrete for the first time in aqueduct-building, the engineers of Nero provided extra security, by making their arches double,—in two tiers, that is to say, one above the other. To this were added the repairs made by Septimius Severus, early in the third century, much to the disadvantage of the finish. The brickwork of Nero's time is no less fine than that of Tiberius. In the gateway over the road, the facing of the arches, with their double ring of "two-foot tiles" (*tegulae bipedales*), their warm colour undestroyed by time is peculiarly admirable.

Kiln-dried bricks had, at this date, been used in Rome for a little more than a century, — the earliest brickwork which we find being in the fragmentary back wall of the Rostra, built by Caesar in 44 B.C. In shape, the common Roman bricks were equilateral triangles, varying in length from four inches to fourteen, ten inches being about the usual size. There were also the large rectangular tiles, nearly two feet square, used for bonding courses in walls, and for facings of arches. Besides these, there are smaller squares, but they are unusual except in a size of about eight inches square, employed for covering the wooden centring into which concrete was to be poured in the forming of vaults, and also for the short pillars on which the upper layer of a floor rested, where floors were built double that there might be a heated air-streak between.

Two other methods of facing concrete preceded the use of brick, or rather, one method in its two stages, the earlier and ruder, and the later and more finished one. This was the use of small blocks of tufa, smooth on the face, roughly wedge-shaped or pointed on the back, driven into the partly solidified concrete; in the earlier work these blocks are irregularly shaped and have interstices between them; in the later they are exactly cut lozenges, and fit closely to each other. In this latter form they are copied closely by the lava pavement of the streets of Rome at this day; and in their own time they had a miniature copy in the black lava and white palombino mosaic of house-floors of the late Republic. One hesitates in deciding between conflicting authorities as to the name of the earlier tufa-facing; some authors call it *opus insertum*, "inserted work"; others call it *opus incertum*, "undefined, i.e. irregularly-shaped work"; but if a lay opinion may be permitted, it would be that the former seems preferable, from the probability that the inventors themselves gave the name, and would naturally

have been more likely to define the new process than to criticise it. Only after there was the extremely accurate reticulated work to compare it with did its irregularity become conspicuous; at first, its most noticeable characteristic must have been that the blocks were driven into the concrete.

As to the concrete itself, never had any city such a building material at its command before or since. Very slowly the Roman builders came to understand all its capabilities. They began by using it as a kind of rubble to fill in the podium of their temples, where masonry was designed to be the support of the walls and columns, and they ended with the vaulted roofs of the *Thermae* of *Caracalla*. Its component parts were various; at first it was made with broken lumps of *tufa*; then *peperino* was sometimes added; under the Empire the concrete is often made of broken bricks and fragments of *travertine*; and there came a time when broken marble was so abundant in Rome that it was more convenient to use even than brick. With these various materials were the unvarying ones which made the wonderful cement, namely, *pozzolana* and lime.

The method of using the concrete in making walls was very simple: something like a board box was made, with upright posts driven into the ground in two parallel rows, and horizontal boards nailed from post to post on each side, the boards overlapping one another like shingles on a roof. When this was made of a convenient height, the semi-fluid concrete was poured into it, but the regularity of rows of the larger stones give rise to the conjecture that, alternately, a comparatively small amount of concrete was poured in, and these stones laid in rows by hand. Wherever concrete walls remain unfaced, the marks of the posts and of the boards are perfectly distinct, and tell the story of how the work was done. Where they have a facing of

brick or stone, it is not so clear how this was added, though in a few cases marks on the brick indicate that the wall was supported by boarding after it had been faced. When the first layer of concrete had hardened, the supports were removed and refixed at the new level, and so on, until the required height was attained.<sup>1</sup>

If the Neronian arches are an interesting study in brickwork and concrete, they are also an enchanting subject for water-colours and photographs, offering endless picturesque and varied points of view. Where they remain entire, at the crossing of the old road, the double arches, one above the other, have a character quite peculiar and very striking. A few rods further on, as they turn towards the west, they are scarcely more than shapeless masses of ruin, like huge, mysterious ridges of stone rising out of the cultivated field. Then the irregular line is broken by a road; on the other side of it, the arches re-appear, and for a length of perhaps a hundred rods traverse the garden of a villa. Like many other things in Rome, this lofty aqueduct of the imperial age traversing an eighteenth-century garden, is not easily

<sup>1</sup> The author acknowledges obligation to the work of Professor Middleton, "The Remains of Ancient Rome" (London and Edinburgh, Adam and Charles Black, 1892), from which these details, and others in respect to Roman constructions, have been abridged; not, however, without personal observation in every case. On the subject of Roman brickwork, a table, given by Professor Middleton, will be found useful:—

	Date.	Average Thick- ness of Bricks.	Average Thick- ness of Joints.
Rostra of Caesar .....	44 B.C.	1½ inch.	½ inch.
Praetorian Camp (Tiberius) ..	23 A.D.	1½-1½ "	½-½ "
Neronian Arches.....	c. 62 "	1-1½ "	½-½ "
Baths of Titus .....	80 "	1½ "	½ "
Palace of Domitian .....	c. 90 "		
Hadrian's Temple.....	c. 125 "	1½ "	1 "
Palace of Severus .....	c. 200 "	1 "	½ "
Walls of Aurelian .....	c. 271 "	1½-1½ "	1½-1½ "

described, for endless details make up the charm of the picture. The villa grounds are very extensive for a place inside city walls: they have been cut down in recent years by the laying out of new streets in this part of Rome, but there still remains undisturbed an area of six or eight acres, of irregular outline, stretching away behind and below the villa itself, which crowns the summit of the low hillock at its southwestern end. The villa, a large, yellowish, angular building of very simple architecture has been long unoccupied, and in some degree the grounds are neglected, but that very neglect makes them more lovely. The grass is not kept down to turf, but grows as on a country hill-side; the tall shrubbery and the great cypress-trees and ilxes are untrimmed; the rose-garden runs quite wild; but a few men are always at work on the place; there are long bands of pansies set year after year in the same ground, and old-fashioned lilies, and stocks, and gilly-flowers; and if the scarlet poppies, and the white myosotis, and the dark-purple vervain, and small yellow calendulas, and all the other wild-growing Roman plants invade the flower-beds, they hardly seem out of place.

Crossing in a straight line this beautiful wilderness, are the tall arches of Nero's aqueduct. They have been so long in a garden that they have quite forgotten what they were originally made for, and they have lent themselves with the most gracious willingness to Nature's uses, and serve her as a grand trellis on which to display her wealth of greenery. In turn, all this luxuriance serves them as a magnificent, soft, thick drapery, hiding the ravages that time and predatory hands have made in their once perfect finish. It is principally ivy which has overgrown them; but, besides that, many small plants which require but little soil have found enough in the crevices of the ragged concrete, and also trees and tall shrubs have sprung up close beside the

old wall, and seem to thrive in its shelter. It is almost impossible to imagine the luxuriance of all this wild vegetation. The ivy seems to have had centuries of growth; its huge stems coil themselves in every direction, attached to the concrete like part of itself, and the long branches are matted thickly one over another, densely covered with dark leafage, while through them sprays of lighter green show the new growth of the year. Never was such a frame for a series of pictures as these ivy-covered arches make; and not often are pictures so beautiful. Looking through them towards the north, one sees exquisite bits of the garden itself, a cypress eighty feet tall, a group of old ilexes, a shady path under shrubbery; and if it be late in the day, the Roman sky may have rare tints of flame-colour and rose. Looking outward, there is always the Campagna and the Alban hills.

Lured by the aqueduct into this old garden of the Russian villa, one lingers to find other points of attraction in it. A family columbarium has been excavated, and it is accessible by its original stairs. It is three stories deep, its concrete walls beautifully faced with *opus reticulatum*, and now tapestried with a luxuriant growth of ferns. An inscription remains, happily undisturbed, which tells in fine Roman letters that the columbarium was one architect's work, and another's tomb.

Elsewhere in the grounds, close by the western wall, there is a broad alley, — starting from a giant stone-pine, and cut in the direction of its length by a row of cypress trees, — devoted to memorials of kindred and friends by a princess who lived here, we may infer, early in the present century. These are a row of little monuments, of various forms, sometimes only a tall terra-cotta jar on a pedestal with an incised inscription, but usually some design in marble with a panel on which sentences are cut. At the



head of the alley, one larger than the rest was added after this lady's death, and it explains the others. In a circle, made by a snake with his tail in his mouth,—a symbol of immortality, are the words: *A la princesse Zenéide Volkonsky. Elle dédia le souvenir de cette allée à la piété filiale, à la reconnaissance, à l'amitié. La même est offerte à sa chère mémoire.*

The names of persons to whom the other memorials are dedicated are usually in Russian letters, and the rest of the inscription is in French. It is quite a family history thus embalmed; some mementos are very pathetic. Set into the wall is a terra-cotta relief, with four female figures in a pensive attitude; underneath, a Russian name, and the three words: *Amour, Souffrance, Repos*. Another, made like a little shrine, with a bas-relief of three boys as cupids, has this inscription: "You were of the same family; may you be happy in Heaven, and bless the only one of the three mothers who still in this world speaks your dear names." Another inscription is this: "She was good and beautiful as the angels, but for us this was only a tradition." The proud daughter thus commemorates her father: "I saw under his roof the unhappy comforted; artists, poets, and scholars welcomed and honoured; strangers received like brothers; servants cared for and made happy. His words were eloquent; his acts pure and generous. Happy the family who called him father." Beneath, on the same monument, is another tablet: "To the three faithful servants of my father."

Three famous names in literature are commemorated: Boieldieu; Goethe, "his country's glory" (*auréole*); and Sir Walter Scott, with this sentence: "The pleasant light of our wakeful nights (*veillées*) is extinguished." Also, a fine large antique terra-cotta vase, on a travertine block, bears the name of Baron Stein, the Prussian minister.

An allusion to Russian weather is pathetic: on a little white tablet, above a bas-relief of the genius of death with inverted torch, is a Russian name, and this sentence: "The snow has chilled the springing flower; here, at least, the icy wind will not reach the roses which affection cultivates for her sake." Just behind this little monument there the roses are, — a very large circle filled with old rose-bushes surrounding a column of antique marble on which is a bronze pine-cone, a tiny copy from the colossal cone in the Vatican court-yard.

This has been a long digression from Nero and his various constructions; but one can hardly help being led far afield many times in Rome, where the life of to-day and that of yesterday, — of the nineteenth century and of the first century — are so curiously entangled. It is good to have a plan, but it is no less good sometimes to overstep it.

From the Wolkonsky Villa onward, the Neronian aqueduct goes its way across the dusty streets with various interruptions, following a nearly straight line to the Arch of Dolabella. Near the building of the Scala Santa a large fragment of it remains; on the other side of the Lateran piazza there are two arches, rising through a roof, curious to behold; and along the street San Stefano Rotondo, they are a useful wall to vineyards, but their beautiful period is past.

Besides this line of arches, there may have been another Neronian branch of which no trace remains, for, at some distance from here on the Esquiline, and connected with the Golden House, there is an enormous reservoir which would be one of the most curious ruins in Rome, if it could be completely excavated. We have, however, only the upper story of seven great filtering chambers known as the Sette Sale which composed the immense reservoir. It is a large concrete structure divided by parallel walls, each wall hav-

ing four openings like doorways, placed in every case diagonally from each other, to render the course of the water as long as possible, so that the sediment might have more opportunity to be deposited. The seven chambers open like so many caves in a hill-side; above them there is quite a depth of soil, and grass grows abundantly. Inside, the walls have the usual reservoir lining of *opus signinum*, a fine hydraulic cement, upon which has been deposited, in the centuries of use of this reservoir, a coating of many thin layers of carbonate of lime. The ground where this great reservoir is makes part of what Professor Middleton calls "a farm" in the heart of the city, now owned by an American long resident in Rome. This "farm" of about eighteen acres, is bounded by city streets, and from one of them, the Via de' Sette Sale, very near the church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, access may be had to it by ringing a bell at a gateway in a high wall. Like many other interesting things in Rome, the Sette Sale are scarcely in the regular round for visitors. But on a sunny afternoon in very early spring (and, doubtless, at other times of year), one is well rewarded for spending an hour quietly on the roof of the old reservoir. The filtering chambers are quickly seen, — all the ancient decorations of columns and marble linings and statues are gone; there are only the seven arched caverns, which make rude store-rooms for farm implements and bundles of straw; they are broad and deep, and at their remote ends are apertures broken through, framing the blue sky, sufficiently picturesque with their fringe of grass and weeds. But to sit for an hour on the roof, which seems like a low hillock when you are seated there, is a very pleasant thing to do. The summit of the Esquiline has not the imposing prospect that some of the other hills have, but here you can fancy yourself in one of the ancient farms of this hill which was the site of the old Sabine village. The early agricultural

life of Rome can be made a little more real to the imagination here than elsewhere. Besides, there is not another great city in the world where there can be found a little farm of eighteen acres, cultivated in quite a primitive way, in the very midst of its dwelling-houses; and it is good to take account of all things unusual that Rome contains within the circuit of her walls.

Besides his palace, and the aqueduct branch to supply it lavishly with water, Nero built himself a triumphal arch upon the Capitoline hill, which is finely represented in one of his brass coins; and he furthermore occupied himself with constructions on the usual grand scale for the amusement of the public. He finished the Circus in the Vatican Gardens, where in the year 65 took place the Christian martyrdoms of which Tacitus makes mention. Here also, in 67, according to very ancient Roman tradition, S. Peter was crucified *inter duas metas* ("between the two goals" of the spina), which would indicate a spot at the foot of Caracalla's obelisk in its original position. Nero also built *Thermae* in the Campus Martius, and the poet Martial mentions them with praise. But since he was writing in a Flavian reign, when it was both safe and suitable to decry the last of the Caesars, he does not hesitate to contrast the goodness of the Baths with the badness of the builder. Nearly two centuries later these *Thermae* were reconstructed by Alexander Severus. Extensive remains of them, mostly subterranean, may be traced in a region just west of the Pantheon. Lastly, Nero built an amphitheatre somewhere in the Campus Martius, but this was probably a wooden building, for it has vanished utterly, except from the pages of classic writers, who have much to say of its luxury and splendour,—its awnings and cushions of silk, the screens of gold wire which defended the spectators of the lower tiers of seats from the beasts of the arena, the

coloured mosaics of its interior walls, and the fountains throwing into the air jets of perfumed water.

Withal, Nero was often away from Rome. He had built a seashore palace at Antium, his birthplace, and a very extensive villa in the Sabine Apennines at Subiaco; and both were favourite residences with him. Also, in his character of lyric and dramatic artist, on which he greatly prided himself, he made starring tours, so to speak, in the provinces. Later, encouraged by success in Naples and in Greece, he ventured to appear on the Roman stage and was much applauded. He drove his four horses abreast in the Circus, too, like any charioteer of the factions. A passion for these amusements had characterised Caligula, but it had never occurred to the earlier Emperor to overstep his rôle of spectator. He had done a thousand extravagant things, such as having the track sanded with vermilion when a favourite charioteer was to drive, or scattering great sums of money among the crowd to buy their applause for those charioteers whom he himself preferred; but his folly went no further. Nero had declared himself very early an admirer of Caligula, — who was his mother's brother, — "because," says Suetonius, "he squandered so rapidly the wealth that Tiberius had hoarded up." Nero also was extremely prodigal with the imperial treasure, but he wasted, besides, that more precious thing, the popularity of which he had great store at first. The Romans were not over-critical, but an Emperor on the stage of a public theatre, — acting, singing, fiddling, — or standing in the chariot of the race-course, urging his four horses at their maddest gallop around the dusty track, — was a sight repugnant even to them. And so it came about that on the first outbreak of sedition in a remote province, the great city suddenly flung off her master, very much as he might have been flung from his chariot on a race-day in the Circus. The completed tragedy

of Nero's downfall took place between darkness and dawn, in a single night of early summer. The Golden House, that had been so crowded with flatterers and servants and had been guarded at all its gates with the strict discipline of Roman camps, suddenly became a solitude; the guards, obeying mysterious orders, had disappeared; the servants, loaded with plunder, had stealthily crept away; the courtiers had retreated to their own houses, and kept the doors close, when the terrified young Emperor, waking, finding himself alone, and himself escaping also from this alarming solitude, begged some one to give him shelter.

Out of the darkness, presently, two or three persons appear, — Phaon, a freedman, a comrade of the old revels, and servants with horses. The little group makes its way outside the town, passing by the praetorian camp which is all astir, with lights and shouting for Galba, — the general now in Spain, of whom word has come to Rome that his army have proclaimed him Emperor. "Down with Nero!" he hears the praetorians howl, as he rides by the camp in the darkness. Four miles outside of Porta Pia, the Via Nomentana crosses the Anio, and near this bridge Phaon's villa received the fugitives. It is clear that the Emperor must die: no one seems to have thought it possible that he should make his escape in any direction. The only question is, will he die bravely by his own hand? This seems doubtful. At last the sound of horses' feet shows that pursuers have tracked him. He quotes a line of Greek poetry. "What an artist the world loses in me!" he says. Then, not very valiantly, he goes out of life.

In this ignominy ends the Julian line, which, by adoption or descent collaterally, held the Empire for a little more than a century. These Emperors are five in number, or six, including the great founder: Caesar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero. Two or three points are note-

worthy concerning the six Caesars. First, there is no descent in direct line, — that is to say, to son or grandson. Second, the collateral descent, in each case, is on the distaff side; namely, from Julia, the sister of Caesar, in the case of Augustus; from Octavia, the sister of Augustus, in the case of Caligula, of Claudius, and of Nero; and from Julia, the daughter of Augustus, in the case of Caligula and Nero. Further, it is to be noted that Tiberius had neither Julian nor Octavian blood, but was only the stepson of Augustus, his wife Livia's son by her previous marriage with one of the Claudii, hence a lineal descendant of the Appius Claudius who perished in the Mamertine Prison, and of that other Appius Claudius to whom Rome owed the famous first road and first aqueduct; and that, lastly, Livia herself, also, through her second son Drusus, who married the daughter of Octavia and Mark Antony, was an ancestress of Caligula, Claudius and Nero.

## CHAPTER V.

### ROME OF THE EMPERORS (49 B.C.—330 A.D.).

*(Continued.)*

A CONFUSED year, in which three emperors reigned and perished, followed the death of Nero, and then came the Flavian dynasty, — Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian, a father and two sons, whose successive reigns covered, in all, a period of only twenty-six years (70–96 A.D.).

The buildings of this short period, however, make a very long list: first and most memorable, the Colosseum; then a new Forum, with a temple; a palace and *Thermae* on the Esquiline; a palace on the Palatine; a temple in the Roman Forum; a triumphal arch; two *stadia*, — one, whose outlines are visible in a modern piazza, the *Circo Agonale*, — the other on the Palatine, and one of the finest ruins on the hill; and besides these, rebuildings and restorations without end. A veritable mania for building seems to have possessed the Flavian family. Never before or since in the history of Rome was there a quarter of a century like that. It is almost impossible to imagine the tumult of constructive energy which filled at once all the more important quarters of the city. Every one of the new buildings was grand of its kind, and most elaborate in finish. Besides all that was done upon the Palatine and the Esquiline, changing the very aspect of two of the old historic hill-tops, the third, the Capitoline, had its temple of Jupiter twice rebuilt in this period, and the second time, by Domitian, on a scale of magnificence which changed it com-



pletely from its ancient traditional aspect. At the bottom of Roman hearts there was still so much conservatism that it may be doubted whether the gold-plated tiles and other gilding to the amount of twelve million dollars' worth of metal, and the tall Pentelic monoliths, cut in Greece and re-cut and polished in Rome, which adorned the Flavian temple, really were as satisfactory to the public as the old low-roofed edifice with its terra-cotta statues, and the vermillion-painted Jupiter in his quadriga on the roof, which had been copied closely in previous rebuildings.

At the same time, no doubt, the general improvement of Rome brought great favour to the new dynasty. Nero had evidently built to please himself; the Flavian Emperors betray no personal taste, but only a desire to gratify the public, and follow imperial traditions, unless, perhaps, Domitian, with his two stadia, showed a preference for athletics. Nothing could be more plebeian than the Flavian family; there was much need to strengthen its hold upon popular favour. The brilliant fame of Caesar and the long prosperity of Augustus had extended a kind of shelter over the weakness and cruelty and folly of the later representatives of the Julian house. But the Flavii had nothing back of them.

Vespasian was the son of a tax-gatherer in the country; he had entered the army very early and had risen, by personal merit, to the rank of general. His bust in the Capitol tells the story of his career,—a hard-headed man, of great common sense, ambitious of power but not of display, shrewd, determined, above all things, practical. If Tiberius had cause to say: "I hold a wolf by the ears," much more might a new Emperor like Vespasian feel the peril of his position. All the old writers agree that he was extremely frugal; it is, therefore, notable that the great building of his reign was the most extravagant pro-

vision for public amusement ever made in the world. The Colosseum had not the excuse of the *Thermae*, which were grand sanitary devices, coupled with the intellectual profit of lectures, and readings of poems, and philosophic discussions, and all the social opportunities of a modern clubhouse. The amphitheatre was, in its intention, a place for the wholesale destruction of life, human and animal for the amusement of spectators; and to witness these scenes of murder and butchery, repeated from hour to hour, all day long, daily for months together, eighty thousand spectators, from the highest to the lowest class, were bidden. This was the great popular measure of the Flavian family.

The use of the Colosseum for gladiatorial combats lasted three centuries; and the Christian religion had been officially established in Rome for over fifty years before they finally ceased. Nothing that was ever built is such a monument of tyranny on the one side, and subserviency on the other, as this. For the fatal service of the amphitheatre were gathered in Rome ten thousand men and more, all of them furnished with weapons, and extremely skilled in the use of them, athletic, well-fed, and lodged; many of them had been once soldiers themselves, and in other days had met the Roman legions on battle fields, and sometimes even defeated them. Now, prisoners, they were absolutely certain of death. "Why," says a French essayist, "did it never happen that they flung themselves over the gilded railings, which turned, it is true, under a wild beast's claws, climbing alone, but would not have been the slightest defence against a dozen resolute men acting together? The formidable mystery is the stupidity of these herds of human beings, brought here to kill one another, and who, since they could not save their lives, never once dreamed of selling them at a heavy price. Strange effect of fear, frightful abjectness of man! They did not forgive, they were not

resigned; but they made no defence. More than that, they yielded to the ceremonial of the arena, acquitting themselves of death as of a duty. They made the circuit of the amphitheatre; they uttered the famous *Ave!* And then they let themselves be slaughtered."

At the present day it is with an effort that one recalls facts like these. The Colosseum still stands, but *quanto mutatum ab illo!* Time, which has brought a humaner civilisation to the cruel human race, has taken Vespasian's stupendous building and wrought marvels there also. Every other edifice reared by hands of man has been the loser in suffering ravage; but this one has gained all its beauty by these losses. When the Colosseum was complete in its entire circuit, with its ring of tall masts rising high above its topmost wall and carrying gay-coloured awnings over the ranks of seats; when statues stood in every one of the arches of the second and third stories, a hundred and sixty in all, made to order (which is not the way that really noble works of art can be had); and when the great exterior of travertine was still new and crude in colour, the building must have been imposing from its vast bulk, but it could not have been beautiful or grand. Look at its interior also; in the central space, "the sand," *arena*, glaring white, or sometimes vermilion-strewn, under the unshaded daylight; a tall, gilded wire fence enclosing it, and behind that a ring-platform, the podium, about twelve feet high, faced with marble, on which were placed in single row the individual marble chairs for the great people,—among them the Emperor's seat, conspicuous and surmounted by a canopy; then rank upon rank of marble and stone benches, rising one behind another to the very top of the wall. There is nothing beautiful in this utilising to the utmost every foot of space; the eye requires the higher parts of great buildings to grow lighter as they rise. Both within

and without, this was heavy to its very top. Outside, indeed, the upper story of the Colosseum is not even a series of open arches, but a solid wall cut by square windows. This, however, was a later addition to the Flavian building. But it is thought that the original amphitheatre of Vespasian and Titus had an upper story of wood which was burned off at some time, perhaps being struck by lightning.

The building covers about six acres of ground, and though nearly two-thirds of its original material is gone, the devastations were of such a character that, except in some minor details, the scheme of the great building remains perfectly clear. There was the central arena, perfectly level, oval in form, not quite three hundred feet long and somewhat more than half as wide; then there was the belt of seats, rising from the ring-platform twelve feet high, where the Emperor and the high dignitaries had their marble chairs, to the broad, colonnaded gallery nearly at the top of the wall, occupied by the poorest classes of the population. Between the gallery and the podium the seats were divided into three very distinct ranks, completely separated from each other by corridors and walls. At right angles to the corridors the broad staircases ascended, so numerous and so well-planned, that each class of the community reached its own seats without coming into contact with its social inferiors.

It is thought there were fifty tiers of seats in these three ranks; sloping thus from so great a height down to the arena, they were supported by enormous substructions of masonry, and this gave space for the most magnificent feature of the building, the stately ring of corridors, double on the ground floor and on the first story above it, and single on the second story, which made an unbroken circuit within the great outer wall. This is the old favourite porticus of Rome adapted to a new use. These corridors are fourteen

and sixteen feet wide, and are over thirty feet high; and the great open arches of the exterior walls are repeated in the two concentric interior walls outlining the corridors. From the innermost of these three arcades to the corridor behind the podium the supports of the rows of seats take the form of massive radiating walls, between which are passage-ways to the podium corresponding with every fourth arch in the outer walls; and in the other spaces, the massive stair-work to the upper galleries is carried.

On the northern side of the amphitheatre, towards the Esquiline, the corridors remain perfect: on the opposite side, the two exterior walls are gone, and even part of the third, but this inner wall has been judiciously restored in brick. The blocks of travertine remaining in the northern walls show what grand plunder the builders of the Renaissance found: with a general thickness of two feet some of these blocks are four feet square, others six, and some seven feet long and four feet broad.

The Colosseum offers so many points of interest that one could study it long and profitably. The substructures of the arena are very curious. More than half of this space is now laid open, showing concentric walls of early date; stone dens for the wild beasts in a ring nearly beneath the podium; the usual cryptoporticus in three directions, one of which, finely finished, with remains of marble wall-linings, mosaic pavement, and stuccoed ceiling, is supposed to have been built by Commodus for easier access to his favourite sport of the amphitheatre. Besides the concentric walls under ground, there are others in parallel lines, and between some of these, lifts of rude construction; a number of bronze sockets for windlasses are in different parts of the substructure. All these things indicate that the arena had a floor of planks, under its sand, with many trap-doors, and even itself removable at pleasure.

The system of drainage and water-channels is very interesting, and has in recent years received much attention. A great sewer has been discovered which runs all round the oval, passing under the radiating walls at their outer edge; and smaller drains from the arena communicate with it. The start of these may be observed in recesses under the podium, triangular apertures made with two large tiles leaning together. In front of the dens is a water-channel, through which a little stream makes its way, as if still some thirsty beast might lean over to drink of it. In the upper corridors there are other channels which, it is thought, carried pure water from the Caelian reservoir to supply jets and fountains, both for ornament and to cool the air of the crowded amphitheatre.

The earliest excavations under the arena were made by the French in the earlier part of the century, when they laid an improving hand on so many of the Roman ruins. Here they did very useful work, clearing out the ground floor, which was completely buried in rubbish. They also built the excellent wall protecting the northern side of the area, and had grand designs as to surrounding avenues of trees, which appear on the plan of the projected improvements. But the year 1814 put an end to their work in Rome.

The French exploration of the substructure only reached a depth of about ten feet; but excavations of 1874, under the present government, went further, and eighteen feet below the level, the old pavement of *opus spicatum*, small bricks set on edge, was uncovered. Then it was that the great cryptoporticus towards the Lateran was reached, of which about two hundred and fifty feet have been cleared out, and under it was discovered the main drain, with an immense accumulation of lamps and spoons, needles, *styli*, bones of animals, and two marble heads, one of which was the Emperor Gordian III.

The usual Roman building materials were used in the Colosseum with great skill. It has been said that in the sagacious employment of varied materials this grand building is the most remarkable instance of Roman utilitarian architecture which remains to us. In walls where the pressure was not very great, that is, in the radiating walls nearest the arena, concrete was regarded as sufficient; but even these are strengthened by a pier of travertine built at their extremities. Farther outward, where they are higher and bear a greater weight, in their upper portion they are of concrete, and below, of massive blocks of the hard tufa, and here again, from point to point, travertine piers are built in with the tufa to give additional security. But in the three concentric outer walls there is nothing but travertine used, making the great stone quarry for the builders of the Renaissance. All these blocks of travertine, carefully fitted and set without mortar, were originally secured, — by what seems a needless precaution, — each block to the next, by iron clamps. Not only did the Colosseum serve as a stone-quarry, but earlier as an iron mine also. Every one of the beautiful blocks of travertine is defaced by huge ragged holes made in extracting this metal. It is a curious proof of the extreme value of iron in the Middle Ages, — or rather, of its scarcity, — for the labour of extracting the comparatively small piece of metal, roughly as it was dug out, must have been enormous. To the general wreckage of the material of the Colosseum was added that of its decorations in marble and granite. No doubt vast quantities were carried away, but there is also a great amount of fragments scattered all over the ground. Some blocks of marble betray previous use, — inscriptions on both sides, or an inscription interrupted where the block of marble has been sawed in two.

Seen from the outside, the rudely incised Roman numerals over the open archways attract notice. Our scheme

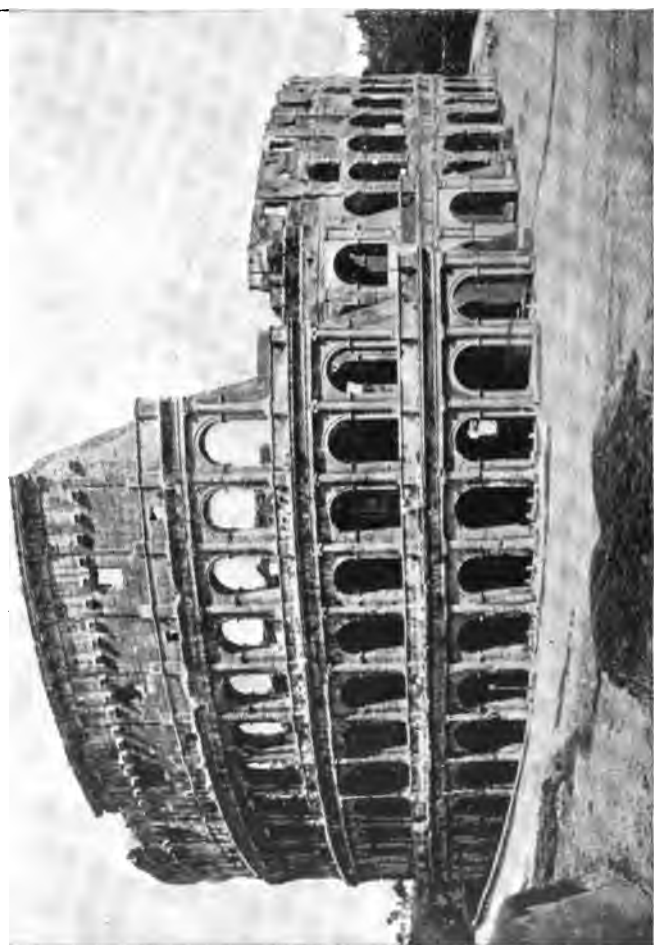
of numbered seats in places of amusement seems to have begun here. Corresponding with these numbers were tickets, having details as to place extending even to the designation of the individual seat, which, once assigned, remained the same for each person, being a matter of rank. An inscription on a large slab in the Capitoline Museum concerning a Roman college of priests, the Arval Brethren, contains details as to the seats of the inferior Arvales in the amphitheatre. The paragraph is headed *LOCA · ADSIGNATA · IN · AMPHITHEATRO*, and is dated (as Roman inscriptions are, by the names of the Consuls) in the year 80.

The story of the Colosseum everybody knows: its long use as an amphitheatre, continuing even for centuries after Rome had officially adopted the Christian religion; then a silence of centuries as to it; presently, its occupation as a fortress by one great Roman family, the Frangipanni, — and later by another, the Annibaldi; its siege by Robert Guiscard, who is thought to have begun the destruction of its western and southern wall; in 1312 its temporary use as an arena for bull-fights; then, the beginning of its demolition for building material when, in 1362, the legate of Urban V. openly offered its stone for sale, and the marble was plundered by any one at will who wished to use it for lime; after that, its continuous devastation in this intent for two centuries, until three great palaces, the Farnese, the Barberini, and the Cancelleria, two or three churches, and a quay on the river had been built from it; then, papal attempts to utilise the great ruin for industrial purposes, the fitting up in it of a woollen factory and various shops; lastly, its consecration to the memory of the Christian martyrs who perished in it, and, at the present day, its careful preservation as one of the grandest ruins of ancient Rome.



*The Colosseum.*







Every one has heard and read so much about the Colosseum that it might seem there would be no very novel experience in seeing the building itself for the first time. Yet this is really not so. Its stupendous dimensions, which have haunted the imagination of the civilised human race for so many centuries, produce their effect unfailingly. No one can tell in advance what it is like to see that great curve, which is a third of a mile long in its completeness, designed in space by a wall more than a hundred and fifty feet high. Other great buildings are admirable combinations of parts, making the grand whole; one can take them in detail: the long line of the nave, in a cathedral, its noble portal and façade, its stately tower or dome, its airy spire; but this one has no detail, so to speak; the eye cannot analyse it, but must grasp it at once. Hence, perhaps, its very singular impressiveness.

In the present ruinous condition of the great exterior walls, it makes a difference from which point of view one sees the Colosseum for the first time. To have the first glimpse of it at the extremity of a shabby street is unfortunate, seeing thus the ragged western end of the great oval, the repairs fully in evidence and all the ravaged interior with its hopeless desolation. This, however, the stranger unadvised is nearly certain to do, coming, as he naturally will, from the Forum. Far different is the effect when, crossing the ridge of the Esquiline, just west of San Pietro in Vincoli, one comes out on an open slope opposite the northern side of the building, and sees the whole great wall, towering to its full height, extending its broad curve almost as the Romans of the Empire beheld it. Where it has suffered change, indeed, the difference is to our advantage; there are magnificent vistas open through the triple archways and between the inner radiating walls, in the lower stories, and above shines through the radiant blue of

the sky. Doubtless the Romans preferred it as they had it, and it gave them a thrill of delight, too, to hear the sounds which issued from the great building as they trooped across the hill here by thousands in the early morning for their day's pleasure,—not only the citizens in their fine white togas, but also “the dark-clad ones,” *pullati*, the *profanum vulgus*, on the way to their high gallery,—the heavy roar, the sharp cry, the prolonged howl from the dens beneath the arena, where the animals for the day were kept ready presently to spring through the trap-doors, perhaps a hundred lions at a time. But to-day there is not a place in the world more peaceful and more still than the huge amphitheatre.

After long acquaintance with Vespasian's building, one learns to know the best point of view for the interior also. This is a little area of the highest gallery, all that remains of it, close under the northern wall. By long flights of stairs, the lower ones twelve or fourteen feet broad, those at the last story narrow and differently constructed, one arrives at this terrace, with its neat modern floor and iron railing; on the ancient base of a column it is possible one may sit for hours undisturbed. Far too many visitors only look up at the Colosseum and go their way. But the arena is still, as of old, a very dusty place; it is surrounded by all the wreckage of broken columns and pieces of entablature, and the eye is fatigued by the confused ruinous vaultings on which the rows of seats were built. From higher points views become more harmonious; the noble plan of the building is shown up; the broad, fine corridors, a clear oval ring concentric with the walls, the regular archways, even the curious substructures of the arena, look well from above.

The most beautiful of all Roman landscapes makes the background to this picture; and looking off at it, one feels

that the world has never been sufficiently grateful to those plundering princes of the Church who took away so much of the great southern wall, that one can see what lies beyond it, and left the northern comparatively intact, which hides from view all the modern city. No one can tell why the choice was made to pull down one side rather than the other; but if these devastations had been executed to order in the interest of the picturesque, they could not possibly have been more successful. Even the destruction of all the marble fittings is a gain as regards colour, though it is a loss to archaeology; but white marble has a sad way of turning black, while now the interior presents only a series of soft terra-cotta tints, with here and there a scrap of green, where some plant has gained a transient foothold, or the gleam of a scarlet poppy flaunting its silken petals in the sunlight.

It is the most beautiful of all Roman landscapes that lies beyond the low brown wall, because it is the most significant. It is composed of the three hills out of the ancient seven which remain most nearly unchanged in their configuration since the primitive days of Rome. On the Palatine, it is true, there are ruins of palaces that Romulus never saw, and even a church or two, and a monastery and a convent; on the top of the Caelian there are the groups of buildings connected with the old church of the Roman soldier-saints, John and Paul, the two brothers; and on the Aventine, one who knows where to look for it will see Santa Saba, with the row of columns of its quaint old loggia. But the hills are distinct, rising out of the level ground, three little hillocks of volcanic débris covered with luxuriant vegetation. On the Caelian, most nearly opposite the Colosseum, the light tints of the deciduous trees, soft shades of yellowish and greyish green contrast with the lustrous dark foliage of the ilex-trees, the heavy, rounded masses

of the stone-pines, each tree standing out by itself, and the very slender, tall cypresses, whose green is nearly black even in the spring. On the Palatine at the right is, first, the perfectly level, cultivated ground of the Barberini Vigna, laid like a velvet carpet upon some unwallled, unroofed floor of Nero's Golden House; and behind this, on higher ground, the buildings and church of a monastery, and the tall light walls of Villa Mills, and scattered dark-brown masses of ruin, among the trees, and the famous palm of the Palatine clearly outlined against the sky. Midway between these two hills, but further away, the Aventine is all a maze of soft green; at its foot is the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and a crowded cluster of cypresses betrays the Protestant cemetery lying under them, where were buried Keats in 1821, Shelley in 1822, and now, alas! in 1893, John Addington Symonds. Far away beyond stretches the beautiful Campagna, where the long outline of the great extra-mural basilica of S. Paolo attracts the eye on its nearer verge; and, in the extreme distance, a soft, dark, hazy line indicates the Mediterranean.

The soft, white masses of cloud, that flock the blue sky of an April day, screening the sunlight in the foreground, add a tender grace to the already perfect landscape. This, indeed, is "Rome, most beautiful," of the Latin poet's love. As the hours go by, the clouds of the early afternoon disperse, and as the sun gets lower, the slant light searches through and through the fresh leafage of the Caelian, and seems to reveal the vigorous young outlines of every spray and tuft of leaves; and far away, at the west, the white city on the Alban hill gleams like Alba Longa of old.

For the other great work of Vespasian's reign, his Forum and temple of Peace, time has been less lenient. How and when this temple disappeared, which contemporaries praised as one of the marvels of Rome, there is no record at all;



but the temple itself has not left one stone upon another, nor, indeed, the stones themselves in any position. The Emperor began it immediately after the conquest of Jerusalem; here he enshrined the famous Jewish spoils, — the golden candlestick and table of the shew-bread, and the silver jubilee trumpets, whose like are now heard from a high gallery in S. Peter's, when papal jubilees call together the faithful from the four quarters of the globe. There were many spoils of Greece, pictures and vases and statues, and many gems of great price from the Golden House of Nero. And there were the usual two libraries, with their store of Greek and Latin manuscripts.

The Forum in which this temple stood, — dedicated, by the way, to a goddess for the first time worshipped in Rome, — occupied a space now cut by the Via Cavour, and a fine length of its exterior wall on the eastern side can still be seen close by the huge arches of what is called Constantine's Basilica. It is the usual grand masonry of the early Empire, blocks of tufa and perperino, left rough on the face, like those of the Augustan Forum. In this wall is an interesting flat-topped doorway, made with great blocks of travertine. This entrance was long since walled up, and some mediæval building is carried a few feet above the ancient masonry.

For his residence, Vespasian adopted what is known as the house of Sallust, a villa built by the historian, who had grown very rich as the governor of Numidia. In the reign of Tiberius, this property had fallen to the crown, and lying on the outskirts of the town as it did, it became a favourite abode of many Emperors in succession. The exact site of the villa and gardens is on the northwest of the Via Venti Settembre, extending back to the Pincian slope, and a new street, the Via Sallustiana, commemorates our friend of the history. According to Professor Middle-

ton, extensive remains of this villa were discovered in 1884 and later, but have been completely destroyed in laying out the new part of the town. Somewhere here, very early in the eighteenth century, an obelisk covered with rude hieroglyphics was unearthed, and it was placed, for a time, in the neighbourhood of the Lateran; but it seemed good to Pius VI., a Pope who was interested in obelisks, to transfer it to the head of the Spanish Stairs, where now it stands, seen afar from many points; but from its inferior workmanship it is much despised, notwithstanding its unquestioned eighteen centuries of age, as being only a feeble Roman imitation of the great Egyptian obelisks of the Piazza del Popolo, of the Lateran, and of Monte Citorio.

After a reign of nine years, Vespasian died, and at once received the apotheosis he had cynically, or perhaps only humorously—for this was his turn of mind—prognosticated: “I feel myself becoming a god,” he had said, when his illness assumed a threatening aspect. Probably during his father’s lifetime Titus had begun his own buildings on the Esquiline, for he could scarcely have completed, during his reign of only two years, the palace and *Thermae* which bear his name. Of all these there remain only towering masses of concrete, a beautiful floor of black mosaic pavement which seems to have belonged to a circular hall, and fragments of superb columns of a very rare grey Egyptian granite, all in the same vigna with the *Sette Sale* of the Neronian palace. Two half columns among these serve for the top of a long rustic table under a trellis, where perhaps the labourers in this market-garden of an American owner may celebrate an occasional holiday with harmless festivities; and, elsewhere, in a huge cavity of the ground, masses of granite fragments lie heaped one upon another. Yet if these columns were, as is possible, the first of grey granite ever seen in Rome, they are very memorable.

Granite is so common a building stone in our time, that, to find it among the materials which the Roman builders had at their command, at first seems not specially noteworthy; but it was, in fact, a great novelty in Rome in the first century of our era, and a very expensive one. The splendid marbles in solid colour, the reds and yellows and blacks, and the infinitely varied breccias, with their exquisite combinations of tints, were brought from much nearer quarries and worked with far less labour.

At a later date the granite of Elba came into use; and, in our own time, Baveno, on Lake Maggiore, furnishes most beautiful varieties in pink and grey; but in the great days of the Empire, it was from the remote depths of Egypt only that this "foundation-stone of the globe" was brought; first, the red granite; later, grey of different kinds, green, and black; besides this, red porphyry, and, in small quantity, basalt, and, also, a certain Egyptian breccia, not calcareous like the other breccias, but a pudding-stone composed of granite and porphyry pebbles in a cement of feldspar.

At what date the first red granite was brought to Rome remains a problem. If the forty-four slender monoliths and the light angular piers in the cortile of the Cancellaria really once belonged, as has been generally believed, to Pompey's buildings which occupied a large area adjacent, and if they were part of the original building and not added in the "restorations" we read of, then, unquestionably, these are the very oldest granite columns in Rome. Second to these in date would be the columns of the Pantheon, if the old opinion could be supported that they belong to Agrippa's building. These are sixteen in number, and the eight of the front row are grey (with the exception of the restored one at the eastern angle). Whatever may be believed as to the red columns, in respect to the grey the opinion gains ground, more and more, that they are not of Agrippa's time,

but belong to that entire reconstruction of the building in the time of Hadrian, which is conclusively proved by the brick-stamps of the rotunda.

In these uncertainties, the first date of which we can be sure is that of 23 B.C., recorded in the inscription on the obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo. This tall red monolith was brought to Rome by order of Augustus after his Egyptian victories, but this fact implies, of course, no Roman command of quarries in Egypt at that time. It was only a single stone, quarried long before, which had stood for perhaps a thousand years already in the temple-court of Heliopolis. Augustus also made prize of a second incised obelisk, placing it on a sun-dial in the Campus Martius, and this one, thrown down we know not when, long lay underground, and was only re-set, on Monte Citorio, a hundred years ago. Caligula's obelisk, now of the Vatican, was the third; then followed the two of Claudius, — these all being destitute of hieroglyphic inscriptions.

Meantime other of the hard Egyptian stones had made their appearance in Rome, but as yet no columns. The most ancient basalt is thought to be the wonderfully interesting head of Caligula in the Capitol, the mysterious, sombre likeness of the unhappy son of Germanicus and Agrippina. We read that the Emperor Claudius received a present of a statue in porphyry, but this has disappeared, and the oldest porphyry that remains is the magnificent basin of the Vatican Rotunda. It was found on the Esquiline in the sixteenth century and belonged, very probably, first to Nero, although it is usually attributed to the Baths of Titus. In modern times it was in turn the treasure of which three Popes disposed: Julius III. transported it to his villa outside the walls, the well-known Papa Giulio; Clement XI., about the year 1700, brought it back to town and made it the basin of a fountain in his cortile of the

Belvedere; finally, Pius VI., nearly a century later, in making his extensive additions to the Vatican, built a great circular hall expressly to receive it. There it now stands in its consummate perfection, perhaps the most sumptuous object in all those grand galleries.

The quarries of red granite were the most readily accessible. They belong to that offshoot of the great igneous range parallel with the Red Sea which strikes westward, crossing the Nile valley, and forming a barrier over which the river plunges in its First Cataract at Assouan. As regards transportation, the neighbourhood of the river was an enormous facility; as regard quarrying, the work here was not difficult, for the rock was quite on the surface, and was never worked to a depth exceeding eighty feet. The quarries of grey granite and of porphyry, and of Egyptian breccia and of a very rare green porphyry, on the contrary, were very remote from the river, in the great range that lies within twenty-five miles of the Red Sea, in the midst of trackless deserts unexplored even by the Egyptians themselves. But when the Romans had made the conquest of Egypt all this was changed; the country was ransacked for its treasures of every kind, and where these valuable and beautiful varieties of stone were found, the invaders without hesitation established colonies, with thousands of workmen, miles away from any source of supplies, and made roads and fortified stations and established communication with the far-off city to which all these spoils were destined. And to Rome they went, in quantities of which we can form no idea. The mere fragments that remain are enough to have made splendid the three hundred and sixty churches of the papal city, for scarcely one fails to have Egyptian granite or basalt or porphyry or alabaster in some form. There are columns by hundreds; under high altars there are the colossal bath-tubs which now serve as shrines

enclosing the relics of saints; the floors of all the older churches have the exquisite opus alexandrinum, with its disks and squares of the Egyptian stone; in statues and figures of animals, and in vases of every description, they adorn the Roman museums; and even the very ground is full of their tiny fragments.

Besides the quarries already worked by the Egyptians at the First Cataract, the Romans at various times opened others in that neighbourhood. But in the century that began with Titus and ended with the reign of Marcus Aurelius (80-180 A.D.), the great quarries by the Red Sea seem to have been the main source of supply for Rome. The red granite was comparatively out of style,—the greys and the porphyries were the latest fashion.

Mr. Brindley's discoveries of the porphyry and grey granite quarries in 1887, related by himself in a paper read before the Royal Institute of British Architects, have a charm like that of the Arabian Nights. He struck east through the desert, from Keneh on the Nile, with a caravan of nine camels and nineteen attendants, with food, water, tents, bedding, and three weeks' provender for the camels, and on the second day found himself on the Roman track. The old path was still well marked, and he came upon his first splinter chips of real porphyry, proving that there had been some kind of a workshop near by. On the third day he reached a Roman station, fortified, having a stone gateway and a well. On the fourth, the porphyry mountain appeared in sight, Djebel Duchan, in the extreme distance; and here, in the sand to the right of the road, lay a fragment of a porphyry column, roughly tooled over, three feet in diameter, and in length nearly three feet, which evidently had been left here on account of the breaking down of a truck. At noon, reaching another station, Mr. Brindley found many porphyry blocks partly buried, lying

about in the sand, and in the building itself (which was also a kind of fort a hundred feet square), rubbish heaps containing chips of porphyry and the rich green Egyptian serpentine, of which there are many small objects in the Roman collections. After another day's journey, and a day's rest in a charming valley having high mountains of bare rock on three sides of it where there was a fourth Roman station, the caravan reached the watershed between the Red Sea and the Nile, with the great range of the porphyry mountains fully in sight, extending as far as the eye could see. Here again was a Roman station, with an ancient smelting furnace and heaps of scorii and ashes; also remains of shell-fish which had been used as food. The station was protected by a fort, consisting of an isolated granite rock, with a wall around it, and circular entrance towers, the form of the rock being so irregular that some part of it always threw shadow and furnished shelter from the intense heat.

From this station the ancient Roman road, about eighteen feet wide, led straight up the mountain,—a road which has been untouched by hand of man for seventeen centuries, but is still in excellent condition. At some distance up it struck a ravine, and then narrowed to a four-foot track. At the height of three thousand one hundred feet, the summit of the pass revealed the formation, an immense amphitheatre of rocks, like the huge crater of an extinct volcano; "a wilderness of desolation," says Mr. Brindley, "a Vesuvius without smoke," and within it, an ancient Roman town and a temple. A path led down, across, and up on the other side, built upon solid masonry where it encountered ravines. Mr. Brindley, with his Arabs, descended, and at the foot of the opposite mountain he found the ground strewn with pieces of porphyry, and a little further on, the actual pitch, or slide, down which the blocks were delivered; also, there

were remains of workmen's sheds, and, again, broken blocks of porphyry, but still no quarry to be seen. Sitting down in a shady place and looking casually about him, Mr. Brindley became aware of wedge-holes all over the face of the rock near which he sat. Wondering why the Romans had worked upon what seemed to be only a brownish felspar, he scaled off a chip with his hammer, and discovered that the entire mass of rock, everything underfoot, everything about him, was porphyry, the ochre colouring being a thin film on the surface. There were all the finest varieties, even the rare breccia, and the greenish-greys. On the vertical face of the rock a series of holes outlined an enormous column, half wedged off. In a ravine below lay a great number of blocks that had been hurled down as an easy, though rough, method of transportation. Elsewhere there were mortars, chiselled out of waste pieces, as is common in all marble quarries. In one place lay a porphyry bust, life-size, roughed out for the sculptor. Near the old Roman station, in the amphitheatre-like valley to which he presently descended, there is still a ruinous granite temple and altar, with a Greek inscription to Serapis, the sun-god, "for the safety and perpetual success of our Lord the Emperor Hadrian and his house." What a story this tells of the universal power of Rome,—an inscription in Greek, in the midst of far-off African deserts, to a divinity of Egypt, in the Emperor's behalf! Not only must all men labour for him, but the gods of all nations must protect him. As one must go to a distance fitly to see and judge some colossal statue, so sometimes one needs Egypt for a point of view to understand Rome.

Porphyry from the first was an imperial stone, guarded jealously by the Roman Emperors for their own purposes; but it appears that they quarried a great deal more than they were able to use, and it is thought that reserve depots



were made in Alexandria, from which the later Emperors drew their immense supplies, especially Constantine, who used it with great profusion. The quarries of Djebel Duchan were no longer worked, it is believed, after about the middle of the second century, for Greek inscriptions show no later lessee than Epaphroditus, an imperial freed-man of Sigirium, in the year 147.

For fifteen centuries these quarries have been lost sight of, and now Mr. Brindley proposes to work them again. The Romans had no transportation by the Red Sea, and were obliged to carry their blocks all the long ninety-six miles to the river Nile before embarking them; but the English contractor can avail himself of the Suez Canal. From the porphyry quarries to Myas Hormos on the Red Sea is only a little more than twenty miles, and all the way an easy slope. Difficulties as to labour, of course, are vastly reduced by modern machinery, and there seems no reason to doubt that the old imperial stone may be brought into the market of the twentieth century.

The Roman Emperors valued red porphyry above all things for sarcophagi. After the fountain-basin from the Esquiline, the next historic object is the sarcophagus of the Emperor Hadrian, or rather its lid, for the sarcophagus itself, which Innocent II. had transferred to the Lateran for his own tomb, was destroyed in a fire which ravaged the ancient basilica, probably that of 1308. We read that this sarcophagus was thirty-two feet high, and if this is true, as it is very likely to be, it was the largest monolith of porphyry that was ever brought to Rome. Its lid, after surmounting the tomb of the Emperor Otho II., the only German Emperor buried in S. Peter's, was transferred from the old basilica, when the present building took its place, to a chapel on the left of the entrance, and now serves a use of which Hadrian never dreamed, namely, that of a

baptismal font. It is a beautiful oval, cut from a single block, about thirteen feet long and half as broad.

Two only of the great porphyry sarcophagi remain,—those of Helena and Constantia, Constantine's famous mother and his daughter, the latter otherwise quite unknown to fame, except as a saint of the Roman Church. When these two were placed where they now stand in the Vatican Hall of the Greek Cross, a transference made by Pius VI. about a century ago, they had been so much damaged that they required complete restoration and re-polishing. Some idea of the labour of working porphyry may be derived from the facts as to this restoration. For the one which was more damaged of the two, twenty-five skilled workmen were employed for twenty-five years, at an expense of over ninety thousand dollars. It has been estimated by a person experienced in stone-cutting, that the labour of two thousand men for three years must have been expended on the quarrying and preparing and transportation of any one of the great monoliths which came to Rome.

Probably the largest porphyry column ever seen was the one which the Emperor Constantine erected in his new capital on the Bosphorus, but very possibly this may have been brought from Rome. It was a hundred feet high, and made of nine solid drums, each eleven feet in height, with joints covered with annulets of laurel wreaths in gilt bronze. This had a diameter of eleven feet. There is a great roundel in the floor of S. Peter's, on which the German Emperors used to be crowned, eight feet and a half in diameter. It is probable this was a section of one of the great columns. But of those which remain no dimensions are comparable with these. Usually they are only the columns of baldacchinos and tabernacles.

In respect to the ancient granite quarries near the river,

Mr. Brindley gives interesting details. Here the granite was usually red, or rose-coloured, but in some cases a blackish grey, and in others a grey with very large crystals of pink felspar. The colour of the granite depends mainly upon the felspar, a red or pink felspar giving a reddish granite, a white felspar, a grey granite. Graphic granite, so called, in which the crystals have so arranged themselves as to have a rude resemblance to Hebrew writing, was quarried further away from the Nile, about fifty miles due east from Thebes. Another granite very much used in Rome was called *Lapis psaronius* (spotted like a starling). This came from the far eastern deserts. Another Englishman, Mr. Floyer, who has explored these quarries, found all the neighbourhood full of traces of Roman occupation,—huge columns half-cut, lying partly buried in the sand, as though work had been, in some mysterious way, suddenly and forever broken off in the midst of its utmost activity.

Connected with Egypt also in Roman story, are certain temples either founded or rebuilt by the third of the Flavian Emperors, who succeeded his brother Titus in 81 A.D. These are the temples of Isis and Serapis, Egyptian divinities, of which there seems to have been one in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon, where have been found many pieces of sculpture now in the Vatican and the Capitol, some of which are clearly Egyptian originals, and others Roman imitations. Four small obelisks, from seventeen to twenty feet in height were also found in this neighbourhood: of these, one stands in the piazza of the Pantheon; one, on an elephant of Bernini's time imitated from an antique, in front of the church Santa Maria sopra Minerva, on the east of the Pantheon; a third, in the Villa Mattei, on the Caelian; and a fourth was placed in front of the railway-station, in 1887, in memory of soldiers killed in an Italian campaign in Africa.

The Emperor Domitian was on very bad terms with his father and his brother during their lifetimes, but he took pains to have their memory greatly honoured. Both of them had been apotheosised by the docile Senate, and the new Emperor put this homage on record in the most enduring form,—an Arch of Pentelic marble to one, and a temple to the other. In fact the Arch commemorated the Jewish victories of both father and son, though it has always borne the name of the latter only.

Just outside the ancient entrance to the Palatine, and at the highest point of the Sacra Via, which is here fifty-three feet above its level at the Basilica Julia, stands the modern counterfeit presentment of the Arch of Titus. The original Arch had been built into a mediæval fortress and a good part had been totally destroyed, but enough remained on the destruction of the surrounding structure to make its restoration very easy. This was done, in 1823, by Pius VII., and one could be more grateful to him if he had been satisfied with an inconspicuous tablet recording his services to religion and archæology, instead of defacing the monument with an inscription on the western attic, much longer and more noticeable than the original inscription on the eastern side. The restorations are much the larger part of the Arch, but are easily to be distinguished from it, being in travertine, while the original material was Pentelic marble. The whole structure is small, compared with the huge bulk of the other Roman Arches, being not quite fifty feet high, and forty-two wide.

With the exception of the famous old inscription on the side towards the Colosseum, second only in antiquity to that of the Pantheon, and, like that, a deeply-incised matrix for bronze letters long since stolen away, all that is of interest in the Arch is in the interior. Here there is on each side a magnificent alto relievo, representing the triumph of



*The Arch of Titus.*







Titus after the conclusion of the Jewish war. One represents the victorious general, in his triumphal car drawn by four horses, a Victory holding a crown over his head, and the goddess Roma leading his horses. The other relief shows the Jewish spoils, borne by soldiers,—the golden table for the shew-bread, the silver trumpets, and the seven-branched golden candlestick. These, we know from Josephus, were brought to Rome, and it has always been supposed that this representation of them is in a good degree accurate. From the massive candelabrum, nearly as tall as the soldier who carries it, the monument itself has been designated the Arch of the Seven Lamps, a name which Ruskin has in turn made familiar in his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*. The upper part of the interior has the usual decoration of rosettes and coffers, and overhead is represented the apotheosis of Titus, in a clumsy Roman fashion, the Emperor ascending to heaven astride of an eagle.

The triumphal Arch was a distinctly Roman invention, and continued in favour for many centuries. It was primarily the commemoration in stone of a Roman triumph, and not less than thirty-eight of them in all were erected in Rome. Of these the most ancient date from the year 196 B.C.; one standing in the Forum Boarium and one in the Circus Maximus, both being erected in honour of Stertinius, a general who gained victories and great spoils in Spain. The Arch of Fabius in the Forum Romanum belongs to the year 121 B.C. Other eminent generals received this honour, and after the Empire began, nearly every one of the Emperors. None of these earlier Arches remain. The loss of the Arch of Claudius is deplorable; it spanned the Flaminian Way—that is to say, the Corso—near the Sciarra palace, and remained almost perfect until the seventeenth century, when Pope Alexander VII. destroyed it to widen the street. One fragment of this Arch is in the garden of

the Barberini palace, containing part of the inscription; portions of reliefs, with colossal figures of soldiers and standard-bearers, are in the porch of the Villa Borghese. In the Forum Romanum has been unearthed the foundation of the Arch of Augustus, lying between the temple of Castor and the temple of Caesar.

Of these earlier structures nothing can be positively affirmed as to their architecture; but it may be supposed that they resembled those which remain, in being masses of heavy masonry with the incongruous decoration of Greek columns. The Arch of Titus originally had two fluted Corinthian columns on each side of both faces; of these the inner ones remain, while the outer are restorations. The shattered columns of the interior are very curious, for here, for the first time, appears that Roman invention, the Composite capital where the well-known volutes of the Ionic order are placed above two rings of the Corinthian acanthus leaves. This device is sharply criticised as an "evidence of poverty to invent and ignorance to combine."

The Arch across the Sacra Via is declared by its inscription to be an offering of "the Roman Senate and People" to the divine Titus and Vespasian; but it seems probable that Domitian had the chief share in this commemoration of his brother and father. He presently conferred upon his family an honour even more distinguished, nothing less than a temple in the Roman Forum "to the divine Vespasian," and this also in the name of the Senate and People. Lastly, for himself he erected a colossal equestrian statue, also in the Forum. The statue was destroyed immediately upon his death, and even its pedestal removed, but it is thought to have stood very nearly where now the huge Arch of Severus represents the two African Emperors of Rome; and a curious laudatory poem of Statius, addressed to Domitian

on this occasion, furnishes some of the most valuable information we have as to the Forum. "You look straight in front of you to the temple of the first of our divinities" (that is, Caesar), says the poet; "at your right you behold the Julian Basilica; behind you are the temples of your father and of the benignant Concordia."

The temple of Vespasian still lifts among the ruins of the Forum the three columns of the northeastern angle of its portico, and in the hall of the Tabularium a magnificent fragment of its cornice testifies to the elaborate perfection of the ancient structure, now so cruelly battered and defaced. On the entablature surmounting the columns are eight letters of a word, *estitver*, a fragment of the abridged *restituerunt*. Sources of information as to the Roman ruins are so scanty that half a word of an inscription is a treasure; this half-word alone, however, might only tantalise one's curiosity; but, by great good luck, far away in a Benedictine monastery in Switzerland, a MS. of the ninth century supplies the rest. A pilgrim visited Rome, very probably one of the brethren who had just established themselves in a beautiful valley near the Lake of the Four Cantons, and laid the foundations of a monastery which became one of the most famous in Europe. The Benedictines were always the scholarly order, and amid the religious preoccupations which doubtless were the prime object of his journey to Rome, this monk, if such he was, found time for a careful inspection of the classic ruins of the papal city. He noted down what he saw, and it is this journal of his which gives many useful facts. Three temples were standing at the northwestern end of the Forum in this ninth century, which had begun with Charlemagne's coronation in the old basilica of S. Peter. The anonymous traveller of Einsiedlen transcribes the inscriptions from the three; but with the carelessness of the time, he runs them together in such a

way that it has been a matter of discussion exactly what words belong to each. Not to go into the details, — which, however, are curious, — we may follow Mr. Burn's conclusion, that the original inscription had the one line: *DIVO · VESPASIANO · AVGVSTO · S · P · Q · R*, to which was added the second, about a century later: *IMPP · CAESS · SEV · ET · ANT · PII · FEL · AVGG · RESTITVER*. Hence, our eight letters remaining, at the lower edge of the frieze and at its extreme left.

The position of the temple of Vespasian was always unfortunate. The arrogant determination of its builder to place his father's shrine in the sacred Forum, where no new temple had been built since Caesar's, a century and a half before, was too violent to be disputed by any logic of facts. There was not room for such a building, but it must be built there, nevertheless. Accordingly the new edifice was placed close against the Tabularium, blocking a tall arched doorway, — which is now again visible behind the ruins, — with the narrowest passage-way on each side of it, and so near the street that the steps of the temple itself had to be made between the columns of the portico. Eastward was the enormous area of the temple of Concord, one of the old sacred sites in the Forum, where Tiberius had rebuilt, with great magnificence, the Republican temple. On the other side, there was the area of the *Dii Consentes*, which seems to have been a traditionally consecrated spot from even earlier times than the Republic. There were twelve gilded statues of these gods and goddesses of council, *senatus deorum*: Jupiter, Neptune, Vulcan, Apollo, Mars and Mercury; and Juno, Minerva, Venus, Diana, Vesta and Ceres. This area, no doubt, it was impossible even for an Emperor to encroach upon. Its present condition is not very picturesque: it is, in fact, the corner of the Forum least interesting from any point of view. The space from

the hill out to the road is occupied by a marble-paved platform, under which is a row of small dark rooms thought to have been offices of notaries or scribes, and on the platform, under the edge of the hill, is another row of similar rooms. In front of these is a poorly restored portico, with a row of small Corinthian columns.

It is also a great misfortune for Domitian's temple that the necessities of the modern city require a road crossing the Forum, like a kind of causeway, directly in front of the three columns. Thus the mere ruins seem crowded, in addition to the original disadvantage of the site.

In themselves the columns, however, are beautiful, and standing as they do at an angle towards each other have a character entirely peculiar among Roman ruins. The building faced upon the Clivus Capitolinus, the branch of the Sacred Way which led up to the Capitol. Its portico extended only across the front of the building, having eight columns in all, six in the front line, and one at each end at right angles.

In the Comte de Tournon's book on Rome, a very curious sketch shows the condition of this part of the Forum in 1809, when the French occupation began. Besides the general elevation of the level over the whole central area of the ancient city, — which varied at different points from fifteen to forty feet and in the Forum itself was, as the excavation now shows clearly, about twenty-five feet, — the northwestern section of this ground, just under the Capitoline hill, had long been a general rubbish-heap, upon which débris of every description had been thrown; and the unlucky remnant of the temple of Vespasian which alone remained standing after the Renaissance had been so thoroughly buried that only a height of about seven feet on the two front columns and of four feet on the other column was visible above the ground.

The old Tabularium had been for centuries the palace of the Senator, as the one municipal officer of the period was called; and, to quote M. de Tournon, this functionary had so ill comprehended his duties as the successor in the edileship of the great Agrippa, that upon this artificial hillock under which were buried the ruins of a temple, he had built his stables. A narrow, steep road over it was the only access to the hill, and all the way down into the Campo Vaccino, "the cow-pasture," as men had for centuries designated the Roman Forum, were mean little buildings, houses and barns of the poorer class.

The plundering excavations of the Renaissance had long ago ceased, and for two hundred years the Forum had interested nobody. Pope Pius VII. was the first person to lay his hand upon Roman ruins in the modern spirit. Shortly after his accession, in 1800, he had disinterred the base of the Arch of Severus, and it stood free of rubbish in an oval excavation when Napoleon made his great raid and carried off the Head of the Church. The Comte de Tournon, being sent to Rome as prefect under the French government, eagerly carried on the work which the Pope had begun. Having bought of their several owners the various insignificant buildings that encumbered the ground in the northwestern end of the Forum, he began to dig out the three columns, having first removed the entablature to a scaffolding built for the purpose. A circular excavation was made around the shafts; but it was soon perceived that the drums composing them (three in each) had been forced out of the perpendicular by the pressure of the earth, to the extent of half a diameter at the top, and that they were in danger of falling if the support were removed. This situation required special care, and made the work one of great anxiety to the Roman architects who superintended it; and again at the base it was ascertained

that the whole substructure under the columns was nearly destroyed. It seems to have been thought best not to remove the great drums of the columns, but to leave them supported as they were, and make the foundation solid under them. The whole story of this work is to be seen; the shattered marble of the stylobate, still in place, and the new blocks of travertine built in around it. Finally, the desired end was attained: the columns being re-adjusted, it became safe to clear away the entire mass of earth, and thus all the Republican masonry of the Tabularium was also brought to view.

The most imposing work of Domitian's reign was the great palace of the Palatine, which crowned the central summit of the hill, or, rather, it covered the top of two ridges and filled up the ravine between them. One of the most interesting ruins on the Palatine is a certain dwelling-house which stood in this ravine, was covered out of sight by the massive substructure, and has been in part excavated in very recent years. It is accessible by a long flight of steps from the central peristyle of Domitian's palace, and other apertures in the floor have been made to admit a little light to the rooms below. The house underground was very pretty, with moulded panels and painted decorations, and fragments of extremely beautiful floors of coloured marbles remaining. Across eighteen centuries one cannot but sympathise with the man whose carefully finished house, only lately built, as its floors prove, was so brutally destroyed by the great concrete walls cutting it through, and the magnificent palace reared above. It was a Flavian habit; just so did Domitian's brother destroy the exquisite rooms of Nero on the Esquiline.

Further towards the southern side of the hill, still under Domitian's palace, there is another buried house. This is not accessible, unfortunately, but only visible, at the bottom

of a deep excavation whose edges are railed in. This house seems to be of earlier date, having tufa walls instead of concrete. It was a large building and, where the ground slopes rapidly, some of its rooms which are nearer the surface have been made accessible. From this part of the house starts the cryptoporticus ending in the house of Germanicus, and there is an ancient staircase leading to the numerous chambers and passages under the podium of an ancient temple, which has been called, with no good reason, that of Jupiter Victor, in a magnificent site worthy of the most beautiful structure, but probably having only some very simple one. There is only left the ragged concrete of the podium, except at one point on the southern side, where a part of its facing wall remains. There are also the foundations of a broad flight of steps in front, and by the space between these steps, and the concrete of the podium, is estimated the thickness of the ancient wall, which seems to have been no less than fifteen feet.

The great Flavian palace, which Domitian built, consists of a series of immense halls lying northeast and southwest across the top of the hill, for a length of an eighth of a mile. Midway is a great open court, a hundred and fifty feet square, paved with marble and porphyry, and surrounded by a Corinthian colonnade in two stories. In its length the whole building lies open, so that the plan is clearly seen, but in its breadth the garden of the nunnery (once the Villa Mills, and still known to the guide-books by that appellation) impinges upon the ruins, and bars curiosity by a high wall. On the northeastern front of the palace this wall has been set back furthest, and leaves a width of about three hundred and fifty feet visible, but no doubt the rooms extended further. On this front are the three most public halls of the palace: in the centre, the throne-room; on the east, a room containing the remains of an altar,



which has hence been called the *lararium*, or household chapel; and on the west, the *basilica*, or imperial court-room. At the other end of the palace, across the grand peristyle, is the great banqueting-hall, the *Triclinium*, flanked on the western side by a long and narrow room, with a great oval fountain basin, fifty feet in length; and probably there was a corresponding *nymphaeum* on the eastern side, where the convent garden-wall bars research. From the banqueting-hall, on the southwest extend three more large rooms, which have been called the two Libraries and the *Academia* or lecture-hall, the latter having one end curved, with rows of seats rising in tiers as was usual in a Roman auditorium.

The three great halls on the north of Domitian's palace, the central throne-room, the *Sala Regia* of the Empire, and the *lararium* at the east, but especially the *basilica* on the western side, are of very great interest architecturally. This is the first instance of a *basilica* with an apse, — shut off by a low marble screen of which a fragment is still *in situ*, — thus giving the model, "out of which," says E. A. Freeman, "have grown all the forms of churches in Western Europe," and, of course, in America. "That the Christian church borrowed all its arrangements from the heathen hall of judgment there can be no doubt," he continues; "they are as clearly marked to the very *cancelli* in the small but most elegant *basilica Jovis* on the Palatine as in the most fully developed Christian building." This hall, about eighty feet long by sixty in width, shows clearly the separation into a very broad nave and two narrow aisles, by a row on each side of six columns. They evidently supported a gallery exactly similar to the women's gallery in the church of S. Agnese *fuori*, and like that, reached by stairs from outside. The start of one flight of stairs is visible outside from the colonnade, and that of another against the back of the apse still has ten of the old steps.

In all these three halls was the same luxury of marble and porphyry, floors, wall-linings, and statues; only so late as 1724, two colossal statues in green porphyry were taken from here and are now in Parma; and about the same time, a great Pentelic marble threshold at one of these doors was put to use on the high altar in the Pantheon.

Besides all these large apartments of the palace, there is a row of smaller rooms along the northwestern side of the great central court; and on this side also there was a colonnade and a broad entrance. Here, too, a flight of steps descends to a branch of the cryptoporticus connecting this palace with the older one on the northwest. And in front of the throne-room and the basilica, on the side towards the Forum, where the Clivus Palatinus came up, the usual entrance for the public, there was a platform, now restored conjecturally, where it is thought the Emperor showed himself to the crowd who were not admitted to any nearer approach.

All this, of course, is the ground plan of the building: it had manifestly a second floor, for remains of great staircases are found; and at the northwestern angle of the building one huge mass of concrete rises like the ruin of a tower, showing how great was the height of the palace in its perfect time. The adulatory Latin poets of the Flavian age have much to say on this point: "O Caesar," Martial says, "thou mayest laugh at the regal marvels of the pyramids! Let barbaric Memphis be silent as to her work! . . . Thy palace springs aloft into the sky; it might hide itself among the stars; its top, above the clouds, is bathed in the light, and beholds the sun while he is yet hidden from the rest of the world." Statius also has his say: "The abode of Jupiter, adjacent to thine, is brought to nought. But the gods are well pleased to see thee lodged near their own level, lest

otherwise thou hadst been tempted to scale the skies." M. Ampère, who selects these tidbits of hyperbole, invites us to remember that the poet had been invited to dine in this imperial palace which he praises in such fine language.

There remains *in situ* a fragment of the marble paving of Domitian's banqueting-hall. It is in the apse, where the Emperor's own table would have been; giallo and other marbles, with porphyry and strips of green serpentine, are arranged in a confused pattern which has neither the beauty of the geometric nor of the arabesque design. The marbles are brilliant, but the effect is not pleasing; it is an exception among all Roman pavements, elsewhere so beautiful. Domitian's dining-room was on a grand scale of size,—over a hundred feet long and nearly as wide. On the side towards the west the marble-lined wall was cut by three immense windows and two doors into the adjacent nymphaeum, where the great fountain splashed and tinkled with its many jets, and beautiful Greek statues were relieved in their pure whiteness against the yellow marble or the dark red or the soft grey of the niches in which they stood and of the walls around them. At the end of the long hall, opposite the Emperor's table, an immensely broad doorway opened into the central court, and the double row of columns of pavonazetto, purple-veined on white, gleamed in the distance. To be bidden to dine—as a friend, for the Flavian emperors were sometimes very democratic—in a place like this, might well turn the head of a poor Roman poet who in his humble lodging could touch, with hand outstretched to its utmost, the front wall of his neighbour's house across the way.

It was a pity all these magnificences of daily life should fall to the share of a brute like Domitian. This very hall may have been, and probably was, the scene of that famous practical joke which Dion describes when the senators were

bidden to dine with their Emperor, not at the usual hour of three in the afternoon but at some uncanny time of night, and, arriving, found all things hung with black; a funeral column and lamp marking each man's place at table; the banquet itself consisting only of the scanty libations usually offered to the dead; the servants impersonating the genii of the under world; the Emperor entertaining his guests, speechless from terror, with a prolonged monologue on the state of the departed. It would have taken more than a gift of the silver cup and platter which had been used by each and the slave that had waited on him, to make these men forgive such a scare. It is not strange that Domitian had to line the ends of the gallery where he liked to walk with a certain stone—unknown to modern times—of mirror-like qualities, in order, for a few minutes at a time in his wretched life, to feel sure that no assassin could creep behind him with a well-sharpened dagger. It was one of the sides, no doubt, of this beautiful peristyle with its pavonazetto columns and its fluted pilasters whose fragments are yet in place; if no Farnese princes had plundered the Palatine, we might find Domitian's mysterious *phenôtes* also in its place.

Domitian reigned for fifteen years,—which makes one wonder at the endurance of human nature,—but somewhere in these grand halls the sharpened dagger at last found him, and the Flavian race ended.

With Nerva, the Senate's Emperor, began the grand period of later Rome, when, for nearly a hundred years, the adoptive principle in the succession to the Empire gave Rome the five best rulers who ever followed one another on any throne. Nerva, we are told by the old historians, was proclaimed by the people and the soldiers, but he was the Senate's choice without doubt. He was a man of consular family, and had twice been consul himself in previous

reigns. He had no military rank, and this fact is almost exceptional in the whole story of the Empire; but the necessity of the case that Rome should be a military monarchy appears in Nerva's choice of a successor, who was no senator or Roman civil officer, but the most brilliant soldier of the time, a man over forty years old, a distinguished officer since his twenty-eighth year, victorious in Parthia, in Spain, and in Germany.

The reign of Nerva lasted only a little more than two years, and were it not that Domitian is deprived of his rights in the matter, there would be nothing in Rome to bear his successor's name. But the last of the Flavian Emperors was so hated, that when his Forum and its buildings, not quite finished at the time of his death, received their completion, the Roman public denied him the honour that was his due and attributed the work to Nerva.

Between the Forum of Vespasian and that of Augustus, was a narrow strip of ground, through which in old times lay very nearly the same thoroughfare that now, under the name of the Via di Croce Bianca, lies northeast and southwest. This space of ground Domitian devoted to Minerva, his favourite goddess; he enclosed it with a massive wall resembling that of the Augustan Forum and he built a temple within it. We read that he celebrated the birthday of this goddess with magnificent games annually, and he had restored the old temple in the Campus Martius, burned in the reign of Titus, which had been founded, perhaps, by Augustus, or possibly earlier, by Pompey. This is the building whose name is perpetuated in that of the Dominican church which now stands on its site, Santa Maria *sopra* (above) Minerva. But the divinity whom Domitian worshipped was not the noble goddess of wisdom, but the goddess of craft, of subtlety, of trickery; "the Minerva," says Ampère, "who, in the *Odyssey*, admires Ulysses so much

when he has just been telling her the most gratuitous and deliberate falsehoods."

Without any respect for Domitian's Minerva, one cannot but wish that Pope Paul V. had not destroyed in 1606 the large fragment of her temple in the Forum which was still standing, in order to convert its materials into the very magnificent Borghese chapel in Santa Maria Maggiore. The Pope's work of devastation was so thoroughly done that only a fragment of the cella wall of the temple remains, adjacent to the outside of the wall of the Augustan Forum; and there is also a tall fragment of the exterior wall of Domitian's Forum just beyond it. This will be found if one looks for it; but on the southeastern side of the Forum a very remarkable length of wall attracts attention even from the most careless passer-by, by its conspicuous position at the corner of two modern streets, and by its sumptuous architecture, all blackened and dusty as it is.

This ruin is called the Colonnacce by its humble neighbours, and they have queer traditions about it. It consists of two columns of fluted marble, with shattered Corinthian capitals, standing out from an old wall of peperino blocks which bears traces of the marble facing long ago torn off from it. There is a massive entablature projecting over the columns in the Roman method, very showy but considered in bad taste. Above the entablature is a tall attic, with a plinth and cornice of its own, and in a panel on its front is a figure in high relief, representing the goddess Minerva, with her traditional attributes, the helmet, ægis, spear, and shield. This figure is perhaps six feet tall, and is a very beautiful work. On the edges of this attic and of the various members of the entablature is the most exquisite ornamentation; on the frieze, a long, beautiful bas-relief representing women's work of various kinds, specially under the protection of the goddess; spinning

and weaving, dyeing, washing, and weighing out money in scales as if bargaining. Other figures are represented bringing water; there is a reclining youth with an urn; and there are the arches of an aqueduct. All this beautiful ruin is built into by some very humble buildings, and it stands buried to half the height of its columns, which rise out of the lava pavement of the street.

The Colonnacce is specially interesting as showing the method of interior decoration of the imperial Fora. This fragment, no doubt, represents a scheme of ornamentation completely surrounding the area of Domitian's Forum. Above this, no doubt, the peperino wall rose as high as the wall of the Augustan Forum. No doubt also, the projections of the attic over the columns were pedestals for statues, and there must have been the usual pavement of coloured marbles. An engraving of the sixteenth century shows the Forum as it was before Paul V. destroyed the temple of Minerva. There were three or four tall fluted columns standing, and on the pediment is part of an inscription: *IMP · NERVA · CAESAR · AV*. In the background the columns of Mars Ultor from the Augustan Forum are plainly visible; midway between the temple of Minerva and the fragment of the Forum wall, which is represented exactly as it now stands with its columns half-buried, is a great ruin with columns and entablature, believed to be a four-arched temple of Janus; and behind it, where the modern street now runs, is a very broad archway in the wall, much resembling the Arco de' Pantani in the Augustan Forum.

It was really, therefore, an important group of buildings which bore the name of Nerva, but were, in truth, the work of Domitian. The good and gentle Emperor, however, had no need of other memorial than the great act of his reign, the choice of Trajan as his successor. This gave him the gratitude of his time, and is his great title to

honour in history. It would be interesting to know whether with any scruples the Emperor Nerva went outside of Italy to make his choice of a successor. This was entirely a new departure. Trajan was a man born in Spain, and he had always provincial sympathies,—feeling, as none of his predecessors had done, the obligations of the world-wide Empire.

Trajan had been Emperor for a year before he returned to Rome. He was in Germany with the legions at the time of Nerva's death, and he waited to finish the campaign. The famous story of his entrance into the city is one of the traditions clinging about the Porta del Popolo and the Corso. Returning from the north by the Flaminian Way, this must have been the route by which he came into town, walking, his wife at his side. How they both looked, many statues and busts make clear: Trajan, tall, hardy, athletic; Plotina, like one of the Trasteverine of to-day, grand and simple, sweet-tempered also, and greatly praised for her friendliness towards Trajan's sister and niece and grand-niece. In an age which had not forgotten the savage hostility of the women of the imperial household towards one another, this was memorable. Many men then living could remember Messalina and the younger Agrippina, Nero's mother; the share of Domitian's wife in the murder of her husband was a matter of yesterday; to see an honest, right-minded, affectionate woman, for the first time in the imperial household, must have made all men glad in the good year 99 A.D.

Trajan's reign of twenty years was the Golden Age of Roman story. Personally, he was a very type of executive ability and fidelity, of military skill and valour, of noble charity and unflinching justice. Being all this, as his life proved, his portrait-statues are a very interesting study. There are a great number extant, and they are



nearly identical with one another. Between the ages of forty and sixty, many a man changes; many Roman Emperors changed greatly, but Trajan is always the same; nor is his face remarkable in any way. On this subject Ampère writes with admirable justice: "There are few Emperors," says the French historian, "whose face is better known; and, strangely enough, this of Trajan does not announce the man. The forehead is very low, and there is neither heroism nor magnanimity in the expression. It is impossible to discover that noble and gentle aspect of which Pliny speaks,—determined in advance to admire everything in the man whom he was praising, even to the hair, prematurely grey; a proof of wisdom, says the panegyrist. A bas-relief of Trajan at S. John Lateran shows nobleness united with determination and intellect, but no portrait shows that gentleness which Pliny speaks of; looking closely, however, in this face which seems so commonplace, one discovers a simplicity, a modesty, suited to the Trajan of history, and that uprightness, that good faith, which, according to Pliny, appeared in his looks, gestures, whole exterior: *quanta in oculis, habitu, gestu, toto denique corpore fides*. One comes at last to feel a certain satisfaction in beholding the unpretending aspect of this man so wise in power and so simple in victory. . . . He was of the same type with Washington, only more warlike, because he had been a Roman general and not a Virginia planter, before becoming the head of a nation."

In the midst of his campaigns and long absences from Rome, Trajan found time for a great deal of building in the city. A very conspicuous work, of which not a trace remains, was an enlargement of the Circus Maximus, brought to its greatest splendour in his reign. The great obelisk of Augustus was already there; Domitian had added marble seats instead of wood; the space included was now two thou-

sand feet in length, and more than six hundred and fifty in width. It is difficult to appreciate the great size of the Circus Maximus, looking down upon the valley from the Palatine. The eye naturally limits it by the street, the Via de' Cerchi; but, in reality, it came close under the Palatine cliff, as the remains under the church of S. Anastasia make apparent. This very ancient church covers, at a depth of twenty-two feet underground, the old road paved with lava which skirted the Circus, a vast number of small square chambers of tufa, others of concrete, archways both flat and round, and a flight of travertine stairs which probably gave access from the palace to the imperial box. A change made by Trajan in this *pulvinar* was very characteristic. Augustus had built it with great magnificence, and of such a size that the Emperor could be entirely withdrawn from view if he chose. Trajan had this all destroyed: a very simple imperial box was substituted, where he should be always in sight of the people, — to whom this view, doubtless, was at any time "as good as a play"; and, by the change, it became possible for five thousand more seats to be put in for the public.

Trajan repaired the Via Appia and added a branch road to it, and he also made a new aqueduct for the region west of the Tiber. Where now, behind the platform of Montorio, the Paoline fountain pours three cascades into its huge basin, once stood the Emperor Trajan's *castellum*; and the Acqua Paola is the same water which the imperial engineers brought to Rome from the volcanic mountains about the Lago di Bracciano.

In the early years of Trajan's reign he was occupied with Dacia; in 106, that country was finally subjugated and made a Roman province; it was strongly fortified and filled with Roman colonies. This was the region north of the Danube, reached by the famous bridge whose remains can

still be seen, and here Trajan's Road, along the river, and Trajan's Gate, at the entrance to the Carpathians, testify to the great Emperor's determined advance. On the other hand, all over Rome to this day, statues of Dacian prisoners, always the same type, big, bearded men heavily clad, wearing caps, their hands bound together, in an attitude of sombre, haughty submission, testify to the gallant resistance which made their final subjugation such a cause of pride to their conquerors. A province, a thousand miles in circuit, had been added to the Empire; then followed a period of peace and of fruitful industry; and, during this time, a commemoration of the war, in a magnificent series of buildings, the last and grandest of the imperial Fora.

The Forum of Trajan lay northwest from the Augustan Forum and closely adjacent to it, extending in the form of a rectangular area, having enormous semi-circular extensions to the right and left, for a length of about seven hundred feet and a width nearly the same, including the hemicycles. A remarkable fact about Trajan's Forum, and one which greatly impressed the public mind in his time was, that instead of occupying, like the other Fora, level ground already prepared by nature for such a use, it required enormous preliminary labour to give it room, by cutting away the slopes of the two hills, the Quirinal and the Capitoline, which here approached each other very closely, or possibly were actually connected by a ridge of some height. The magnificent column which is all that remains of the splendid group of buildings, that made this Forum the wonder of the world, is explained by its inscription to have been erected for the express purpose of making known the height of the hill which was cut away: AD · DECLARANDVM · QVANTAE · ALTITVDINIS · MONS · ET · LOCVS · SIT · EGESTVS.

It is deplorable that no one can tell how this tall measuring-pole is to be applied, after all the trouble that has been

taken to set it up. The height of the shaft, that is, the mere column exclusive of base and capital, is exactly a hundred Roman feet (ninety-seven and a half in English measure), but it is impossible that any ridge cut away here where the column stands could have been of that height. Its top is only six feet lower than the present level of the Quirinal, and is actually two feet higher than the Piazza di Ara Coeli on the Capitol, so that if a ridge so lofty had extended between the two they would have been in fact one hill. Furthermore a geological examination of the ground renders such a theory quite untenable. Another supposition has been that the inscription means to indicate that the Quirinal hill was cut back in a slanting direction to a point where it was as high as the top of the column. This, however, seems scarcely to meet the facts in the case; and perhaps a third conjecture may be in order, founded on the circumstance that the shaft is exactly the hundred Roman feet; namely, that it is not a record of an excavation, but simply, as has just been said, a measuring-pole, by aid of which men might estimate as they looked from it to the hillside, — roughly, it is true, but with sufficient accuracy, — how many feet of rock had been cut away. We are so used to the making of excavations, and with our appliances they are so easily made, that one needs to remember that this was all labour of the pick, in order to see why it was valued so highly. Withal, it is curious to notice that this most imposing column was reared, according to its own declaration, to call attention to just that labour, and nothing else, so that all the long record of the great Emperor's campaigns, which is now its whole interest, comes in by way of decoration merely. Another circumstance should be noted. Trajan was not the builder of the column that bears his name. It was not he who called attention to the great achievement of the new Forum. He built it, with its



*Column of Trajan.*







Basilica and its two Libraries, and then he went away to the Parthian War, and after he had gone, the Senate, in their proud affection for him, added this grandest decoration. Trajan himself never saw his column; it was dedicated in the year 114, at which time he had been absent a year from Rome; the war lasted three years longer, and the great soldier died in Cilicia in August, 117; and history relates that his ashes, brought home to Rome in a golden urn, were buried under the column. Sixtus V. made search for this vase in 1586, but it was not to be found, and the Pope caused the small chamber in which it probably had been deposited to be walled up.

The shaft would be a solid mass of marble were it not that a circular staircase is hewn within it, a hundred and eighty-four steps, around a central newel. This staircase remains in good condition and is lighted by narrow slits, forty-two in number. The diameter of the column at its base is twelve feet, and, near the top, diminishes to ten. On its summit now stands the gilt-bronze statue of S. Peter, with his two very large keys in his extended hand. This figure was placed here by Sixtus V. after the column had been destitute of its original statue for probably a thousand years. The exact date when the grand figure twenty feet high representing Trajan was torn from its place has never been recorded. A very general plunder of all bronze objects in Rome has been ascribed to the Emperor Constans II., who came here in 663. This Emperor came as a pilgrim; he remained twelve days, and ended by carrying off the tiles of gold-plated bronze from the roof of the Pantheon, although that building had already been consecrated as a Christian church. It is reasonable to suppose, therefore, that he would have had no scruples at all in plundering a column bearing the name of a pagan Emperor. Not to be unjust, however, towards the wretched Constans, who did

*The Tiber and the Castle of St. Angelo.*





at each of the four corners, but only one eagle of the four remains. On the side towards the Forum, two tall genii, very badly shattered, bear the great tablet with its clear-cut letters, beginning with the grand old words: *SENATVS · POPVLVSQVE · ROMANVS ·*

At the base of the column is a superb colossal laurel-wreath, and from this springs the shaft with its spiral band of reliefs surrounding the column in twenty-three tiers, a tier to each block of the marble composing it. These reliefs comprise the whole story of the two Dacian campaigns; there are over twenty-five hundred sculptured figures of men, and countless accessories, all carefully executed and having great dramatic expression. Whether or not these figures were coloured is a question on which authorities disagree. Professor Middleton of King's College, Cambridge, speaks without qualification, of "this colossal shaft encrusted with reliefs all gleaming with gold, ultramarine, and other brilliant pigments." Mr. Burn of Trinity, in the same University, dismisses the subject thus: "The opinion which prevailed for some time, that the figures had been coloured, is incorrect, as the more minute examination since made has proved that the colours thought to be artificial are the natural results of the decay of the stone and oxidisation of the metallic parts of the structure, under the effects of rain, sun, and dust."

The latter author gives an excellent summary of the famous decoration of the column. "In these curious bas-reliefs," he says, "we have a treasury of information on the religion, the military science, the habits and dress of the Romans of the Empire, far more valuable than ten thousand pages of descriptive writing. The lover of Roman antiquities will learn more by studying Fabretti's engravings of these reliefs, or the casts in the French Academy at Rome, than by endless book-labour. The descriptions of

Livy and Polybius, Caesar and Tacitus, receive life and movement and interest as we look at the actual figures (*oculis subjecta fidelibus*) of the general and his staff, the Praetorian guards marked by their belts over the left shoulder, the fierce-looking standard-bearers and centurions, with their heads covered with wolf-skins and the shaggy manes of lions streaming down their backs, the rank and file carrying enormous stakes, the master-masons, sappers, and pioneers with their axes and crowbars, the lancers, the heavy and light cavalry and royal chargers, the Sarmatian horsemen, clothed, riders and steeds, in complete scale armour, and the Moorish cavalry, riding without reins. Bridges constructed, Roman causeways laid, forts attacked with all kinds of military engines, the charge of cavalry, the rout and confusion of a defeated army, are all most vividly depicted. Trajan in person traverses the ranks on foot, or mounts the *suggestus* and harangues his men, or receives, with simple dignity, the submission of the enemy, or marches, with all the pomp of a Roman procession, under the triumphal Arch. The soldier-like simplicity and *bonhomie* of the great military Emperor are strikingly portrayed. There is no silken tent, or richly decorated chariot, or throne, or canopy of state to be seen. His Colonel of the Guards sits beside him as an equal on the *suggestus*; in the midst of a battle the Emperor tears up his robe to bind the wounds of his soldiers; he is present everywhere, wearing a sword and fighting in person."

But the great column, splendid as it is, was only an afterthought. It is worth taking some pains to recall into what surroundings it was built. It stood at the northern end of the area of about ten acres which Trajan had laid open in the most densely populated part of the great city. No doubt this was done by honest purchase from the private owners, for the Emperor Trajan was, above all things,

equitable and upright, and not a shadow of reproach in these transactions clings to his fair fame. His Forum lay close to that of Augustus on the southern side, thus completing a great open space of about twenty-six acres in all, divided among six Fora, which belonged to the Roman public for its business and diversion. "This space," says Lanciani, "contained thirteen temples, three basilicas, or court-houses, eight triumphal arches, the house of parliament (*curia*), thousands of life-like statues in bronze and marble, porticos more than a mile long, supported by about twelve hundred columns, public libraries, and the finest and richest shops of the metropolis."

A narrow lane of the modern city, the Via del Priorato, probably marks nearly the line where the Fora of Trajan and of Augustus touched. Here the double colonnade of granite monoliths in the former, fragments of which lie in the excavated area at the foot of the column, was interrupted by the grand Arch of entrance. It is described by the old writers, but is better known from its representation on coins of Trajan's reign. Probably of the same proportions with Constantine's Arch near the Colosseum, which is thought to have been copied from it, the Arch of Trajan had but one passage-way instead of three, and this was flanked on each side by three tall columns with niches alternating for colossal statues of Dacian prisoners. The Arch was surmounted by a colossal statue of the Emperor, in a six-horse chariot, with three generals standing at each side, all colossal, and all in the most magnificent gold bronze. Beneath these were very beautiful decorations of medallions and panels, in which Trajan is represented in various scenes of war and the chase, and of the exercise of his imperial functions. The Arch of Trajan has vanished, but these reliefs remain and adorn another imperial arch erected about two hundred years later. Why the Emperor

Constantine should have had no hesitation at writing himself down a thief is hard to understand. This was not a question of spoils from a conquered foe, nor of decorative fragments rescued from a building already in decay; but there on Constantine's Arch they are, eight medallions and as many rectangular panels, of whose origin there can be no doubt. Scarcely anything remaining in Rome is more beautiful; there is great skill in the arrangement, especially in the medallions, and a refinement of taste in the whole composition, not again seen in the Empire.

At the opposite end of the great area, four hundred feet distant from the Arch, lay the Basilica, its length coinciding with the width of the Forum, and having at each end a semi-circular apse extending to the right and left. It was probably larger than the Julian Basilica in the Roman Forum, and it was far more splendid. The addition of an apse at each end rendered the building much nobler in effect, and the Ulpian Basilica, besides its two-storied colonnade, was also roofed in its entire extent. This roof was of bronze, we know from Pausanias, almost a contemporary of Trajan; and it was, very probably, gold-plated, as bronze tiles usually were at that time. In the excavation made by M. de Tournon, a large part of the floor of this Basilica was brought to view, with the square bases of the double row of columns surrounding the central area, fragments of its marble pavement, the traces of three doorways into the Forum on the south, and one entrance on the north, the trace of steps leading down to the level of the Forum, and pedestals of statues on each side. The columns of the Basilica were, undoubtedly, of beautiful coloured marbles,—pavonazetto, giallo especially, to judge by the fragments that remain,—there was no doubt a very great number, a hundred or more; and probably, like the reliefs and medallions of the Arch, they have been taken to adorn



other buildings; but they cannot be traced like the reliefs which are identifiable by the likenesses of Trajan. It is well known that this Forum was an almost inexhaustible quarry for building materials in the Middle Ages, and a great deal of its marble was even broken up and used in concrete or burned into lime. The colonnade around the whole exterior of the Forum was of the new grey granite from Egypt; how splendid those columns were, many fragments still testify. The monoliths are immense, many of them four feet in diameter, one nearly six feet; these also have been used all over Rome. To surround this great area with columns closely set in double and, in some places, triple rows, brings their number into hundreds very easily. To appreciate this work, one should walk round the big stranded monolith, lying on the edge of the sidewalk outside of the excavation, and carefully consider it, and remember that it came from granite quarries ninety miles back from the river Nile, in the same Egyptian deserts where porphyry was found, and that it is as refractory a stone to work as porphyry. There is a flight of granite steps, thirty-four in number, with a breadth to the stairway of thirty-three feet, which comes down the Quirinal hill, where Trajan cut it away for the eastern apse of his Basilica, in a street called the Via Magnanapoli. This, however, is a granite from Barenò, on the shore of Lake Maggiore, quarries unknown to the Empire; but the two hundred and fifty-one columns registered, by Corsi, in his *Pietre Antiche*, under the name of Forum granite (*granito del Foro*) tracked in their later uses, are as surely Trajan's as if they had borne his very image and superscription like the reliefs with which Constantine adorned his Arch.

In the excavation made by the French, there were found *in situ* the great double row of bases of the basilican col-

umns; but the marble columns themselves were gone, almost to the last fragment. Of the granite columns surrounding the Forum, many stumps remained, and the restorers of the early part of the present century were so ill-advised as to place these fragments of granite on the bases of marble. It is most unlucky that so much labour should have been bestowed on a misleading restoration.

Exactly in the central open space of the Forum stood an equestrian statue of the Emperor which probably much resembled the Marcus Aurelius of the Capitol. Here the Forum had its greatest width, extending in a huge semicircle to east and west. Traces of the western hemicycle were discovered by Canina under some of the houses of the Via di Marforio and of the Chiavi d'Oro; but on the opposite side, where the Quirinal hill was cut away, there are very interesting remains of the eastern one. The custode of the Forum is much pleased to show what he calls "The Baths of Paulus Aemilius;" but neither are they baths, nor had the great general of Republican times any connection with the place. A door in a wall is unlocked for the visitor, in a narrow street which is called Campo Carleo. It is a singular ruin, a brick building in three stories, following the huge curve; half of this is open, a length of over two hundred feet; the rest is partly visible over high walls of a garden. There is the ancient pavement of Trajan's time, of which the lava blocks are solid as ever; on to this road open, on the lower floor, a row of the usual tiny Roman shops or offices, about ten feet square, paved with mosaic of grey and white *tesserae*; inside there are the remains of stucco on the walls. There are no windows, but each little room opens upon the road with a tall archway into which is set a kind of architrave of travertine, and the door-sill is in place, with its groove to hold the wooden front, and the groove also in the travertine jambs. If one

could see the shop, with its ancient silver ware, or its rugs and woollen stuffs, it would bring the old time a little nearer certainly; yet the imagination readily supplies the details. Hardly anything in Rome makes the every-day life of that age more distinct before the mind than this row of little shops. A flight of ancient stairs, laid in tiles not very much broken, leads from the level on which the modern street passes by this fragment of antiquity; here was the second floor, of rooms less important evidently; and a great staircase, now all broken away, led to upper rooms, ending at the very top of Trajan's excavation of the hill. All about this little ruin of the second century modern life goes on very briskly. Part of the ancient brick building itself serves as a blacksmith's shop, facing outward on to the Via di Campo Carleo. It was built strongly indeed, to have been in service for eighteen hundred years; but the old flat arch of the door with the semi-circular discharging arch above it dates it plainly, resembling the doorways of the Golden House, and the still more ancient remains of the theatre of Balbus, near the Tiber.

On each side of Trajan's Column were the two Libraries, always built in pairs, one for Greek manuscripts, the other for Latin. Of these buildings not a fragment remains in the excavated space, unless it be bases of columns, five on each side of the great pillar, which possibly belonged to them. If they stood here, as ancient plans of Rome indicate, it is singular to observe how they shut in the great column, leaving around its base only a little court forty feet square. This must have been done by intention, for the adjacent Forum offered clear space abundantly, but what that intention was no man can tell. It has been suggested that this arrangement was prompted by a desire to bring the bas-reliefs of the lofty column better into view from the galleries of these neighbour buildings, which were doubt-

less of conspicuous height. But this reason hardly seems sufficient. The decoration of the column was, however, of great importance.

The sculptors of Trajan's time lavished their skill upon bas-reliefs of historic significance. With the exceptions of the fragments of the Arch of Titus, Trajan's bas-reliefs are the earliest that remain to us. To this great development of historic sculpture is due, not only the long story of the Column, which would stretch over an eighth of a mile, if it were extended in length, and the reliefs and medallions on Constantine's Arch, but also a very interesting and curious relic discovered in the Forum Romanum during the early excavations made by the Italian government. This consists of two short marble walls or parapets, carved on both sides, evidently not fragments, but each complete in itself, and, together, forming some part of a passage-way of great importance.

These marble walls are not *in situ*, and although they may have belonged near the spot where they were discovered, just in front of the ancient Comitium, it is also possible that they were brought from elsewhere, perhaps even from Trajan's Forum, in the general break-up of the later centuries of the Roman Empire. A theory has been suggested that they formed part of an approach to an altar or shrine of some kind, which has now entirely disappeared; and from their neighbourhood to the Comitium, another supposition has been that they made a kind of gateway or passage for voters, after the Australian fashion of our time.

The reliefs, however, are perfectly significant and comprehensible: on one side of each wall are represented in procession, adorned with fillets for the sacrifice, the three animals of a well-known ceremonial, the Suovetaurilia, the boar, ram, and bull (*sus, ovis, taurus*). On the other side, the reliefs of the two walls are different, and represent

scenes in the Forum. On one, the Emperor seems to be founding some public charity, one of those in which he greatly delighted, for the relief of poor children; on the other, he is represented as about to burn a mass of papers referring to his remission of arrears of taxes in the early part of the reign. The views in the background of buildings in the Forum can, for the most part, be identified: the Rostra, the Temples of Castor, of Vespasian, and of Saturn, the Basilica Julia, and two arches, which no longer remain. The old Ruminal fig-tree and the statue of Marsyas of very ancient tradition are also represented though they could not have been standing so late as this reign. This memorial of a charitable foundation is most interesting, and appropriately enshrines the memory of those great institutions in Rome which date from the time of Trajan and lasted for centuries until, with all other things useful and beautiful, they were involved in one common wreck.

When the great Emperor had died, in 117, far away in Asia, and his ashes had been brought home to Rome and placed beneath the column that bears his name, but was never seen by himself, the first work of Hadrian, his successor, was to build a temple to the apotheosised Trajan; and thus was appropriately completed the most magnificent group of buildings which Rome ever possessed.

Just opposite the point where the broad Piazza of the Santi Apostoli now opens upon the Via Nazionale, there is quite a little hillock on which stands the Palace Valentini, converted in recent years to municipal uses. This is one of the suggestive mounds in Rome that indicate buried ruins. Here stood Trajan's temple, a magnificent structure. At the time the palace was built, great fragments of the pavonazetto columns were found, as well as granite fragments, which latter were thought to indicate that the temple had an extensive enclosure, a *peribolus*, after the fashion of

the time. It is interesting to remark how the changes in Roman architecture came about. The early temple stood alone on its lofty podium, like the temples of Fortuna Virilis, of Saturn, of Castor, and, latest of all, that of Caesar in the Forum. But in Caesar's lifetime, or possibly earlier, had begun the more elaborate preparation of a site for the consecrated building; it stood surrounded by a porticus, or even, it was the central building of a Forum, like the temple of Venus the Ancestress in Caesar's Forum, or of Mars Ultor in that of Augustus. Still the Forum had other buildings and other uses, and the great temple was only one detail of the general whole. In Hadrian's time, at last it stood alone, and had its own great enclosure of splendid columns entirely subsidiary to the magnificent structure.

It is easy to see how imposing this effect must have been from the ruins of the temple of Venus and Rome, which was the Emperor's own design. There is not much left of this imperial achievement, but still there is enough to show the grand scale of it. Westward from the Colosseum, on the ridge between the Quirinal and the Palatine, lay, in Hadrian's time, the one superb building site not yet occupied in the heart of the town. It was already a natural platform for a temple, and the Emperor caused it to be levelled and extended a little eastward, where now arched structures open in the concrete caves curious recesses of unknown use, about which many rather idle theories have been formed.

The area which was enclosed by the colonnade of the peribolus is over three hundred feet in length, and nearly two hundred in breadth; this colonnade consisted of monoliths in Egyptian granite, both grey and red, and in red porphyry. Of the latter, there is not a fragment left, but there are abundant débris of granite of the most beautiful kinds. It is thought nearly two hundred of these priceless

monoliths were required for the enclosure. The temple itself was double, facing two ways, and was consecrated to Venus the Happy and to Rome the Eternal. Externally it appeared to be one, being surrounded by a continuous colonnade of white Greek marble. Within, the two *cellae* were back to back, enough remaining of both to show clearly the construction, and the pedestals for the two colossal statues can still be seen. There is so much originality about this ruin that nothing in Rome is more curious. Nothing has been more ravaged than this by the Romans themselves. The gold-plated tiles of the roof were taken away by a Pope in the seventh century; and from the ninth to the twelfth, the marble columns and cornices, and the statues and the great slabs of wall-linings, and even the beautiful mosaic pavements of the floors, were burned into lime in kilns constructed on the spot out of the fire-proof porphyry columns of the peribolus.

Perhaps nowhere in Rome does the lover of the past feel more acutely the crime of the Middle Ages in the destruction of precious monuments of antiquity than here, in the vanished presence, so to speak, of Hadrian's temple. To look at this desolate platform, strewn along its edge with colossal fragments of granite, where the apse of one temple still lifts its graceful head in view from the street, and that of the other can be seen from staircase windows of a building, once a convent and now devoted to municipal uses, and to see a mediæval church with its tall campanile niched in a corner of what was once the great peribolus, is to feel a positive pang, as if one were looking at cruel injury done to a beautiful and defenceless creature, whose natural protectors were all dead.

"There is no longer any doubt," says Lanciani, "that the Romans have done more harm to their own city than all invading hosts put together. The action of centuries and

of natural phenomena, such as hurricanes, earthquakes, fires, and inundations, could not have accomplished what men have, willingly and deliberately. As regards the barbarians, the damage inflicted by them to our monuments is comparatively small, because they had at their disposal less powerful means of destruction. We know that the gardens and palace of Sallust were destroyed by Alarie; that the bronze roof of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was dismantled by Genseric; that the aqueducts were cut down by Vitiges. These deeds; however, are nothing in comparison with the robberies and spoliations committed by the Emperor Constans during his short visit to the Eternal City in the spring of the year 663. For many centuries, private individuals had an unrestricted right over the ruins existing in their own lands, and when, finally, state or municipal authorities determined to take, or to show, an interest in the matter, their actions were inspired, not by love of art, but by material and pecuniary considerations. The Apostolic Chamber or Treasury would sell this or that ruin as a quarry (*petraia*), reserving to itself thirty-three per cent of the product of the work of destruction. An official document discovered by Eugene Müntz in the state archives of Rome, certifies that, in the year 1452, one of the treasury contractors named Giovanni Foglia, from Como, removed from the Colosseum alone two thousand five hundred and twenty-two cart-loads of travertine! . . . If it were in our power to snatch the secret of the origin and former purpose and use of the marbles, stones, and bricks with which our palaces, our cloisters, and our villas have been built and embellished, or to recall to life the masterpieces of Greek and Roman statuary hammered and ground into dust or burnt into lime, our knowledge of the city of the Caesars would be almost perfect."

On the south-eastern angle of the Palatine Hill, the



Emperor Hadrian built himself a palace, closely connected with the great Stadium which had been begun by Domitian. It seems probable that Domitian's Stadium was a simple enclosure, utilising for athletics a long, narrow depression on this slope of the hill just beyond the old palace of Augustus. It is very difficult to assign, at present, the different portions of these buildings to the Emperors who are shown, by dates of brick-stamps, to have been concerned in building them. The Stadium itself, completely excavated in the summer of 1893, shows an enormous ground plan, curved at one end, with an aisle or colonnade, originally two stories high, completely surrounding it. There are rows of columns of concrete cores faced with very thick slabs of *porta santa* marble, and there are semi-circular fountains, one at each end; and besides these fragments, there is evidently work of a much later date, curious oval walls, with a floor two feet above the old level, where the most precious marbles and porphyries, broken into fragments, make part of the concrete. These alterations in the Stadium have been thought to be of the time of Theodoric, the Gothic king who held Rome for thirty-three years at the close of the fifth century and the beginning of the sixth.

Certainly Hadrian concerned himself with the Stadium, for his palace was adjacent to it on three sides, and a great semi-circular *exedra* on the south-east of it, evidently in two stories, seems to have been the imperial gallery whence the palace household looked down upon the foot-races and other sports. On the outside, the palace commanded a superb prospect, towards the mountains and over the Campagna. Here this Emperor, who, twice in his lifetime, climbed high mountains to see the sunrise, which no other man of his time ever thought of doing, had a view of the dawn of day from his bedroom windows. The entire range of these buildings is much confused by later constructions, but the vaulted

ceilings, very richly decorated in stucco, show the refinement of taste which marks everything of Hadrian's time; and the brickwork also is believed to mark the date, by the thinness of the mortar, while later work shows joints almost of the same thickness with the bricks.

It is not, however, from mere observation of comparative thickness of bricks and of joints, but from the solid, documentary evidence of brick-stamps that the most important discovery of modern archæology has been made; namely, that which attributes to this reign, —and not, as has always hitherto been believed, to the Augustan age,—the great dome of the Pantheon.

The well-known German student of Roman archæology, Michaelis, in a monograph on the subject, dated November, 1892, writes thus: "We must acknowledge that the architecture of the Augustan age has lost its most wonderful, if not its most beautiful masterpiece: 'the Pantheon is the great achievement of the Augustan builders,' says Von Sybel. On the other hand, by so much is our appreciation heightened of the triumphs of architecture in the reign of Hadrian, for all things prove that this dome is not only the finest, but also the first of any great size ever built in Rome. Where its antetypes may be found has long been known. The dome is an old possession of Mesopotamia; vaulting is the specialty of Assyrian architecture. The Hellenic kingdoms in the East copied this model, and added to it Greek forms. In the first rank of these cities stands Alexandria, where vaulted roofs were usual for dwelling-houses, and were readily adapted by the Ptolemies to their temple-architecture. Hadrian, who already knew the East from personal observation, was himself an architect, as is well known: in his double temple of Venus and Rome, he adorned the wall with niches alternately larger and smaller, and curved an almost too heavy barrel-vault, adorned with panel-

ling, over the *cellae*. These are Oriental ideas which reappear in the Pantheon, but the latter stands so high above the Emperor's own architectural work that no one can doubt it to be the achievement of a man of true genius and by profession an architect. It is perhaps due to the extreme scarcity of our information on these points that we have but one name of an architect of that period; at the same time, this one man unites in himself all the qualifications for the great distinction. This is Apollodoros, a native of Damascus, — that is say, of the native land of domes, — the architect of the Forum which Trajan began and Hadrian completed, the most splendid group of buildings of imperial Rome. An oft-repeated fable represents him as in sharp conflict with the imperial *dilettante*, and would have it that the architect was first banished and then put to death by his master. A recently discovered letter from Apollodoros himself which shows him, at quite a late period in the reign, residing in Rome and in the midst of active work there, and also in the most friendly relations with the Emperor, sufficiently proves the falseness of this ancient story. We cannot bring absolute proof, it is true, but nothing opposes, while everything confirms, our supposition, namely, that this most beautiful of Roman buildings is due to the Oriental Greek, Apollodoros. The East, Hellenism, and Rome are all represented in this single personality, and the Pantheon appears as the product of the entire world-historic development of ancient architecture."

The brick-stamps collected by M. Chedanne from the Pantheon are eight in number, and all are familiar as occurring in other buildings of the second century. They are known to belong to a period between 115 and 123 A.D.

An interesting note in M. Ch. Descemet's collection of inscriptions on bricks: *INSCRIPTIONS DOLIARES LATINES*, published in Paris in 1880, makes known a fact which, in

the light of M. Chedanne's discoveries, has much importance. "In preparing a catalogue of bricks with consular dates," says the note, "I was struck by seeing that those of the year 123 form almost half of a total comprised between the years 76 B.C. and 554 A.D. What is the cause of this disproportion, and how can we solve this historic problem? Unless I am greatly mistaken, Hadrian's biography furnishes an explanation both plausible and probable." M. Descemet then proceeds to attribute the great activity of the colossal brick-yards of Rome to the fact that Hadrian was at this time preparing to build, and that the superintendents were making ready in advance, in enormous quantities, the building materials which the Emperor would require. The Villa at Tivoli is supposed by this author to have been the work in view; but since the late discoveries as to the Pantheon, it is easy to see what became of the bricks. For, contrary to the long-received opinion, that this building is a most memorable instance of the use of concrete, it now appears that it contains no concrete whatever, the interior of the massive walls being of fragments of brick, regularly laid in cement, and faced with brickwork, and the dome itself being courses of solid brick.

One of the capital points in M. Chedanne's discoveries is the fact that a whole system of arches, strictly vertical, and closely dependent upon the monolithic columns of the interior (which have hitherto been believed purely ornamental), supports the great dome, which, moreover,—and this is a second point of great importance,—does not start in reality where the curve begins on the inside, but, on the contrary, only begins where it is seen on the outside to begin. Within, the curve is deceptive, the walls rise much higher,—that is to say, there is much more wall and much less dome, than has been supposed. The great brick relieving-arches, apparent on the outside, pass entirely

through the massive wall, and were perfectly visible, on the removal at different points of the stucco covering on the inside. In the presence of these facts, which are unquestionable, nothing can be more curious than the assertion made by an eminent English archæologist, not longer ago than 1892, that "the construction of this enormous cupola is a remarkable instance of the extraordinarily skilful use of concrete by the Romans; it is cast in one solid mass, and as free from lateral thrust as if it were cut out of one block of stone."

These brick-stamps, which are of so great importance in fixing the date of Roman buildings, are by no means a new discovery. European scholars, and especially Italians, since the seventeenth century, have concerned themselves much with this curious registry. A very interesting work by Monsignor Marini, which remained a MS. of the Vatican for over fifty years, was published in 1884, and is of great value. It contains about five thousand inscriptions from these stamps, and by no means exhausts the subject. In some parts of Italy bricks have been found with consular dates as early as 75 B.C.; but in Rome itself, none before the reign of Trajan are known. It was long supposed that dated bricks ended with the reign of Marcus Aurelius, but a few have been found of the time of Commodus, Septimius Severus, and even later. The great majority, however, belong to the second century. Not only bricks bore the stamp of the maker, but so did jars, urns, also vases, and lamps of every description, and the stamp was usually on the handles. Many brick-fields were imperial property, and their products, besides serving for the Emperor's own buildings, were so abundant that they must have brought in a very large revenue. Among private owners of brick-fields, the Domitian family were very important, through several generations. Over three hundred stamps, collected by M.

Descemet, bear this name. The list begins with the Consul Cn. Domitius Afer, born at Nîmes, in the reign of Augustus, 15 B.C. He came early to Rome, and was very soon distinguished at the bar. He is mentioned by Tacitus and Dion Cassius, and by Quintilian, who calls him "the Prince of the Forum," and extols the Gallo-Roman lawyer as the greatest orator he has ever known. Domitius gained a very great fortune, and, surviving Augustus, was able to hold his ground in the difficult times of Tiberius, and then of Caligula, and was consul with Caligula in 39. He died in 59, having adopted two sons: Cn. Domitius Lucanus, and Cn. Domitius Tullus. These two (who were brothers also by blood) were so united in everything, that the poet Martial speaks of their mutual affection and of their wealth, and compares them to Castor and Pollux. Both were consuls under the Flavian Emperors. By a sequence of events not worth narrating, the daughter of one of these two became sole heiress to both, and also inherited a great fortune on the mother's side. This was Domitia Lucilla, who married a Roman of distinguished family, P. Calvisius Tullus, also a consul, and at her death, again the Domitian brick-fields fell to an heiress, her daughter, the second Domitia Lucilla. This Lucilla married Annius Verus, and was the mother of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

In M. Descemet's collection there are about a hundred and forty inscriptions belonging to the founder of the Roman house and his adopted sons and their freedmen. Of these, three are in the list of M. Chedanne's eight from the Pantheon. Of the elder Domitia Lucilla, there are ninety; and of the younger, ninety-eight. Among the inscriptions belonging to the younger Lucilla, occurs the letter N following her name, and this tells a story. The word is *NOSTRA*, "our," which, in its masculine and feminine forms, was sometimes used on coins, medals, or whatever inscriptions

occur, for members of the imperial family, and for them only,—as Caesar N, Augustus N, Augusti N N(*ostri*). But when Marcus Aurelius was adopted as heir to the throne, and made Caesar in 139, his mother was yet alive, and she, in a sense, also entered the imperial family, and became “our” Domitia,—which honorary designation she added to her brick-stamps.

The early Roman brick-stamps are usually circular, about four inches in diameter, with the inscription in relief in two concentric rings. Later stamps are rectangular. Sometimes, in the centre, a head of Mercury, an ox-skull, a figure of an animal, a bird, or an insect, or a palm-leaf. On some stamps, of later dates, letters are inverted. The mould or matrix was in a single piece, perhaps of wood, but more probably in stone or terra cotta, and was applied while the brick was soft. It has been thought that the stamp was required by law for purposes of taxation. It was used only on the large tiles, and not in every one,—a certain proportion of stamps being probably required for every hundred tiles.

Kindred to this use of stamps for bricks is the stamp on lead pipes of imperial date; and in the presence of both, it is impossible not to wonder that the Romans, or rather their Greek artisans, came so near the discovery of printing, and yet failed of it. With their unequalled architecture and their marvellous art, how could they lack that intelligence, that alertness of mind which would have opened this close-shut door! One step more, and some Agathobolos or Trophimos would have anticipated Gutemberg and Faustus, and the Dark Ages might have been omitted from history.

So much archæological interest is astir about the Pantheon in these days, that the old romantic charm is, for the moment, in abeyance. But it is there, no doubt, all the same. Whether, on a bright day under a favouring sky

one sees its interior all flooded with light, the perfect blue of heaven visible through the great aperture of the dome, the magnificent marble pavement, and all the polished columns in their beautiful succession, and the imposing curve of the dome, perfectly revealed; or whether, by rare good luck, entering it by night, when there are no details but only the majesty of the grand outline, and the stars across the open space above; or in the imposing majesty of its immense mass, seen from without, simple, and the most solemn of all buildings in the world,—it is the grand type of that magnificent Empire which stands foremost also in all the world. We are told that Hadrian often held his court of justice in the Pantheon, and now that we know the building is his own, the act has a great significance. This most modern and most fascinating personality invests the stately building with an interest quite peculiar. Hither he came, of his own preference, for the exercise of his noblest imperial function; and the great court of justice has remained to this day, never turned to any unworthy use. The palace of Hadrian is a mass of ruinous walls, with only the beautiful outlook left that he loved. Of the other temples that he built, one has completely vanished, and the other has only its great platform and a fragment of wall to show its ancient grandeur: his massive tomb has been hammered by all the machines of warfare, and plundered by all the great robbers, and built over by the engineers of many epochs, until now it has a semblance that he himself would never recognise: but the Emperor Hadrian might stand to-day in his Pantheon, and find it not so greatly changed, in all these years. And this is good to think of.

As for the Mausoleum, which was the last work of this reign, so brilliant in architecture, it seems difficult to say much, there is so very much to say; and indeed its story belongs rather to the Christian than to the Pagan centuries.



Sepulchre of Roman Emperors, fortress and palace and prison of Popes, and of princes by turns, barracks under the Republic, perhaps some day to be a museum,—the Castle of San Angelo is an inexhaustible, delightful, fascinating study.

In its original form, the Mausoleum of Hadrian was a colossal, round tower, over three hundred feet in diameter, and seventy-five feet high, surmounted by a circular temple, much smaller in diameter, but nearly as high, and itself standing upon a basement about two hundred and fifty feet square. These are enormous dimensions, exceeding even those of the Mausoleum of Augustus. The whole of the exterior was faced with marble slabs, the basement having panels and pilasters, and the circular story, and the temple above it, was decorated with columns of Oriental marbles and Egyptian porphyry, the interspaces having each its statue of marble or bronze.

The core of the building is of blocks of peperino and travertine, with a central mass of concrete in which is formed the sepulchral chamber and the passages leading to it. This sepulchral chamber, about fifty feet square, in the very centre of the diameter of the great tomb, and nearly at the top of the round tower, has still its massive lining of blocks of peperino and travertine, but all their marble facing has been plundered, and even the mosaic pavements of this cell, and of the curving passage which led up to it, are gone. Here stood the Emperor's sarcophagus,—which was destroyed by fire in the Lateran palace in the fourteenth century,—with its beautiful lid, now the font in S. Peter's.

As in the case of the Mausoleum of Augustus, the first person to be buried here was the heir to the Empire, in this instance, also, an adopted heir; and the second was Hadrian himself. Thence, until the time of Commodus, a little over fifty years, it was the imperial tomb; and then, Septimius

Severus built a third Mausoleum at some point now unknown, outside the Porta Capena.

Besides the buildings of Hadrian himself, the most important residence, not a palace, that has been brought to light by recent excavations dates from this reign. This is the House of the Vestals (*Atrium Vestae*), whose discovery is due to the Italian government, in 1883-4. The site of the temple of Vesta being ascertained, and near it a low circular construction, a kind of curb, like the edge of a fountain basin, which was very fairly assumed to represent the ancient Fons Juturnae, the well

“That springs by Vesta's fane,”

it was not unexpected that explorations eastward should reveal what they did. But no discovery was ever more satisfactory.

A building of great dimensions was dug out of the accumulated soil on the edge of the Palatine,—a very extensive atrium, with rooms opening into it from every side; on that towards the hill, stairs yet remaining, and many rooms on an upper floor; remains of bath-rooms, and flues in the walls for hot air; marble wall-linings and architraves of doors, mosaic pavements in various patterns, traces of fresco in brilliant colours, niches for statues, grooves for balustrading which separated the *tablinum* from the atrium, fragments of columns, and, most interesting and conclusive of all, a great number of portrait-statues of Vestals and pedestals for statues, each with its dedicatory inscription. Many of these statues have been removed to the New Archæological Museum, established in a part of the Baths of Diocletian; but a number yet remain, not exactly *in situ*, for all of them had been thrown down and more or less injured, but in the same place where the Vestals whom they commemorate once lived.

These statues are not beautiful or graceful, but seem to be portraits, and are greatly valued because they represent the Vestal dress: a long gown, fastened by a girdle of cord which is knotted in front, with short ends; over this a great mantle, sometimes folded over the head like a hood, and falling in massive folds, usually with weighted tassels at its corners. Around the head, under the mantle, is the twisted lock of wool, like a coronet, and, besides, there are rolls of linen, fillets, which vary in number, and have been thought to indicate higher rank as the twists were more numerous. The feet, appearing under the edge of the *stola*, are shod in soft boots.

The pedestals all bear inscriptions to the Chief Vestal, *Virgo Vestalis Maxima*, generally expressive of gratitude for favours received. These ladies, it seems, in addition to their other prerogatives had great influence at court, and aided many office-seekers, who, in return, repaid the favour by the compliment of a statue. Some of these inscriptions bear very late dates; one is of the year 247; another, of 286. The very latest is of 364 A.D., that is, thirty-four years after Rome ceased to be the capital. On this inscription of latest date, the Vestal's name has been hammered out,—not in the barbaric way of general destruction, but understood, but carefully and purposely, removing only the name, of which, indeed, the initial letter C is left, as if to make sure that the offender should be remembered in her punishment. Taking into consideration the date, when Christianity had already gained a firm foothold even in Rome, it has been believed that this C—— was the Vestal Claudia, whose conversion to the new faith is matter of history. There is also one statue of a man among all these women, quite sadly out of place, believed to be there as the result of an interchange of courtesies between the last Chief Vestal and a Roman senator's wife, who erected the Vestal's

statue in her own palace, as a return for Caelia Concordia's compliment in dedicating a statue of the Senator, Praetextatus by name, in the Atrium Vestae. This explanation is offered by Lanciani, on faith of an inscription discovered on the site of this senator's house in 1591, but whether the inscription may yet be seen, the Roman archæologist does not say.

Nothing in Rome is more ancient than this institution of a maiden priesthood, derived with many kindred ideas from the Long White City of the neighbouring hills, the early metropolis of the Latins. The position of the Vestals in the Roman state bore distinct traces of the origin of this priesthood. In that extremely primitive social condition, where to possess fire was the greatest gain man had yet made, and to lose it the greatest misfortune for the hamlet, the chief man, the king, so-called, fulfilled a most important duty towards his people by keeping a fire always burning, from which they could at any moment kindle their own. Nothing could be more natural than that his unmarried daughters should have the charge of this precious hearth, under the protection of the goddess of fire, Hestia of early times, and later, Vesta. The number of the Vestals corresponds to the idea that originally they were the daughters of one family, four at first, and later, six, which was the final limit, never overpassed. And that they were the king's daughters, is traceable in their position of honour in the Roman state.

They have been compared with the nuns of the Roman Church, and the Atrium Vestae has been called their convent. This seems to be carrying too far the resemblance which is evident in the two points of their vow of virginity, and the religious character of their position. Of the nun's three obligations, the Vestal assumes but one, and instead of poverty and obedience, the other two, she had great independence and great luxury.

The Vestals were exempt from the common law, and not even subject to the Censor's authority, and—most conspicuous freedom of all—they had the right of holding property and making a will, even from those earliest times when every other woman was absolutely subject in these respects to her father or to her husband. They had great political importance, often interposing to save a life, or to restore harmony at critical moments, and the grateful inscriptions of their statues show what useful friends at court they could be. Also they often had charge of important wills, as in the case of Cæsar's.

That they lived in great luxury appears from the aspect of their house, with its spacious court and splendid decorations of all kinds and its luxury of baths and hot-air flues. They had the extraordinary privilege of keeping horses and carriages, and were preceded by a lictor to clear the way, and in a question of precedence, even the consuls made room for them. Their presence was expected where no other women, as a rule, might go,—namely, in the places of public amusement, the circus, the theatre, and the amphitheatre, where the most agreeable seats were permanently at their command.

The only superior whom they acknowledged was the Pontifex Maximus who, representing the ancient king of the village, had a parental authority over the Vestals; but we do not read of his using it with severity. It seems that they were, almost without exception, a law to themselves. Only two offences appear against them, and those, most rarely: a neglect of the sacred fire, so that it became extinguished, for which carelessness the Vestal was scourged by the Pontifex; and the violation of her vow of chastity, for which she suffered the tremendous penalty of being buried alive.

It was always a child under ten who filled the vacancy

when one occurred; and at the age of forty, each priestess in turn retired from duty; so there was always a wide variety in age in the Vestal household. There was the little girl, in the quaint dress, with the consecrated flock of white wool twisted into a fillet, and the bands of ribbon on the close-cropped childish head, running about this great court and up and down these stairs, as a child must, even if she was a Roman Vestal; learning her duties, a little at a time, for she had a long time to learn them in; no doubt very much impressed with the fire in the temple just outside, and with the mysterious objects, not larger than her playthings, but on whose safety depended the fate of the great city and all the men and women in it, and of which she was one of the six appointed guardians. And there was the girl in her twenties, who had all this luxury and social consequence, and political influence, and freedom of action, — up to the one sharp line of demarcation between herself and all others. And there was the older woman, with all the accumulated honor of the *Vestalis Maxima*. Only six, with great space for personal action, surely the Vestals were quite dissimilar to the crowded, disciplined, submissive inmates of a convent.

Upon Hadrian's death, the man whom he had selected succeeded him as Emperor, and a third long and good reign gave further stability to all the excellent institutions founded by Trajan and Hadrian. But Antoninus Pius, who was over fifty when he came to the throne, seems to have had no taste at all for building, and there remains in Rome of this almost faultless man and noble ruler, no other memorial than the temple he erected to his beautiful wife, Faustina, and his portraits, busts, and statues in the Capitol and the Vatican. The latter are extremely characteristic, a face of modern type, very serious and anxious, and, above all things, good. It is a marvel that once in all history

human perfection like this should have held the foremost place in all the world.

The temple of Faustina was probably built very early in this reign, for she died only three years after Antoninus became Emperor. It stands just off the northeastern corner of the Forum, much injured by its transformation into a church, but still retaining the six superb columns of its portico and their frieze with a line of beautiful reliefs of griffins and candelabra, copied closely from that of the temple of Apollo in the Island of Delos. The cipollino columns, about fifty feet high, are the only monoliths of coloured marble that remain *in situ* from the imperial age, except those of the interior of the Pantheon<sup>1</sup>; and the cipollino,—which the Romans called Carystian marble, from the quarries near Carystos in the Greek island, Eubœa, where it was found,—has been considered a kind of transition link between marble and common stone, being a mixture of micaceous and calcareous elements. It was rather an ordinary material compared with the pure marbles, and the porphyries and granites, and still it had a great deal of beauty in its colour and stratification. The defaced shafts of the temple of Faustina give no true idea of the cipollino at its best, but four very large columns in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, perfectly polished, show the beautiful wavy lines of shaded green that suggest at once the idea of solidified sea-foam. It was a favourite stone in imperial Rome, as testify the five hundred columns and countless

<sup>1</sup> The following are M. Chedanne's measurements of the Pantheon, which differ slightly from those heretofore given:—

	m.
Average interior diameter.....	43·425
Total height.....	44·60
Interior height of dome.....	22·60
Thickness of walls.....	6·21
Thickness of dome at its aperture.....	1·80

wall-linings in the villas, palaces, churches, and museums of the present city.

The cella of this temple is built of very fine and well-fitted blocks of peperino, once covered with slabs probably of white marble; and there are remains outside the temple of what seems a pavement of an enclosure once surrounding the building. This is of Hymettian marble, and in very thick slabs,—a much coarser variety, but frequently used in columns. This, also, was slightly tinged with green, and so harmonised with the portico. A very curious bath of a later date is cut into this pavement, eastward from the temple, its thin marble lining still in part remaining. The concrete foundation of the ancient steps is in place, showing also the platform midway where a statue stood which may have been one of those representing the elder Faustina which remain to this day. The marble steps themselves, twenty-one in number, were transferred to the Vatican in 1540; the statue, of course, had long before been thrown down, but may have been disinterred at that time.

The columns of the temple of Faustina have only by degrees been excavated. Early in the present century some work in this direction was done, but not until 1876 were they completely brought to view, and since that time the French archæologists have taken great satisfaction in discovering and deciphering numerous *graffiti* upon these columns and their bases.

This familiar Italian word designates, in archæology, figures or words scratched upon monuments not destined for such use. The *graffiti* of the barracks of the Seventh Cohort in the Trastevere have attracted much attention. Still more noted are those of the Domus Gelotiana, so-called, a building of unknown, and probably not very early, imperial date, under the Palatine cliff on the side towards the Circus Maximus. This house, of which a row of small



vaulted rooms on the ground-floor and the portico in front of them are all that now remains, was used apparently as a guard-house, and also as a school for some of the Emperor's slave-pages; and both soldiers and school-boys have scratched many inscriptions upon its plaster, usually their names and some fact of their history, as: "Hilarus, a veteran of the Emperor"; or, "Corinthus goes out of School."

A scratch on plaster is easily made, even one that will last seventeen centuries more or less, but to find words or figures on marble is quite a different matter. The *graffiti* of the temple of Faustina were made slowly and carefully, working with a sharp and strong steel point. It is believed that these columns had been injured by the fire which overswept this part of Rome in the year 191,—for the cipollino has tints which are evidently due to the action of heat,—and hence could be more easily engraved. In one instance, the work is incomplete, a series of points designating an outline to be cut later. On one of the mouldings of the base of the fourth column of the front row (counting from the left) is the Christian monogram combined with A and Ω, thus, Ω✱A. This curious inversion of the A and Ω is not entirely unknown, it appears, in Syriac. Out of nineteen inscriptions copied by M. de Vogüe, eight are thus constructed. It is thought this was not intentional but merely an error, and a very gross one. To find it here fixes the date between 360, when the letters began to be used, and 409, when such mistakes had become extremely rare. On other columns parts of the Greek cross can be made out. This is an interesting discovery of Christian *graffiti* in so public a place, and at a date so early. Elsewhere are many other designs and letters, notably on the third column representations of combats in the circus, and a Victory, with the usual wings.

Antoninus Pius dedicated the temple to his wife, but when he himself died, twenty years later, the Senate added his name to hers. It is singularly unfortunate that the only woman who had a Roman temple built in her honour was one of the most unworthy. The younger Faustina, whom her father married to Marcus Aurelius, on adopting him as heir to the throne immediately on his own accession, is one of the problems of history. All manner of scandal was current about her, as it had been about her mother; on the other hand, Marcus Aurelius, who was her husband for nearly forty years, gives thanks to the powers above, in his own private memoranda, for the blessing of a wife "so obedient, so affectionate, and so sincere." The world has an invincible desire to think well in every particular of the imperial philosopher whose moral sentences might have been part of the loftiest Christian teaching, but the persistent optimism of his attitude towards Faustina would scarcely be pardoned in any other man. Moreover, it seems to be rendered even less creditable, by his famous answer to friends who urged him to repudiate her: "But in that case, I ought to give up her dowry," that is to say, the Empire. On the other hand, however, in a letter to Fronto, his former tutor and most trusted friend, the Emperor says: "I would rather be with her in a desert island, than without her in the imperial palace"; which is a very concise expression of an affection so strong that it may have been blind. A very pretty woman was the younger Faustina, as her likenesses show,—pretty, piquant, and volatile. "She is ready to talk with any man," says Ampère. "Under the peristyle of the Villa Albani there is a statue of the charming Empress,—seated, her head a little bent, quite as if she were being made love to. In a hall of this casino, a bas-relief shows Marcus Aurelius, addressing to the people one of those moral discourses, those philosophic sermons that he

was accustomed to deliver. Faustina stands behind him, representing some goddess, a caduceus in her hand, and listening to her husband this time,—the least that she could do after listening to so many others." But Faustina was an Emperor's daughter, which in Rome seems to have always involved a heritage of evil.

As usual, the first buildings of the new reign were in honour of the late Emperor,—a temple and a Column bearing the name of Antoninus Pius. The temple, as far as any of it remains, is under the Parliament House of Monte Citorio, and, probably with a temple of Marcus Aurelius, makes quite a hillock. This ground has never been carefully explored, and the erection of the palace of Monte Citorio, by Pope Innocent X. in the middle of the seventeenth century (which now serves the Italian government as a Parliament House), has shut off all further investigation. The one tall column of cipollino in the Piazza di Spagna, which Pius IX. consecrated to the Immacolata, found behind the palace in 1778, is the only known fragment remaining from the Antonine temples. The Column of Antoninus Pius was a monolith of red Egyptian granite, discovered in many fragments under a house at the north-western corner of the piazza, in 1704. It was too much broken to be restored, and accordingly it was used to mend the sun-dial obelisk which now stands on Monte Citorio. The pedestal of the Column, which had never been removed, was transferred by Pius VI., in 1792, to the Vatican, and here it can be seen, in the company of the pine-cone and the peacocks, in the Giardino della Pigna. An inscription records its erection, and high reliefs on the other three sides represent cavalry and infantry in motion, and the apotheosis of Antoninus and Faustina. This pedestal is very curious and interesting, but the old vigour and grace of the best periods are lacking to it.

In the Piazza Colonna, to which it gives its name, stands the great memorial of Marcus Aurelius, the column, an exact counterpart in height and size and scheme of decoration to Trajan's, but greatly inferior to that in the character of the bas-reliefs. They represent the Emperor's campaigns on the north of the Danube, in the years 167-179, which fixes the date of erection as later than the death of Marcus Aurelius. Two of the ancient historians also say that "temples, columns, and priesthoods" were dedicated to this Emperor after his death, which further certifies to the date. Between the years 118 and 180, the final and fatal decline of art had begun.

Two inscriptions of much interest remain from these Columns, one, from the granite shaft of Antoninus Pius, and the other from the marble one of Marcus Aurelius. The former is in Greek, and is on the pedestal in the Vatican garden:—

ΔΙΟΚΚΟΥΡΟΥ  
 ΑΘ ΤΡΑΙΑΝΟΥ  
 ΔΥΟ ΑΝΑ ΠΟΔΕC Ν  
 ΑΡΙΞΤΕΙΔΟΥ ΑΡΧΙΤΕΚΤΟΥ

which indicates (*ἀνὰ πόδας*, in the third line, being a solecism for *ἀνὰ πόδας*) that the stone of which it was formed had been hewn in the ninth year of Trajan's reign, under the direction of Dioskouros and Aristeidos the architect, and was only used after lying half a century in the imperial stone-yard. The other inscription, in the Gallery of Inscriptions of the Vatican, No. 154, contains a petition from Adrastus, a freedman of one of the later Emperors, who was custodian of this Column, requesting to have his miserable hut (*cannaba*) improved into a *solarium*, or terrace (perhaps improved by the addition of a *solarium*, as might be done in modern Rome); and the decree of the Emperor

that this request should be granted, with many details as to the site and materials of the house.

The Column of Marcus Aurelius, unlike the sister shaft of Trajan's Forum, stands on a pedestal entirely altered by the repairs of Fontana. The ancient base was much less massive and it was more appropriate to its use. Its base was thirteen feet lower than the present level, and on the east side was the door to its spiral staircase, now entirely inaccessible. In 1589, the safety of the Column required repairs, and by order of Sextus V., the base was restored and cased in marble, and the misleading inscription, in which it is called the Column of Antoninus Pius, was cut upon it; at the same time the statue of S. Paul was placed on the summit. The fragment of the old inscription remaining in the sixteenth century had only the words *CONSECRATIO* and *D. ANTONINI AVG. PII*, which was supposed to fix the designation of the Monument; but the bas-reliefs make it clear that Marcus Aurelius was the Emperor indicated, for he it was who made the German campaigns, and not his predecessor.

To Marcus Aurelius belongs the honour, also long denied him, of having left to modern times the one bronze equestrian statue that remains of all which anciently decorated Rome. It is impossible to say how many there once were, but the number must have been very great, beginning with the twenty-five bronze horsemen of Lysippus, Alexander and his Companions, brought by Metellus Macedonicus to Rome a century and a half before the Christian era. Under the supposition that the statue of the Capitol represented the Emperor Constantine, it was gratefully preserved in the papal palace of the Lateran, while nearly every other work of art in bronze went into the melting-pot. There is mention of it in the year 966; again, in 1187; again, in the time of Rienzi, 1347; lastly, in 1538, it was selected by

Michelangelo as the central decoration of the new piazza of the Capitol, which he was then designing. He took a great block of marble from the temple of Castor in the Forum to make a pedestal for this statue, and however much it is to be regretted that Castor should have been robbed, Marcus Aurelius was well placed as a result. The horse is not an animal of modern race, but since Michelangelo has praised it, let us not impertinently criticise. As for the rider, he sits well, and his pose and gesture are simple and noble. In the Palace of the Conservatori, on the southern side of the same piazza, are some fine reliefs from the Arch of Marcus Aurelius which spanned the Corso at its intersection with the Via della Vite, until so recent a date as 1563. Six of its sculptured panels, in which is manifested the nobler art of the earlier time, are now in position on the dark red wall of the staircase landing, and are a most interesting study. These panels are very imposing, very large, in high relief, and full of life. An Arch of Claudius also spanning the Corso, a little further south, was destroyed by the same pope, Alexander VII., and it is supposed that the relief on the left wall, representing the Emperor received by the goddess Roma, who presents him with the orb of empire, should have been restored with the head of Claudius, and shown to belong to the older Arch. The other reliefs represent the Emperor offering sacrifice before the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; his triumphal entrance into the city; his granting peace to the conquered Germans; his address to the army; and, finally, the apotheosis of the Emperor and of Faustina.

When Marcus Aurelius died he bequeathed the Empire to his son, thus breaking the tradition of selection, which, during nearly a century, had given Rome the most remarkable succession of good rulers that any kingdom of ancient or modern times ever possessed. Every one of these



*Equestrian Statue of Marcus Aurelius.*







Emperors had passed his fortieth year, and with the exception of the last, Marcus Aurelius, none of them had lived in the expectation of this great inheritance. Hence their early lives had been free from that disastrous shadow, or rather, that blinding glitter, of coming power which has so often been fatal to every good quality of mind and heart.

Commodus, however, knew himself born to the purple, and he was not yet twenty when, after a vicious and scandalous boyhood, he became the master of the world. With all the allowance possible for parental affection, it is hard to forgive Marcus Aurelius for bequeathing the world to such a son.

The Emperor Commodus reigned twelve years, and added a crypto-porticus to the Colosseum, leading to the amphitheatre from the new palace in which he established his abode on the Caelian. This was the *Domus Vectiliana*, where he was finally murdered. Then followed, as after Nero's death, a year in which three Emperors reigned and perished,—one of whom, Didius Julianus, was the successful bidder at that famous historic auction in the Praetorian Camp; and then came the two African Emperors,—Septimius Severus, followed by his son, Caracalla, in whose reigns there was once more a great development of building activity in Rome. The accession of Septimius Severus was nearly in the middle of the third century of the Empire, dating it from Caesar's accession to the supreme power in the year 49 B.C.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ROME OF THE EMPERORS (49 B.C.—330 A.D.).

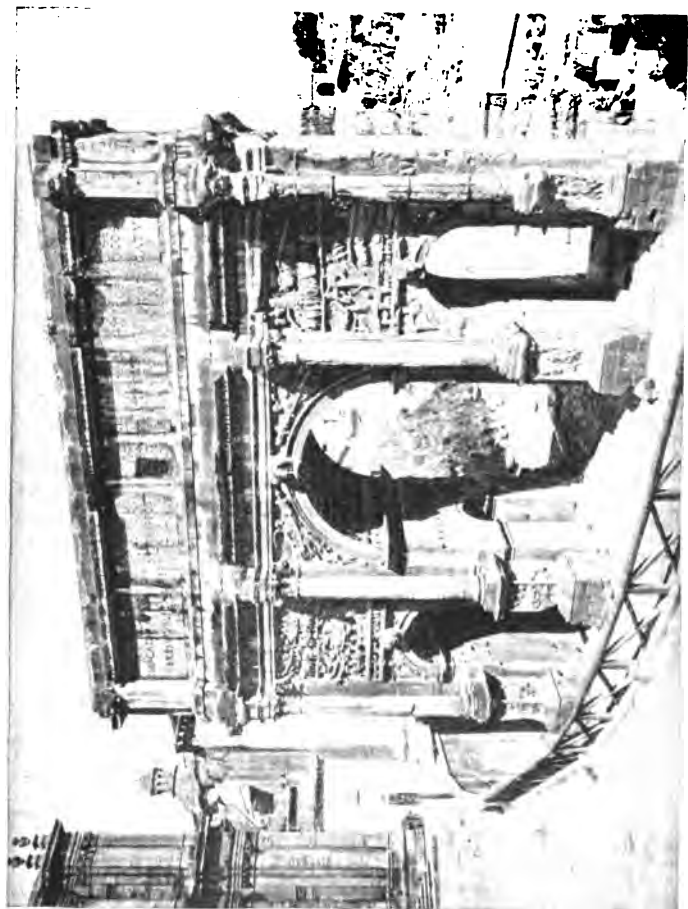
*(Continued.)*

WITH the accession of Septimius Severus (193 A.D.) visibly began the decline of Rome. This Emperor was an African by birth, that is, a native of the Roman province of Africa, as Trajan was a Spaniard, and Antoninus Pius belonged to a family who had lived in Gaul. But it is asserted that Severus was, at least, a quadroon, and all the historians speak of his African traits, both of character and appearance. He was in Illyria on the Adriatic Sea, when his army proclaimed him Emperor; he immediately marched upon the defenceless city, and after he had entered it and defeated the rival candidates, he made a general massacre, more extensive than any that had taken place in Rome since the proscriptions of the triumvirate. He had a reign of eighteen years, and his son, Caracalla, one of six; so that the Africans ruled Rome, in all, for almost a quarter of a century. There was a deal of repairing done in their time, and wherever they put in a new stone, they seem to have inscribed their names. But two huge monuments of these reigns were quite their own,—the Arch in the Forum, and Caracalla's *Thermae* on the Appian Way; besides this, the last imperial buildings on the Palatine hill belong to Septimius Severus.

As soon as the new Emperor had made secure his grasp upon Rome, he set out eastward to defeat a rival who had been proclaimed by the legions of the East, and while in



*Arch of Septimius Severus.*



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their neighbourhood made a campaign against the Arabs. Meantime another rival threatened in Gaul, and he hastened thither to encounter this new foe. After another victory he returned once more to the East, finally encountering the traditional foe, the Parthian king, and gaining many victories over him. It was not until he had been nine years Emperor that Severus came back to Rome to live, and at this date he built his great Arch in the Forum, and his palace on the Palatine.

The most *parvenu* of Emperors whom Rome had yet known had the insolence to erect a huge triumphal arch in a space scarcely large enough to give it standing-room, crowding the Rostra on one side, and the venerable Comitium on the other, bestriding the Sacra Via, and almost hiding from sight the exquisite temple of Concord. It is an enormous rectangular mass, eighty feet long, about thirty in width, and seventy in height, built of immense blocks of white marble, and pierced with three archways, the middle one much higher than the other two. It is decorated with four fluted columns on each face, having composite capitals, and all the available space is covered with bas-reliefs in a poor style of art representing the Parthian victories. Inside, the three arches are ornamented with square coffers and rosettes. The whole length of the attic across the Arch is filled with an inscription in honour of the victories in the East. The whole structure was surmounted by a six-horse chariot in which the Emperor stood, the figures of his two sons standing at each side, and two horsemen at the angles. All these figures were in bronze, and have long since vanished.

Nor is this the only arch that bears the name of the African Emperor. In the Velabrum, making the boundary between it and the Forum Boarium, is an ornamental marble gateway, known as the Arch of the Silversmiths, offered by

them as an expression of homage to Severus, his wife, and sons. It is really not an arch at all, consisting merely of two square piers with a horizontal entablature, and, though very richly decorated, the sculpture is coarse, and the reliefs are poorly executed. The church of S. Giorgio in Velabro was built on to this arch in a very singular way; the older structure at first sight seems part of the portico of the church, but the latter was simply attached to it as a wasp's nest might be to a wall, and the church-tower rises over one end of the gateway, concealing two of its sculptured faces. A third archway, which has no inscription at all, a building having intersecting arched passage-ways just across the street from the Silversmiths' Arch, is thought also to date from this period. This is a very curious building of the kind which the Romans called Janus, and is supposed to resemble those which anciently stood in the Forum Romanum. This arch has niches in two rows on the faces of the piers, and doubtless had rows of Corinthian columns also, and it is supposed the niches contained each its statue. The old building is much despised by the learned, as belonging to a very degraded period of art, but as it now stands, with grass growing green on its top, and little green sprays springing out here and there all over it, absolutely mute and nameless, destitute of inscription, the uncritical observer may derive a great deal of pleasure from looking at it.

The "restorations" and rebuildings of this reign were numerous. Aqueducts, baths, palaces, the temple of Vespasian and the temple of Vesta, the Pantheon and the Julian Basilica, all profited more or less by this Emperor's desire that the estate of which he had become master—nothing less than the great city itself—should be perfectly well kept up. Severus was a man who felt his own sovereignty keenly; he had aspired to the imperial position for many years before he attained it; among other measures

in this intention, he had married a Syrian girl of the poorest family, to whom the astrologers of her native town had foretold an imperial destiny. His accession to the throne, following the overthrow of Commodus,—in which event he had no share,—was singularly a parallel case with Vespasian's accession after the fall of Nero. Between Nero and Vespasian three Emperors reigned and perished in one year; between Commodus and Septimius Severus there were three; and then the ablest man in the Empire suddenly proved his strength, grasping the reins of power, holding them for his lifetime, and transmitting them to his sons. But while Vespasian was absolutely hostile to the memory of the dynasty which had preceded his own, Severus, on the contrary, in every way sought to associate himself with his great predecessors, the Antonines. He claimed adoption as the son of Marcus Aurelius, and he changed the name of his own eldest son to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Few men have held so daring an ambition, or seen it so fully gratified, but not Solomon with his "Vanity of vanities" was ever more discontented in the result. "I have been all things," Severus said, late in his life, "and nothing profits me." (*Omnia fui, et nihil expedit.*)

Among the rebuildings in this reign, one concerns us more than any other. This was a reconstruction by Severus of a temple in Vespasian's Forum, known as the *Templum Sacrae Urbis*. Its interest lies in the fact that to the north-eastern wall of this temple, on its outside, was attached a plan of the city of Rome, incised on slabs of marble an inch and a half thick, about five feet high, and three and a half in width. The wall is standing yet, and the stumps of metal clamps by which the marble was attached can be seen in the face of it, showing that the slabs were arranged in nine tiers, nearly covering the whole wall.

In the year 1560, during the reign of Pius IV., by one

of those happy accidents which have now and then occurred at Rome, among many untoward ones, there were discovered at the foot of this wall, among various kind of débris, fragments of this invaluable treasure, to which later excavations have added more. Of the earlier find, in some mysterious way, nearly half were lost, but not until they had been copied by Bellori, an architect of the time. From his drawings, the lost fragments have been restored in marble; and the whole collection, set into plaster and framed in marble panels, to the number of about thirty, has been built into the walls of the staircase of the Capitoline Museum. It would not have been easy to find a worse place for it, unless to use it for a frieze; perhaps even that would have been better. So important an object of study deserved a better fate, a position in line, on a level with the eye, and perfectly accessible for prolonged examination.

There are over three hundred fragments of this plan, varying in size from three feet by two, or larger, to tiny scraps an inch in diameter. Why it should have been destroyed is hard to understand. It must have been so much hard work to pry the marble slabs off from the lofty wall, and it could not but have looked worthless to barbarian eyes. This is one of the many enigmas in the history of the Roman city.

The engraving on the marble is rather rudely done; the lines are far from true, and the letters not well cut. It was filled in with vermilion, and is perfectly clear even in the tiniest fragment. Some of the work is better done than the rest, and it has been thought may be of a different date. The temple of the Sacred City, which was built in Vespasian's time, had also a plan of Rome on its wall, which may not have perished entirely. Nor was the idea new even in the Flavian reigns; we know that the great ædile Agrippa set this excellent fashion in the last century before

the Christian era. In its general scheme the plan of Rome was like the old-fashioned method of representing a city with which every one is familiar. The streets were drawn with some regularity, and public buildings were represented where they stood in the general outlines of their ground plan — the long oval circus, the semi-circle of a theatre, the temple with its portico; and to each its name is added, in letters larger or smaller according to the size of the building. The scale is about one to three hundred, and of course had the plan remained entire, it would have been the most precious of documents on Roman topography. Even the fragmentary remains of it have great value, and fix many points with absolute certainty which otherwise must have remained forever undetermined.

The building in which the ancient temple wall is now included was consecrated as a church by Pope Felix IV. about the year 528. It bears the name of two members of the medical profession, Saints Cosmo and Damiano, and consists partly of the temple of Severus and partly of a small circular edifice, consecrated over a century later by the Emperor Maxentius to the memory of his baby son Romulus. Using the circular temple as a vestibule, and cutting the rectangular one across its breadth by the wall of an apse (in which there are some extremely early Christian mosaics), this Pope of the sixth century made the northeastern end of the temple of Severus do service in his monastery. Many windows have been cut through it in the various stories, and its appearance is quite changed from the high blank wall of brick-faced concrete to which were affixed the marble slabs. But the same wall it is, notwithstanding the windows with their air of everyday life, their little curtains, and the boxes of flowers on the sills. It makes one side of a quadrangle walled in at the corner of the Via in Miranda, where there are sheds and little work-

of the world; city that men have loved as one might love a person, and not a mere inanimate mass of brick and stone.

Following one of these little lanes through the shrubbery, the idle loiterer may come upon a curious series of ruinous bath-rooms, with their fragments of marble lining, and the hypocausts underneath. These are evidently connected with the stadium, and are thought to be of Hadrian's time.

This is at the southeastern angle of the hill, it will be remembered; at the southwestern corner, also on the hill-top, there are other baths and hypocausts, seemingly of the same date. These are evidently part of a private house. They are in good enough condition to show quite plainly the Roman scheme of heating. The bath itself is usually the whole little room, marble-lined, and its floor, to which several marble steps lead down, is three or four feet lower than the level of the other rooms. The hypocaust beneath it is a kind of fire-proof chamber of the same area, and usually about two feet high: sometimes little square pillars at regular intervals support its top, but often this is a simple slab of concrete, so to speak, resting only at its edges. Angular tile-flues, ascending from the hypocaust through the walls of the bath-room, make a complete hot-air jacket for it, and when the fire burned briskly, the water and the air in the bath-room above must have been speedily raised to a very high temperature. The upper story of every Roman building is gone, so that there is no possibility of knowing what arrangement was made for the escape of the smoke which, with the flame and heated air, passed up through the flues; it is probable they were made to converge in some way, but nothing like a chimney of the kind we are familiar with was known to the Romans of the Empire.



*Ruins on the Palatine Hill.*







The palace of Severus was the last addition made to the imperial group on the Palatine. All the earlier palaces still remained, with the exception of Nero's buildings which had occupied the northeastern corner, and had been expressly demolished by the Flavian family. This part of the hill was then laid out in a kind of garden of a very artificial character known in tradition as the "Gardens of Adonis." But the palaces of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, and Domitian remained, and so much of Hadrian's palace as Severus himself had not destroyed in making room for his own. There was no one building, like a royal residence of our time, occupied successively by one monarch after another, enlarged and beautified from time to time, but always with some regard to its original plan. The six palaces were quite distinct, as their ruins show, except where a later one had grown at the expense of an earlier one. Probably Caligula's buildings encroached upon those of Tiberius, and it is evident that the palace of Severus did great harm to Hadrian's. But this seems to have been for lack of space.

The Palatine hill-top, enlarged though it was at all its angles, was a small area on which to erect such huge structures, and, at the beginning of the third century, must have been much more crowded than we should consider seemly for the site of imperial residences. It is curious to notice that, except these curiously artificial Gardens of Adonis on the extreme edge of the hill on the northeast, there was neither park nor parterre on the Palatine. Neither were there the broad avenues giving access to its magnificent buildings which the taste of modern times imperatively demands. Two or three narrow streets climbed the steep hill-sides at various points, and on the summit a many-branched cryptoporticus burrowed among the sub-structures of the lofty walls.

On the Palatine there still remained a few dwelling-houses of earlier date, notably the house of Germanicus, the Domus Gelotiana, at a lower level on the side towards the Circus Maximus, and the singular house, or perhaps group of houses, containing the baths, on a fragment of an ancient paved road at the southwestern angle of the hill-top. But, as the *graffiti* plainly show was the case with the house of the unknown Gelotius, all these other buildings probably had by this time fallen into the Emperor's hands, and were occupied by persons in various ways attached to the imperial household. Besides these of comparatively late date, there still remained on the hill certain ancient consecrated buildings which the Emperors themselves did not venture to interfere with. Some of these localities even had associations with the early kings. There is a curious kind of stairway, partly paved and in part mere steps cut in the tufa rock, on the side towards the Circus Maximus, which can hardly be anything else than the Stairs of Cacus mentioned by Plutarch in his *Life of Romulus*; and at the top of these stairs, the remains of extremely ancient tufa buildings, scarcely now more than ridges of yellowish earth, so rapidly has the soft rock disintegrated since it was exposed by excavations.

On this part of the hill-summit there is a noticeable little grove of ilex-trees. This appears from a distance to have a rectangular form, which is accounted for on seeing that it is perched upon the podium of an ancient temple. The walls, about fifteen feet high, on whose top the trees have grown, are curiously striped, with bands of peperino and of tufa alternately, and there are interesting fragments of *opus insertum* on one side. At a corner of this curious ruin a majestic seated figure, headless and armless, has been placed. It was found near by and is thought to represent the Asiatic goddess Cybele, whose worship was introduced

at Rome two hundred years before Caesar's time, but gained prominence under the Empire. Withal, many other Oriental superstitions specially flourished in the second and third centuries of the Christian era, notably the worship of Mithras, a very ancient Aryan divinity, who in Rome was in some degree identical with Apollo. The Mithraic places of worship were always underground. A trace of one remains to this day under the church of San Clemente, and it has been ascertained that in a long passage-way excavated under the Capitoline hill, from near the arch of Severus to a point where now begins the great stairway to the church of Ara-Coeli, there was a very important shrine of Mithras. This passage-way has long since been blocked up, and the great bas-relief of the shrine is now in the Louvre, a part of the Roman spoils which Napoleon transferred to Paris.

Thus the old Roman religion with which the social order was so closely connected was in these days undermined, as already the old political virtues which had made the strength of the Republic had almost entirely disappeared, while in external appearance the city was still in a state of the most brilliant prosperity. There had been three or four fires whose ravages were so great as to have become matter of history, but the injury done was quickly repaired, and with the exception of Nero's palace, intentionally destroyed, all the magnificent edifices of preceding reigns, back to the time of Caesar, were in their perfection. The old Forum Romanum was crowded with its beautiful temples, the imperial fora adjacent opened their noble colonnades, a thoroughfare across the centre of the town, the Campus Martius had its enormous theatres and baths and other places of public amusement gratuitously open to the Roman public, and every hill-top of the seven had its grand historic temple. For miles outside the city limits

the Campagna had its villas and gardens, to which the great aqueducts brought water in abundant supply, and every highway that led from town was bordered with its double row of lofty sepulchral edifices, majestic reminders of the past. And in all this colossal architectural display there was very frequently the minutest finish in details. From the exquisite carvings on the high cornices of temples, too far from the ground ever to be fully seen, to the dainty, graceful stucco reliefs and painted decorations of dark underground chambers of tombs, like the famous two of the Latin Way, discovered in 1859, there was a lavish expenditure of artistic skill and the labour of human hands which is absolutely unparalleled.

"This earth has never seen, before or since," says Frederic Harrison, "so prodigious an accumulation of all that is beautiful and rare. The quarries of the world had been emptied to find precious marbles; forests of exquisite columns met the gaze,—porphyry, purple and green, polished granite, streaked marble in the hues of a tropical bird, yellow, orange, rosy, and carnation; ten thousand statues, groups and colossi of dazzling Parian or of golden bronze,—the work of Greek genius, of myriad of slaves, of unlimited wealth and absolute authority. Power so colossal, centralisation so ruthless, luxury so frantic, the world had never seen, and we trust, can never see again."

By the Tiber, under the Aventine, on the southern edge of the city, a long quay known as the Marmoratum was the landing-place for the precious cargoes from foreign quarries. A second wharf, at some distance above on the river, also received, in part, the marbles and granites and porphyries on which, in distant lands, the labour of myriads of men had been expended to fit them for their places in the decoration of the imperial city. The upper wharf has mostly disappeared under the new embankment of the Tiber, but the

old Marmoratum under the hill is a very curious and interesting place to this day. Imagine a shipyard where instead of wood there is every variety of marble strewn over the ground; there are columns and fragments of columns, and carved capitals and bits of cornice, and there are enormous piles made of thousands of marble and porphyry chips, larger and smaller. There is a little cottage in the midst of all this where the custode lives, and under a very rude arbour, a fine Corinthian capital inverted makes the base of a little table where the family sometimes may be seen taking their simple dinner. The chickens and guinea-fowl stray about among the marble chips, and the little children build houses in the grass with the porphyry and the pavonazetto and all the other fine bits of stone, which only need the lapidary's work to make them the most treasured spoils of the traveller's collection.

The Marmoratum was excavated in 1869-70, and one of the most magnificent columns found there, a great monolith of Africano twenty-seven feet long and nearly seventeen feet in circumference, was designed by Pius IX. to be placed on the Janiculum in commemoration of the Œcumenical Council of 1870. But the September events of that year brought this plan to naught. Not until 1885 was any final disposition made of this fine column, and then Pope Leo XIII. placed it in a cortile of the Vatican, where it now stands opposite the famous bronze pine-cone which, perhaps, surmounted Hadrian's mausoleum, — perhaps, was on the top of a lantern placed over the aperture in the summit of the Pantheon, — perhaps (and more probably), was a fountain ornament in some less famous place. The sumptuous pavement of the Hall of the Candelabra in the Vatican, also due to Leo XIII., was made from these débris of the Marmoratum.

The decorations of the Cortile della Pigna are an inter-

esting group: the column of Africano in the centre, with its white marble base and reliefs representing the four continents, and its S. Peter aloft on the summit; at the northern end the pine-cone, eleven feet high and of really exquisite workmanship; at each side of it, a bronze peacock, of life-size, — beautiful studies from nature, showing, as some one has said, an almost Japanese fidelity, — also antiques, and thought to have been ornaments of Hadrian's mausoleum; lastly, behind the bronzes, the pedestal of that column of Antoninus Pius, which was itself used to repair the obelisk of Monte Citorio. This is interesting from its historic value, but poor as a work of art, very ungracefully representing processions of infantry and cavalry, and the apotheosis of the Emperor and Faustina.

Besides the store of marbles and granites and porphyries on the river bank, this neighbourhood had also great accumulations of food and merchandise of all kinds, in very large buildings made for the purpose. Fragments of walls indicate where these magazines stood, and it gives a good idea of what their size must have been to know that in the reign of Septimius Severus sufficient wheat was stored in Rome to last the whole population for seven years, estimating the daily consumption at seventy-five thousand *modii* (nearly twenty thousand bushels).

To all the architectural splendours of Rome, and to the luxury and colossal scale of its places of public amusement, in the time of Severus, it scarcely would have seemed possible to add anything more. But the long list was not yet complete. Rome was yet to receive the Baths of Caracalla.

From the magnificent terrace of the Septimian ruins there is to be seen a group of colossal walls which rise, sombre and devastated, about half a mile distant from the Palatine hill, in the low ground at the eastern base of the Aventine. Here the second African Emperor built — choos-



ing, as his father had done, that part of Rome which African visitors would first behold—the most stately and splendid pleasure-house that ever the mind of man devised. He, perhaps, never saw it; certainly, he never saw it completed, for, of his short reign of six years, the last four were spent in the East. After he had murdered his brother in the palace, Rome presently became distasteful to him; he could not rid himself of the memory of his crime, even by the expedients of erasing Geta's name from all the public monuments, and ordering the death of all Geta's friends, to the number of twenty thousand. Like Caligula, the Emperor Little Boots, Caracalla, the Hooded Cloak, seems to have been insane; and his journeys in Asia brought terror to each town and city that he visited, until, in a remote city of Mesopotamia, an indignant world, in the person of the colonel of his Guards, as we should say,—the praetorian praefect, in Roman phraseology,—murdered him on a night journey.

Meantime, at Rome, some one whose name we know not was left in charge of the great building, which slowly grew during those years, and, not quite finished when the murder at Edessa took place, was completed by the two young cousins who followed Caracalla in the Empire.

There are no ruins in Rome that at first sight appear so confused as Caracalla's Baths, but with a little study, their perfect symmetry becomes apparent. The building is entered by one of the old side-entrances, while the main entrance, facing the Via Appia, is entirely walled up. This adds to the general confusion; but if one takes the pains to go directly to the centre of the central hall, the orientation is no longer difficult. From this point, the view in the four directions is unbroken to the exterior walls. The general outline of the *Thermae* is a long parallelogram, very nearly a double square. Its central hall, the *Tepida-*

rium, "the warm room," is a corresponding parallelogram, having vast vestibules at its two ends, and beyond these, the two curved exedrae opening upon the great unroofed peristyles, lying on the ends of this enormous block. In front of the Tepidarium, towards the Via Appia, is the Frigidarium, "the cold room," with its great swimming-bath; behind the Tepidarium, on the sunny side, according to rule, is the circular domed hall, the Calidarium, "the hot room." These are the three great halls, invariable in all thermae; and next in importance are the two unroofed peristyles at the two ends of the parallelogram. Then, there are the smaller halls in the remaining space, over thirty in number, but exactly symmetrical on the two sides.

The Tepidarium is a hall a hundred and seventy feet long, eighty-two feet wide, and a hundred and eight feet high. It had eight immense columns, four on each side, on which rested the magnificent and elaborate vaulting of the roof in three bays. A single remaining column of this hall was given by Pius IV. to the Florentine Duke Cosimo, and was removed to Florence, where it now stands in the Piazza Santa Trinità, bearing on its summit a porphyry statue of Justice. This column is of grey Egyptian granite; fragments of others of the same size in granite and also in porphyry remain in the great hall. The vaulted roof is gone for the most part, but enough is left to show that there was one, and to indicate clearly its form. On each of the long sides of the Tepidarium are three immense recesses, of which the central ones may be considered vestibules, opening respectively into the other two great halls, while the four lateral ones were marble-lined baths, of which the steps still remain. There also stood in this hall two immense porphyry basins; one of these is now in the Museum of Naples; the other has disappeared.

The Frigidarium, lying on the northeast, is simply a

swimming-bath, about a hundred and fifty feet long and a hundred feet broad, its floor sunk about four feet below the level of the rest of the halls, and reached by marble steps from each end. A row of columns on each end of the swimming-bath supported the vaulted roof of the two vestibules, but over the bath itself was the famous ceiling of gilt bronze, composed of interlaced bars, the panels of which were probably filled with very light concrete made of pumice stone, and decorated with stucco reliefs. A ceiling of this kind in the Baths of Caracalla is described by a Latin author, Spartianus, who lived in Rome less than a century later; he does not indicate the hall (which he calls *cella solaris*), and archæologists had inclined to place this ceiling in the central Tepidarium. But excavations made by the Italian government in the Frigidarium brought to light tons of fragmentary iron girders formed of bars riveted together and cased in bronze which corresponded exactly to the description by Spartianus. In the upper part of the walls of this hall deep sinkings are visible where rested the ends of the great girders making the support, but it is completely impossible to understand how a ceiling could be carried all over this great space, and the conclusion seems inevitable that it must have been only partial, leaving a central portion open.

In respect to the Calidarium, the third great hall, on the southwestern side of the building, another doubt is entertained: namely, whether it was the complete circular domed hall, nearly as large as the Pantheon, which seems to be indicated by the ruins. This part of the building is more fragmentary than the rest, and is, therefore, more difficult to understand. It is certain that it was the hot-air room, having a hypocaust under the floor, and a wall lining of flue-tiles; and two huge tower-like masses far overtopping the rest of the ruins show that half of this rotunda at

least had a domed roof. But where the circumference projects beyond the rectangular mass of the building, the wall, of which fragments of the lower part only remain, is even there so thin in proportion, that it seems impossible for it to have supported the enormous weight that the completed dome would have been. The circle of the Calidarium is traced, certainly, by the ruined foundations, but it is conjectured that this half of it is a later addition, and that in the original building of Caracalla, the "hot room" was only a semi-circle.

The two peristyles at the ends of the great building are magnificent unroofed courts surrounded by a colonnade, with vaulted roof and a balustraded gallery resting upon it. At each end of the peristyles were side entrances through small porches, and a series of three magnificent entrance-halls on the northeast gave access on the front of the building. These peristyles, supposed to have been palaestrae for athletics, have an open central area of a hundred and sixty feet in length and not quite half that width, with a very large exedra on the inner side, and a smaller apse in the outer wall. It would seem that these semi-circular bays were designed for spectators, as also no doubt was the gallery, and probably they were duly provided with marble seats.

In respect to the use of many of the smaller halls great uncertainty prevails. By name we know of dressing-rooms, rooms for massage, for the use of sand and of the strigil, and of oil and perfumes, but it is quite impossible to attach the names to any particular rooms. In a few of these smaller halls there are great baths in the floor, and there seem also to be sweating-rooms where the temperature was higher even than in the great Calidarium. Also, there was evidently an upper floor above the smaller halls, and there are traces of stairs remaining,—two grand staircases on

the entrance side of the building towards the Appian Way, and various narrow stairways made in the thickness of the wall, *escaliers de service*, or "back stairs," for the use of servants and attendants. Unfortunately, it is impossible to form any idea of the uses of the upper rooms, for all that remains of them are huge fragments of their floors, which have fallen through into the rooms beneath.

The entire rectangular block containing the three main halls, the two peristyles, and the thirty (or more) lesser halls, is a mass of brick and concrete building, over seven hundred feet long, and about four hundred and seventy feet deep. This stands in an enormous court, nearly twelve hundred feet square, whose sides were formed by gymnasia, and ornamental colonnades, and rows of buildings of various uses connected with the *Thermae*, the open area being laid out in gardens and shrubberies with the usual fountains, never lacking in any Roman pleasure-grounds. The space occupied by the *Thermae* was about thirty-three acres, and it was made a perfect level by filling up the inequalities with massive masonry, in which, under the main floor of the Baths, were made vaulted rooms of great extent. These had been in a degree excavated, between 1850 and 1870, but were filled up again with rubbish from the excavations of the main floor, and are not now accessible. In many cases this masonry has given way, as is shown by the extraordinary depressions in the floors of many of the halls.

For the water-supply of the *Thermae*, the engineers of Caracalla made a branch aqueduct, — from the Marcia, according to the anonymous traveller of Einsiedln, — of which nothing remains, outside the city walls; at the Via Appia a fragment of it crosses the road inside the gate S. Sebastiano, on the structure which all men call the Arch of Drusus, although modern criticism refuses it a date so

early as that of the brother of Tiberius. This most interesting old arch is particularly picturesque. It is built of travertine, with a facing of white marble, — now quite black, — and has on each side two columns of giallo with composite capitals. It has also entablatures surmounted by a pediment, still visible through the ivy that overgrows the top.

From this point on to the *Thermae* the aqueduct is traceable; it comes in at the back of the great park, where, under the edge of the *Aventine*, a series of vaulted reservoirs in two rows and two stories high, — sixty-four in all and each measuring about fifty feet in length, twenty-eight in width, and thirty in height, — received and filtered the water, which, at the same time, was heated in the lower tier by a complete system of furnaces, hypocaust floors, and flue tiles. From these reservoirs to the main building lead pipes conveyed the hot water. It was not hot all day long; shortly after twelve o'clock, the bath-bell gave notice that the water was now ready, and people who liked it hot probably lost no time in having their turn.

On the northeast of the great court, a long row of small vaulted chambers, forty in number, and with stairways at intervals (which indicate that there must have been a second story), made the whole frontage of the enclosure. A long colonnade was in front of the row, and just midway in it seems to have been the entrance, and, so far as can be conjectured, the only entrance to the *Thermae*. This was very near the *Via Appia*, but we read of a new street laid out to give direct access, probably a short and broad one, by no means the narrow winding lane which now bears *Caracalla's* official name. This Emperor had for his original name, *Bassianus*, from the Syrian grandfather of humble race; when *Septimius Severus* seized the Empire, one of his earliest measures was to declare his adoption by *Marcus*

Aurelius, and to change the name of his eldest son to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Accordingly, this name appears on all the inscriptions of the reign, and it was used also by the ancient historians.

The destination of this long row of rooms on the north-eastern side of the enclosure of the *Thermae* has not been readily determined. It was natural to conjecture them to be private baths, until a thorough examination of the ground showed that no water was conducted thither; it has been thought they were shops; another theory represents them as lodgings for slaves and attendants. On the two sides of the great park towards the northwest and southeast, the buildings were very much more elegant and elaborate, evidently making part of the public halls, and it has been supposed they were in general devoted to the uses of the more studious and intellectual frequenters of the Baths. In the great *Tepidarium* and its adjacent courts, and, in fact, throughout the whole immense central building, there must have been an incessant stir and hum of very animated life; not only the sixteen hundred bathers who could be accommodated at once, but this number many times multiplied, perhaps, who were waiting their turn; and all the bath attendants, and the accompanying private servants, and the numerous itinerant vendors of all kinds, and mountebanks and fortune-tellers, and besides, all the men engaged in various gymnastics, with their trainers, and the animated and vociferating spectators of these amateur performances, must have made noise enough to drive the poets and the philosophers with their respective audiences to as great a distance as the limits of the park would allow.

The ruins of these outside halls on the northwest side lie in private grounds and are not to be readily seen; in fact, they are not excavated; but those on the southeast

have been in part opened. The largest hall here, square on the outside but octagonal within, is beautiful in its ruins. Beyond it, towards the west, there seems to be — even in this region of the philosophers, if such it is — a second fine swimming-bath, with its connected water-channel, and it is probable that on the opposite side the same plan is repeated.

Lastly, at the back of the enclosure lay the Stadium, a long race-track, having, on the side towards the reservoir, tiers of marble seats, after the usual fashion. On the side toward the main building spectators may have looked down from the upper story three halls on each side of the circular Calidarium. Here the excavation seems not to have been completed, and a high grassy bank, on which, through the early summer, poppies by thousands flaunt their tiny scarlet flags, conceals, perhaps, what one would like to see.

The material of which the Baths are built is concrete always, but concrete differently composed according to the purposes for which it was intended. That of the foundation-walls is of the very strongest kind, made with lava fragments altogether; from the level of the floor upwards the walls are of tufa-concrete, with the usual brick facing and with bonding-courses of large tiles about four feet apart; in the great vaults of the roofs, pumice-stone is used for lightness, which was a much-needed provision, for these roofs, even at their thinnest points, are not less than six feet thick.

In the halls along the front of the main building there are enormous masses of the vaulted ceilings, which have fallen, bringing with them in one mass the floor of the upper rooms. In some of these the materials are easily distinguishable: the pumice-stone concrete of the vault; upon this, a layer a foot thick, in which the concrete is of broken brick; then a very thin layer of finer grain, where the brick has been pounded to powder; lastly, a fine white



cement, into which are set the tiny cubes of the mosaics of the upper floor.

Everywhere on the outside of the building the brick facing was covered with a layer of stucco, without decoration, as far as can be judged, except on the southwestern side, where fine glass tesserae in brilliant colours were set in patterns as a mosaic. Inside, the walls were lined with marble slabs up to the springing of the vaults. Here a decoration of moulded stucco in panels, with arabesques in relief, painted and gilded, or else painting on the flat, or else a use of glass mosaic, as in the southwestern exposure, completed the sumptuous effect. The lining slabs are in some places two inches thick, and were secured on a bed of cement, and also with bronze or iron clamps going through to the wall. The varieties of marbles used were giallo antico, green and grey africano, porta santa, pavonazetto, and the white marble of Luna. To these were added Oriental alabaster, porphyry, and serpentine. Against these deep reds and greens and strong golden yellows, and the beautiful multi-coloured veining of the Oriental alabaster (which is a hard stone, entirely different from the soft Italian sulphate of lime now known by that name), were relieved the white marble capitals of columns of the more elaborate orders, and the multitudes of marble groups and statues, and, upon the wall itself a broad frieze, carved in high relief with designs of scroll-work and cupids and animals, of which a fragment remains *in situ* in the southeastern peristyle. Besides the eight colossal monoliths of granite and porphyry, which supported the vaulting of the Tepidarium, columns not as large were set in front of the recesses containing the floor-baths, and also across the ends of the great swimming-bath of the Frigidarium. The positions of these are indicated by their bases remaining, and probably there were others, of which no trace is left

except the scattered fragments of the shafts. These are found in red and grey granite, Oriental alabaster, porphyry, and giallo.

It is impossible, without constant reference to figures, to give an idea of the enormous scale on which these Baths are built. For a single detail, the four symmetrical recesses of the Tepidarium, intended for warm baths, are forty-four feet long and about eight feet wide, with a depth of six feet; a bath-tub like that requires over fifteen thousand gallons of heated water, and this was only one of many. The Frigidarium, where cold water was used, was about a quarter of an acre of marble-lined bath-tub.

In the sixteenth century the Farnese Pope, Paul III., made excavations here, and a great many treasures of art were discovered. Almost all of them fell into the hands of the Farnese family, and were removed from Rome, when these princes established themselves in Naples and in Parma. The great basins of granite in the Piazza Farnese, and a superb bath-tub (*labrum*) of green basalt in the Vatican were left behind, but the Farnese Hercules, the Flora, the Farnese Bull, the Atreus and Thyestes, the Venus Callipyge, and a great store of bas-reliefs, cameos, bronzes, and medals, are gone, never to return, it must be feared. Even quite recently, the floor of one of the two peristyles was despoiled of the large and curious mosaic, representing, in sixty-three compartments, the athletes who were the favourites of the time. This was removed to a hall of the Lateran Museum (where it forms the floor), as a matter of precaution against its destruction by the frosts of winter; but it would seem a better plan to have covered it, during the period of danger. In its place it must have been an immense decoration, while regarded by itself in the hall of a museum it is by no means a fine work of art.

Other floors of Caracalla's Baths remain, for the reason that

their dainty mosaics are too tiny to be removable; these are not figures, but only the ancient Roman stone carpeting, in simple geometrical patterns, which makes the most exquisite of all floors. The main halls had a pavement of grand marble slabs, more in proportion to their dimensions, of which fragments here and there remain; the exedra of each of the two peristyles had the mosaic of figures; but in the remaining space of the peristyles, and in all the lesser halls, this most refined and admirable simple mosaic enchants the eye. There is a uniform simple design with a well contrasted border, as in a pattern carpet of our time, and only two colours, or at most three, are used. For instance, there is a pattern of white ovals on a rectangular panel of green, of green on a ground of white, of red on white, and of white on red, all in diagonal lines; to this is added a white border with a most graceful floriated design in green. These ovals are about fifteen inches wide and twenty-four long, and the border has a width of perhaps four feet. It must be remembered that all these ovals and squares and borders are made up of tiny blocks, half an inch square on the face, or even a quarter of an inch, cut with perfect regularity, and very exactly laid. But this gives the pattern a certain life which no figure cut out solid from marble, however beautiful, could have. In the anterooms of the great Frigidarium there is a beautiful use of green serpentine in larger blocks, nearly an inch square on the face, laid diagonally, and with a superb broad border of a yellowish tone made up an infinite variety of light tints. Another room has a floor of the very smallest white blocks laid in straight lines, and a grey border of lava. Another consists of lava hexagons, dark grey, with a border of the mixed light tints, edged with a two-inch wide strip of africano. In simple patterns there are slender arabesques of dark green on white, and again of white on green, with

a plain solid border. The materials are porphyry, serpentine, white piombino, and very fine lava; and often what one calls roughly "white" is made up of a variety of very light tones, in which giallo adds its warm yellow. To make these patterns with such tiny blocks means an incalculable amount of work, but it also means the most beautiful floor decoration that was ever made. This has lasted wonderfully: in many of the halls it is almost perfect, and its chief injury is due to the fact that the floors themselves have sagged, where the arches of the substructure have given way.

After Caracalla's murder, and the unsuccessful attempt of the praetorian prefect who had instigated the crime, to establish himself and his son on the imperial throne, two young cousins of the murdered Emperor successively reigned, and in their turn were assassinated. Between the two there was a vast difference, though their fate was the same in the end. The elder, Elagabalus, exaggerated all the follies of the boy Emperors who had preceded him, and perished, after five years' reign, at the age of eighteen. Severus Alexander, on the contrary, who was nearly of the same age with his cousin, makes the one exception in Roman history to the list of lads for whom the imperial dignity was a Circean draught of madness. Wise, just, and upright in all public matters, simple and pure-lived, the handsome, athletic young fellow seems to have been the very ideal ruler whom the world might gladly have obeyed for a period as long as the Augustan reign. But the habit of murdering their Emperors was too strong among the soldiers, and at the age of thirty, after thirteen years on the throne, he too perished.

Back of these two young men, — who both attained the throne while still too young to have gained it by their own efforts, and who, as Caracalla's kinsmen on the mother's side

merely (first cousins once removed), scarcely had hereditary claims, — there stood a remarkable group of women, Syrian by birth, and wives of Roman generals. The sister of Julia Domna had indirectly shared in the latter's unexampled prosperity. From the humble Syrian home in which they had been born, these two women in Rome had attained a position of very great importance: Julia Domna, as the Emperor's wife; Julia Maesa, as the wife of a distinguished Roman, and herself a person of immense wealth. After Caracalla's murder, the career of his mother was soon ended by suicide. But Julia Maesa, and her two daughters, widows (also of Romans), and each with one son, felt themselves in a position for absolutely unbounded ambition. They were all in Syria, where the court was for the time established at Antioch, and being driven away by Macrinus the prefect, who, during a few months, held the imperial authority, they made the old home at Emesa their headquarters. It was probably by the free use of her great fortune that the grandmother first prepared the way for Elagabalus to the throne; and then, five years later, upon his death, brought forward the other boy, then seventeen, as his successor. The mothers of the two lads acted but a secondary part in these early intrigues; but each in turn, as the mother of an Emperor, made her own personal characteristics manifest, — Julia Soemias, the mother of Elagabalus, as no better than her son; the mother of Severus Alexander, Julia Mamaea, a good woman, even by a very high standard. The portrait-busts of three of these Syrian women, possibly of all, remain to us in the Capitol and the Vatican; but the portrait sculpture has no longer the skill of the earlier period.

Nothing of importance was built in Rome by Elagabalus; Caracalla's Baths were not fully finished at the time of his death, and both the cousins who succeeded him had some share in their completion. Alexander Severus restored and

greatly enlarged the Baths of Nero in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon, and they were known from his time as the *Thermae Alexandrinae*. He added one more aqueduct to the ten which already supplied Rome, and some beautiful arches, still in good preservation, about two miles out from town on the Via Labicana, testify to the fine work of the year 226. This water was obtained from a point near Monte Porzio, fourteen miles to the eastward, and the same springs, it is thought, were utilised by Pope Sixtus V. (Felice Peretti) in the *Acqua Felice*, which still comes to Rome, supplying, among other fountains, that of Monte Cavallo, in front of the Quirinal Palace.

Whether it was for the *Aqua Alexandrina*, or for the *Aqua Julia*, on which this Emperor made repairs, or for the *Anio Novus*, it seems hard to determine, — but for some one of these aqueducts, Severus Alexander built the reservoir whose ruins make so picturesque a feature in the Piazza of Victor Emanuel on the high ground of the Esquiline hill. Nothing could be a finer addition to a public park than this tall, irregularly-shaped mass of walls and arches. There was a complicated system of filtering-chambers in the inside of this building, and under it a great tank. Externally it was decorated with marble columns and some sculptured arms of the time of Domitian, now removed to the balustrade of the Piazza of the Capitol. This was called in the Middle Ages “the Trophies of Marius,” and gave its name to the ruin, which at an earlier date had been known as the *Nymphaeum Alexandri*.

One other memorial of Severus Alexander remains in Rome, the *opus Alexandrinum* of the church pavements of the mediæval period. This is the marble mosaic of tiny marble squares and triangles, with large roundels and plaques of porphyry or serpentine. The tradition is that a great store of coloured marbles and porphyries having



*Piazza del Campidoglio.*





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been collected by Elagabalus, Severus Alexander employed them for pavements, and that to him are due the beautiful floors of Caracalla's Baths. There seems, however, to be a missing link between these mosaics and the scheme of the *opus Alexandrinum*, as we see it: always the same use of large porphyry and serpentine disks (which are manifestly sections of columns), and rectangles (which may have been sliced from slabs of wall-linings), with the tiny cubes and triangles and hexagons so familiar in Roman pavements from the first century B.C. In the floors of the *Thermae* the difference from the earlier styles is only in the use of finer and more varied materials.

The period occupied by the reigns of Septimius Severus, of Caracalla, and of his two young cousins, is only thirty-two years in all. But the average length of these reigns was even memorable in comparison with those that followed. In the half century between Severus Alexander and Diocletian there were twenty-six Emperors, and only one man in the whole sombre list died in his bed. Some of these Emperors were the Senate's choice; others were successful generals; but the soldiery were sure to be hostile to "the senatorial Emperors," and for the others there was usually a rival general, eager to clear his own way to the imperial throne by the murder of whomsoever at the moment occupied it.

Only two names in this list are perpetuated in the stones of Rome. On the Esquiline hill, the urban prefect of the year 262, one Aurelius Victor, otherwise unknown to fame, erected, at his own expense, a triumphal arch in honour of the Emperor Gallienus and his wife Salonina. As much as half of the original structure is gone, that is to say, two side arches and a central pediment, but the inscription remains to "the most clement sovereign Gallienus, whose unconquered valour is surpassed only by his piety," — which latter

word, meaning generally "filial devotion," is rather oddly applied to a son who, at that very time, was quietly leaving his father, the Emperor Valerian, a prisoner in Persia, and making not the faintest attempt to rescue him. The old arch, which was originally built just outside the Esquiline Gate of the wall of Servius, now stands across a narrow street, and has a church close beside it. It is constructed of massive blocks of travertine, with very simple decoration of Corinthian pilasters whose capitals are coarsely carved, and its entablature is of the rudest kind. In some way the great blocks have been more or less dislocated, presenting an appearance of insecurity very unusual in the Roman ruins.

To the same Gallienus is now attributed a tall, picturesque ruin, about a quarter of a mile distant, eastward from the arch. This was long called the temple of Minerva Medica, but is at present believed to be the central hall of *Thermae* built here by Gallienus. It is a decagonal hall, with an admirably constructed roof of vaulted brickwork, and having four lesser halls radiating from it. On nine of its ten sides are niches for statues, the tenth side having the entrance, and several statues have been discovered in the neighbourhood, which probably once adorned it. Traces on the inner walls show that it was decorated with stucco and with slabs of marble, and fragments of its porphyry pavement have been found.

Its situation renders this ruin somewhat uninteresting, and it is often overlooked. The villa gardens, which once surrounded it, have been cut up into new streets, and the neighbourhood of the railway still further renders the place unattractive. Neither does the name of the Emperor to whom it is attributed add any interest to it. Gibbon deals sharply with the son of Valerian: "It is difficult to paint the light, the various, the inconstant character of Gallienus,

which he displayed without constraint as soon as he became sole possessor of the Empire. In every act that he attempted, his lively genius enabled him to succeed; and, as his genius was destitute of judgment, he attempted every art, except the important one of war and government. He was a master of several curious but useless sciences, a ready orator, an elegant poet, a skilful gardener, an excellent cook, and most contemptible prince."

No greater contrast could be imagined than that between this frivolous personage and the Emperor Aurelian, who followed him after two years, and made an entirely new and most momentous departure in the imperial building record. With all its incredible accumulation of treasure of every kind, the city of Rome up to this time had lain absolutely undefended. "The one thing that could not be seen (till the Empire was nearing its close)," says Frederic Harrison, "was a wall, a defence of any kind. Rome of the Caesars was as free from any military look as London to-day. It was guarded only by a few thousand soldiers and a few thousand police." The Servian wall had been for three centuries as obsolete as the wall of Romulus. Whatever enemies the Romans had, they were obliged to go far outside of Italy even, to seek. But a change had been making itself felt in the situation. A terror as to the mysterious barbarian world that surrounded the civilised area of which the Roman city was the centre, had begun to weigh upon men's minds. In the reign of Gallienus the Alemanni had come down into the Lombard plain, and the great and formidable nation of the Goths three times had made inroads on the East, in the last of which they had ravaged Greece and sacked the city of Athens. The famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, to which the Romans themselves had many times sent gifts, with its hundred and twenty-seven marble columns, — monoliths sixty feet high,

—had been burned by these invaders. Such a disaster must have produced a very serious effect at Rome. The Emperor whose reign of two years immediately followed that of Gallienus occupied all his time, and brought into use all the available force of the Empire, against these Goths who had again come down into the eastern peninsula; and from his victory over them he is known in history, after the old fashion of the Augustan times, as Claudius Gothicus.

To him succeeded Aurelian, the great cavalry officer, a man who had had many years' experience in war, — "Hand-on-Sword," his soldiers called him, *Manu ad Ferrum*, — and at once it thundered all round the sky. There were victories over Goths and Vandals and Germans; then in Gaul, and then in the far East; and a magnificent triumph in which Zenobia walked, laden with fetters of gold, and a rival Emperor, who had been defeated and made prisoner in Gaul, Tetricus, divided with the Queen of Palmyra the honour as "the great captive" of the day. And then Aurelian, with forethought of perils to come, when these barbarians should recover, as he well knew they would, from the blows he had dealt them, began upon the enormous task of making the city defensible. To this day his walls remain, a line of fortifications over twelve miles long. They are of brick-faced concrete, about twelve feet thick, in general sixty feet high on the outside while often only forty on the inside, owing to the difference in the level of the ground, and furnished, at regular intervals of about forty-five feet, with tall, square towers projecting outside the line of the wall. On the top there was a broad walk for the garrison, defended by a parapet, and there was also a sentinels' passage made in the thickness of the wall, its floor about ten feet above the level of the ground on the inside; this was open on the side towards the city with tall, round-topped arches, — about six from tower to tower,

—and is one of the most noticeable features of the Roman wall.

Probably the greatest peculiarity about this line of fortifications is the circumstance that its builder took advantage of whatever massive buildings lay in its direction, to spare himself new work where he could. In making the circuit of the exterior, beginning from the Porta del Popolo and going to the right, first of these foreign elements in the wall is the famous Muro Torto, which is part of the superstructure of some great building once occupying this angle of the Pincian hill. It has been famous in history for fifteen hundred years, since Procopius, the Byzantine historian, — calling it *περίβολον διαβρωγόντα*, “the broken wall,” — says that Belisarius would have pulled it down and rebuilt the fortification, had not the popular opposition been so great. S. Peter, according to Roman tradition, guarded this part of the wall, and it would be a great disrespect to him to strengthen it. The municipality of the present century has ventured, in the interests of public safety, to build a solid wall covering the larger part of this interesting old stone-work. Only just at the angle, where the city wall turns sharply to the south, the beautiful *opus reticulatum* remains visible, spreading out of the perpendicular, as if it might at any moment give way; and yet, they are the very same diamond-shaped tufa blocks in the same position that they have occupied for fifteen centuries.

The next important material that Aurelian found ready to his hand was the Praetorian Camp wall on the east of the city, of which he took in three sides, and built it up to correspond with his own work. Then he came upon the aqueduct arches, and built them in, and the wall of a great reservoir; next, the Amphitheatrum Castrane making a curved projection, and the house of Plantius Lateranus behind the Lateran Basilica, and then the wall of another villa,

just westward from the Appian Gate, and lastly, the huge bulk of the Pyramid of Cestius, afforded ready-made defence to be worked in with the great fortification of the third century.

The general outline of the wall of Aurelian is an irregular polygon; there is nothing like a moat remaining, and a dusty street, the *Via del Muro*, runs close under the lofty brickwork outside the town. There are about three hundred towers in the entire circuit, nearly all of them belonging to the century later than Aurelian, when the Emperor Honorius, from his new capital Ravenna, gave orders to strengthen the defences of the old discrowned queen by the Tiber. One pair of round brick towers marking the ancient *Porta Asinaria*, now closed, just west from the Gate of S. John Lateran, really belongs to Aurelian's time, and is a very picturesque part of the old wall.

About eight miles of the great line of fortifications are on the east of the Tiber; on the west there is but little remaining of the imperial wall. Here was the stronghold of the Popes, having an entirely different outline, and the wall of Aurelian here had the same fate that the Servian wall had undergone in the Augustan age, — built over, obliterated, and in a great degree forgotten. In speaking of Aurelian's wall, therefore, only that of the eastern side of the city is generally referred to. Upon this wall the history of Rome very soon began to be written. "Nothing in an examination of Rome is more striking," says E. A. Freeman, "nothing better brings home to us the history of the city, than to make the circuit of its walls. In a certain sense their preservation is wonderful. It is true that, as they stand, they are of all dates, from Aurelian, and those whose works Aurelian made use of, down to our own day. Every siege of Rome has involved the battering down and rebuilding of some part of this vast circuit. They contain, therefore,



work — certainly they contain materials — of every date and style, from the days of the kings of Rome to the days of the restored kingdom of Italy. But with all this, the wall is still the same wall; it is the wall of Aurelian, not the wall of any one earlier or later. Save on the right bank of the Tiber, where the Leonine city follows wholly new lines, the course of the walls has not been interfered with in any of its endless repairs. All those repairs, from Honorius to Victor Emanuel, have been repairs in the strictest sense; they have been a mere making good of something which the accidents of time and warfare have destroyed or weakened. The wall is still a boundary and a barrier, and it is kept, on the whole, singularly free from modern encroachments. . . . On each side of it, within and without the city, changes have swept away many an ancient feature. The Aventine and the Appian Way are desolate; but the wall itself still abides, though standing sometimes almost as solitary as the wall in our own island which fenced in, not the Roman city, but the Roman Empire."

Mr. Freeman's paper on the Walls of Rome was published nearly twenty years ago, and the solitude he speaks of has disappeared in many places. Out to the walls, and outside of them, the new growth of the city has extended; the railway, which stretches nearly a mile of tracks from Diocletian's Baths to the Porta Nuova, has had its cruel share in destroying the picturesqueness of the walls. And they stand amid dust and new brickwork all the way around from the Tiber on the north to where from the Gate of S. John they cross to the river, making the southern boundary of the town. Here there is more of the old aspect of Rome; and one may dream for hours in a certain peaceful wilderness that lies between the old wall and Monte Testaccio, absolutely undisturbed by any suggestion of the nineteenth century. A loop road from the street which leads to the

fine modern Abattoir gives access on the left to this wilderness, which is neither a grove nor a field, but only a great space left over from the Middle Ages, quite untouched. A road, like some unfrequented country cart-track, loiters idly through it, with so little intention of going anywhere that it might end at any moment without being inconsistent. There are some very large and ancient elm-trees of which the boles are quite hollowed out, with a cavity in which several persons could stand at once. There is an old *osteria dell' Ulmo*, "of the Elm-Tree"; and there is a ruinous brewery of picturesque construction. On the north is the curious big heap of broken pottery which is known as Monte Testaccio, more than a hundred feet high. On the other sides of this hillock the grass has covered it rather more closely, hiding its material, but here, perhaps from slight landslips, its fragmentary texture is manifest. Among the short grass the scraps of pottery are visible, in size and in colour so much like withered leaves as one has often seen them blown into heaps on a gusty October day, that it would be no surprise to see the material of Monte Testaccio lifted by the wind and scattered in all directions. On the other side is the old wall with its sentinels' passage, its top much broken, and overgrown with short grass, but with a certain martial air about it which strikes through the simple landscape like the clash of weapons in a still atmosphere.

It is good to know where, in Rome of to-day, Rome *fin de siècle*, with its tramways and electric lights and broad streets cut through the dear old gardens, can still be found a place so mediæval, so unimproved as this.

For thirty years after the construction of the walls of Rome, nothing new was added to the already crowded city. Tremendous political changes, however, took place during this time. In the first ten years there was a succession of short reigns, five in number, and of the most diverse

character, and then a man, whose parents had been slaves in a Roman house, attained the rank of master of the world, and held it until, by abdication (for the first time in Roman history), he made way for his successors. In the political organisation of the state, this reign was most memorable. Since the time of Augustus no such great organiser had taken into his hands the affairs of Rome. Diocletian began by associating with himself a colleague, the ablest and severest general of the time, himself also of very humble birth; and six years later selected two other generals, Galerius and Constantius, to share at once, though in a lesser degree, the imperial power, and to stand next in the succession.

The two Emperors of the second rank, who were called Caesars, became Augusti in the year 306, when the elder Emperors abdicated, after their reign of twenty-one years, — Diocletian of his own choice; Maximian, because bound by a promise exacted long before, when Diocletian had chosen him for colleague. In this year two more persons were added to the imperial list; these two were Severus, a young soldier of no special distinction, and Maximin Daza, a youth quite without talents or reputation, but a nephew to Galerius with whom the choice rested.

Thus there were, at one time, six names to be placed on the imperial inscriptions, for the older Emperors had not abandoned their titles in retiring from the government. This makes very interesting and curious the inscription remaining from the great *Thermae*, the principal monument due to this reign. They are the Baths of the Six Emperors, although they bear, in common speech, the name only that stands first on the list. Many duplicate fragments of this inscription have been discovered, the last in 1876, showing that it was put up in several places in the great buildings. This condition of affairs lasted only for a year, and then was

broken up by the death of one of the third pair, Severus; this unfortunate Caesar, failing to vanquish his rival Maxentius who had made himself master of Rome, had surrendered at Ravenna, was brought a captive to the city, and was obliged to take his own life in prison.

The six names of the inscription date it the year 306 or 307. They are as follows: Diocletian and Maximian, Augusti; Constantius and Maximian (Galerius), also Augusti; and Severus and Maximin, Caesars. The *Thermae* are announced as dedicated by the Six Emperors to "their Romans," *suis Romanis*. It is possible that the construction of these great Baths for the amusement of the citizens and this public dedication to the Romans may have been a measure of conciliation to the now neglected capital. Diocletian was never in Rome after he became Emperor until the year before his abdication. Even the famous ceremony of this abdication occurred in Asia Minor. Maximian had the command of Italy, but also of Africa, and when in Italy he made his capital rather in Milan than in Rome. Galerius was permanently stationed near the Danube; and Constantius lived in Britain. Thus the great abandonment of Rome, in 330, was already anticipated long before it took place.

The Baths of Diocletian, as a ruin, have almost completely lost their picturesque character within the last twenty-five years. New streets extend in every direction across the great area they once occupied; along its south-eastern side are the buildings of the railway; on the north-west, the enormous new edifice of the Ministry of Finance extends for a great distance on the edge of the ancient enclosure; in the broad, open space of the front is a modern park and the beautiful fountain of the *Acqua Pia*; while among the ruins of the central block there are hospitals and asylums and public offices of various kinds. There

are the changes made since the Italian government was established. There is a long story of mediæval occupation also, but this was less destructive to the picturesque.

In their original aspect, these Baths were, like the other *Thermae*, an extensive central mass of buildings, standing in a vast court or park, whose sides were made by long rows of halls and colonnades, with circular, domed buildings on the angles at the southwestern side, and between these two buildings the immense semicircle which seems to have been the auditorium of a theatre. Of this the outline still remains in the two great curves at the right and left, at the top of the *Via Nazionale*. In the plan of the central block of buildings the usual arrangement of the Roman Baths was observed, with some slight variations. The accommodations for bathers were on a much greater scale than elsewhere, being sufficient for thirty-two hundred persons at once. Like *Caracalla's Baths*, these *Thermae* were simple in their exterior, and profusely decorated within. The examination of fragments found here show that art of a purely ideal character had greatly fallen off at this time, while ornamental sculpture of all kinds was still beautifully designed and finely executed. A curious diversity is noticeable in the admirable capitals of the columns in the ancient *Tepidarium*; those of the four supporting the central vault are composite, while those of the remaining four (two at each end of the hall) are Corinthian.

The most important part remaining from the *Thermae* of *Diocletian* is this central rectangular *Tepidarium*, converted into a church in the sixteenth century. It lies northwest and southeast; behind it, on the northeast, the *Frigidarium*; in front of it a circular domed hall, which seems to have been one of the hot rooms, and on the outside, a rectangular *Calidarium*, whose foundations only remain, underground, and were traced by one of the students of the

French Academy, who, in 1890, made a study of the building. At each end of the central block were the usual peristyles, and there is a fragment of mosaic flooring which must have belonged to one of the adjacent dressing-rooms.

How these *Thermae* escaped, as they did, the destructive hands of barbarians is not clear; but they were not rifled by the early Christian builders, owing to a tradition that forty thousand of their fellow-believers had laboured here, and been martyred on the completion of their task. A very early church here was consecrated to S. Cyriacus, the most eminent of this band.

As late as the fifteenth century columns and cornices remained, and the ruins were still imposing and splendid. In 1561, Michelangelo was employed by Pius IV. to convert the principal hall into a church for the *Chartreux*; and at the same time the Carthusian monastery and its cloister were built. Sixtus V., about twenty-five years later, who had a villa in the southeastern part of the enclosure, demolished the ruins here to establish a piazza in front of the church and make a suitable approach to it, and he also opened a street through to the Gate S. Lorenzo.

In 1594, the Countess Sforza brought from the *Chartreux* the old rotunda at the northern angle of the enclosure and its gardens, and gave it to the Cistercians, and when these monks remade the building into a church, they destroyed the ancient wall-paintings which were still at that time in good condition. This little church of S. Bernardo, in shape and style a miniature Pantheon, is most interesting. In the next century, two Popes established granaries and various storehouses among these ruins, utilising the solid walls which remained standing.

The work of destruction re-commenced in 1742; the ruins of an immense reservoir over three hundred feet long just outside the enclosure on the southeast were entirely de-

molished, and vineyards planted. In 1749, the alterations in Michelangelo's church were made which so seriously impaired its grand dignity. The great architect of the Renaissance had retained, as the main axis of his church, the line of direction of the Tepidarium; the petty architect of the eighteenth century, Vanvitelli, attracted by the idea of using the circular hall on the southwest as a vestibule, designed a short nave, and converted the long nave of Michelangelo into transepts, thus changing the whole orientation of the building. To match the eight colossal red granite columns of the old *Thermae* with eight of brick covered with plaster, and painted red to imitate the granite, was almost an equal crime.

In Michelangelo's cloister and in a series of halls adjacent is the noble Archæological Museum, established by the Italian government to receive the statues, reliefs, mouldings, and objects of art of every kind which are found from time to time in the excavations that are constantly going on. This is in some respects the most interesting Museum in Rome, and is most appropriately placed here, where the memory of Michelangelo hallows the last great *Thermae* of the imperial age.

After Maxentius had defeated Severus, the unlucky Caesar of the inscription, he marched on Rome, making good his claim to the Empire by the strong hand of armed force. His claim was that of hereditary right, as the son of Maximian, Diocletian's colleague. The Emperor Galerius had been allowed to select the two Caesars, and he had passed over Maxentius (who was also his own son-in-law), and Constantine, the son of Constantius, selecting two young men instead, whose principal recommendation seems to have been their insignificance. Maxentius at once made an armed revolt. He was welcomed by the Romans, and after securing Severus, the young Caesar, he was able to

establish himself firmly enough to remain the Emperor of Rome for six years.

In the mean time Constantine, the other claimant of imperial honours, also obtained them by the acclamation of the army, on the death of his father Constantius, and had fixed his residence at Arles, in Gaul, making no hostile demonstrations towards Maxentius. During the six years that the latter remained in Rome, his father Maximian had died, and also Galerius, who was master of the eastern provinces. There remained Maximin Daza, and Licinius, a Dacian peasant by birth and an old friend of Galerius, whom the latter had chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Severus in 307. These two were occupied with negotiating and fighting, by turns, as to the division of the eastern provinces.

Thus Maxentius was undisturbed until he himself picked a quarrel with Constantine, and sent an army northward to meet the latter, who had promptly crossed the Alps by the way of Mount Cenis, to settle the points in dispute. Having gained a victory at Turin and another at Verona, Constantine came down upon Rome. Maxentius would have been wise to remain inside of the four walls which now protected the city, but his unlucky self-confidence led him to venture an engagement in the open field nine miles out from Rome. The two Emperors were in that hotly fought battle in person; and when Maxentius was compelled to acknowledge that the day was lost, and to flee with the meanest of his soldiers, the crowd on the narrow bridge at Ponte Molle pushed him off with no more ceremony than if he had been himself a common soldier. And Constantine marched into Rome victorious. A year later, in the East, Maximin Daza was overthrown by Licinius; then hostilities followed between Licinius and Constantine; to this war succeeded an eight years' peace, and then the



old quarrel broke out anew. Finally, in the year 324, a victory gained by Constantine and the capture of Licinius, shortly followed by his death, once more brought the Roman world under the power of one ruler, thirty-seven years from the time when Diocletian had divided it.

Of the six years' reign of Maxentius in Rome, there are really three very important monuments remaining,—the Basilica of the three arches, just eastward from the Forum Romanum; the small round temple adjacent to the Basilica, which forms the now unused vestibule to the church of SS. Cosmo and Damiano; and, two miles out from town, on the Appian Way, a Circus, whose walls and towers, its *spina* and its goals, ruinous, overgrown with grass, still show plainly all the lines of the old race-course.

On the day, in late October of the year 312, when two armies fought nine miles outside the northern gate of Rome, to decide who should be the city's master, and the world's master also, the Basilica of Maxentius was but partially built. It may have been that hundreds of labourers and artisans were at work there on that very day; the magnificent red porphyry columns of the façade may have been already in their places, and the tall white shafts which supported the great vaults of the nave; but the building was as yet incomplete, when the great, superb, luxurious, unwarlike city changed owners, and Constantine, the new master, in completing the edifice his rival had begun, without hesitation attached to it his own name, and consequently the Basilica of Maxentius has been, for all time, the Basilica of Constantine.

It is worth noticing, in the composition of the two armies that fought at the Red Rocks in October, 312, how singularly unwarlike Rome had come to be in the two centuries since Trajan's time—the three centuries and a half since Caesar's. The troops of Maxentius were Italians, recruited

all over the peninsula, and even from Sicily, with forty thousand Moorish and Carthaginian cavalry. Constantine's army was composed of the Gallic legions, men who had never seen Rome until they entered it with their victorious general.

The Basilica of Maxentius was built, it is probable, to gratify the Romans, and to secure popularity by following the old imperial traditions. All the great Emperors had been great builders, with very rare exceptions, and Maxentius held very lofty views of his position. It was really only that of one out of the four colleague-Emperors, but in holding Rome, with Italy and Africa, he assumed that he held a supreme rank, and that Constantine, in the western provinces of the great Empire,—Licinius, in that part of Europe lying eastward of Italy,—Maximin Daza, in Egypt and the East,—were no more than his lieutenants, distinctly subordinate to himself. There had been no new Basilica erected since the time of Trajan, and it is quite possible that the public service required a new building of this kind, in consequence of the great multiplication of departments and officials in the reign of Diocletian, the predecessor of Maxentius. The great floor, three hundred and twenty-six feet long, and two hundred and twenty wide, and the three broad arches remaining on the northern side, show the enormous scale on which the Emperor built. The plan was a very wide nave with an aisle on each side, the usual arrangement of a building of this kind, but it differs curiously from all other basilicas in that it has not only the usual apse at the extremity of the nave, after the manner introduced by Domitian in the Palatine Basilica, but a second apse, midway in the aisle on the northeastern side. Moreover, there were two grand entrances, one opposite each apse, and this has given rise to the conjecture that, in completing the building, Constan-

tine changed its orientation. According to this theory, the original entrance was on the east, where there are remains of a long hall, perhaps a kind of very spacious vestibule, and the entrance made by Constantine is that on the southwest upon the Sacra Via. Here there was a portico, to which belonged the porphyry columns of an unusually brilliant colour, whose splendid fragments have been reset, — though not, probably, exactly in their original places, — and there is the concrete core of a great flight of steps, doubtless once covered with slabs of marble.

It is on the northeastern side that the walls remain, making three immense bays, whose round-arched roofs, sixty-eight feet in span, are still nearly perfect. These arches are eighty feet high, and against their piers stood four Corinthian columns, sixty-two feet in height, the same arrangement being repeated on the opposite aisle. Of these eight white marble monoliths, only one can now be identified, that, namely, which Paul V. transferred to the piazza of Santa Maria Maggiore, when he selected that church for his place of burial, and built the magnificent Borghese Chapel, possibly with the plunder of this same ancient Basilica. The three vaults have the usual decoration of sunken panels and stucco mouldings, which were no doubt richly painted and gilded; the broad nave, now entirely roofless, had — it can be seen from the fragments of the arches — a vault in three bays, with quadripartite groining, like Michelangelo's church in the Baths of Diocletian, and the lines of the curves show that this roof must have been a hundred and fifteen feet high, that is to say, nearly thirty feet higher than Santa Maria degli Angeli. These are stupendous dimensions, and it was a marvellous use of concrete which roofed spaces so vast, but the Basilica in its prime must have been colossal rather than beautiful. Its exterior was heavy, and even ungainly, and, like the Colosseum, it gains its beauty from its ruinousness.

Adjacent to the Basilica on the west is the little circular temple which Maxentius built—in the year 309, it is thought—in honour of his baby son, apotheosised at the age of four. The boy had been named Romulus, by an eccentric fancy, for this name was never common in Rome, as names of founders have been in later ages; and this fact of the child's name gave rise to a curious mistake about the building, believed, throughout the Middle Ages, to have been consecrated to the mythical first King, and, by an error still more curious, the name of Remus was added also, the murdered twin-brother of Romulus, according to the old tradition.

The little temple is only thirty feet in diameter, but its importance is much increased by an odd architectural device,—a pair of wings, so to speak, added, one on each side, about thirty feet deep and half as wide. Their entrances are a little in advance of the temple entrance, and were connected with it by a curving wall. Two isolated cipollino columns stood at each entrance, and those on the eastern side remain. Two very handsome columns of red porphyry decorate the doorway of the temple itself, and their entablature is so beautiful in its carving as to indicate clearly an earlier date; probably an instance of the fatal Roman habit of plunder by which older buildings were shamelessly rifled to furnish decorations for those of later date. As regards the bronze doors also, it seems clear they must have been taken from some earlier edifice, probably of the date of the Pantheon, whose bronze doors they closely resemble in design.

Every historian speaks ill of Maxentius; even those authors who cannot be suspected of undue partiality for Constantine as the first Christian Emperor, still do not fail to visit with their severest censure his unfortunate rival. Gibbon calls attention to this fact. "The zeal of faction,"

says the historian of the Decline and Fall, in one of his stately paragraphs, "has indeed too frequently sacrificed the reputation of the vanquished to the glory of their successful rivals; but even those writers who have revealed with the most freedom and pleasure the faults of Constantine, unanimously confess that Maxentius was cruel, rapacious, and profligate. . . . The wealth of Rome supplied an inexhaustible fund for his vain and prodigal expenses, and the ministers of his revenue were skilled in the arts of rapine. . . . Rome, which had so long regretted the absence, lamented, during the six years of his reign, the presence of her sovereign."

But for all that, one thing that remains on record of this unlucky and altogether good-for-nothing Emperor, appeals to the heart across the sixteen centuries that separate our time from his. He was a father, who sought to make the memory of his dead child as lasting as stone and marble could render it, associating the baby's name with Roman worship and with Roman pleasures. The men of that period and of the earlier centuries, busy with their own hot ambitions and eager personal vanities, rarely commemorated, in any way, their women or their children. The Porticus of Octavia, the good sister whom Augustus delighted to honour,—the temple of Faustina, the beautiful wife to whose memory Antoninus Pius remained faithful for the score of years that he outlived her, without any second marriage, or, so far as we know, any transient amours,—and these two memorials of the baby Romulus, the round temple of the Sacra Via, and the beautiful Circus of the Appian Way, are all that tell among Roman ruins, outside of tombs and columbaria, of the purely domestic affections. And, notwithstanding all that the historians say of evil concerning Maxentius, it cannot be denied that this twofold commemoration of his dead boy tells in his favour.

What remains of the Circus of Romulus is vastly interesting and curious. Situated a few rods back from the road, near where Caecilia Metella's great tomb attracts everybody's notice, the Circus may very easily be passed unseen. It lies nearly at right angles to the Appian Way, and can be reached without any trouble if one knows where to look for it. All over it the grass is growing short and thick, on a June day; and, with the broad level of the track, and the ridge of the *spina*, and the hillock of the goals, all besprent with wild flowers, it makes a playground which the baby lad might have enjoyed better in his little day than all the stately splendour of the marble towers, and the *spina*, with its decorated lines, and the banks of marble seats, and even the shouting crowd and the wild rush of the horses.

This Circus of the Appian Way had long been known, but was attributed to Caracalla, until the discovery of three fragmentary inscriptions, of which one is now set inside the triumphal arch at the western end, proved it to have been dedicated by the Emperor Maxentius "to the divine Romulus, his son." An obelisk which once adorned its *spina* was removed in 1651 by Pope Innocent X., to adorn the Pamphilian piazza, itself anciently Domitian's Circus, and lately restored to its ancient name, the Circo Agonale. What became of all the other decorations of the *spina* and of all the marble columns and wall-linings and seats is not known, but it is likely enough that the same Pope who took the obelisk took all the marble also. Fortunately there was no occasion to destroy the foundations or to build over them, so that the old outlines are plain to see at this day. There was an enclosure, a hundred rods long and eighteen wide, curved at one end, nearly straight at the other, made by massive concrete walls, lined with tiers of seats sloping upwards, which rested on vaulted sub-

structures; these seats are all gone, but the walls are still solid and nearly entire. They are very curious from their facing of *opus mixtum*, thin bricks alternating with bands of tufa blocks, and also from the insertion into the concrete (visible where the brick-facing has been torn away) of very large half-jars of pottery, laid in horizontally to diminish the weight of the mass.

Through the centre of this enclosed area ran the *spina*, with a length of about fifty rods. Its line is clearly visible with the foundations of the goals at each end. Between the *spina* and the rows of seats lay the broad track for the chariots. These entered from the eastern end, where a row of small vaulted chambers (*carceres*), each just large enough to receive one chariot with its horses, cross the end of the Circus. Opposite, at the other extremity of the enclosure, is the grand archway, still entire, by which the victorious chariot quitted the track. At each end of the row of *carceres* — of which the ruinous foundations show there were nine — are the remains of the two tall towers containing the state-boxes, and midway in the southern wall is the fragment of the judges' box.

Near the Circus, on the side towards town, are the remains of ancient buildings which seem to be of the same date, regarded by some authorities as stables and adjuncts of various kinds to the Circus, but by others supposed to be the enclosing court of a temple, also built in honour of the Emperor's son.

If, as Gibbon says, the city of Rome had cause to regret the presence of its Emperor during the six years' reign of Maxentius, in the reign that followed the old complaint of absenteeism must often have been made, even before the fatal year 330, in which Rome ceased to be the Capital of the Empire, and her honours and dignities as such were transferred to the city by the Bosphoros, which history

knows as Constantinople, though Constantine had dared to call it New Rome, as if there could be a second Roma. After his victory over Maxentius, he remained in Rome but two or three months; and in the subsequent twenty-five years of his reign he came twice only to the old imperial city,—once to celebrate the tenth, and again for the twentieth, anniversary of his accession. It is probable that Rome was already in a degree prepared for the blow, before it fell, which removed definitively the government of the Empire to the remote shores of the Bosporos. It was in the year 330 that Rome ceased to be the Capital, and not only did the city lose the presence of the court, but a great proportion of its wealthy citizens deserted it. In his eagerness to build up Constantinople, the Emperor invited new residents, and rewarded liberally their acceptance of his invitations; the example was followed by subsequent Emperors until, in less than a century, the new Capital had grown to a population equal, at least, to that of the old city by the Tiber.

There were eighteen years, however, of Constantine's reign before this change took place, and still the old tradition of building prevailed in Rome. The Emperor completed and appropriated all the unfinished edifices of Maxentius; he made restorations in Hadrian's temple of Venus and Rome, and extensive additions to the Circus Maximus; and, besides this, he added other *Thermae* to the long list of those already built, and he erected in his own honour, in commemoration of the victory over Maxentius, an arch across the road between the Palatine and the Caelian.

The *Thermae* of Constantine were built on the very summit of the Quirinal hill, extending to its western edge, where now begin the gardens of the Colonna palace. Extensive remains of these Baths had lasted as late as the sixteenth century, when the great palaces that now crown



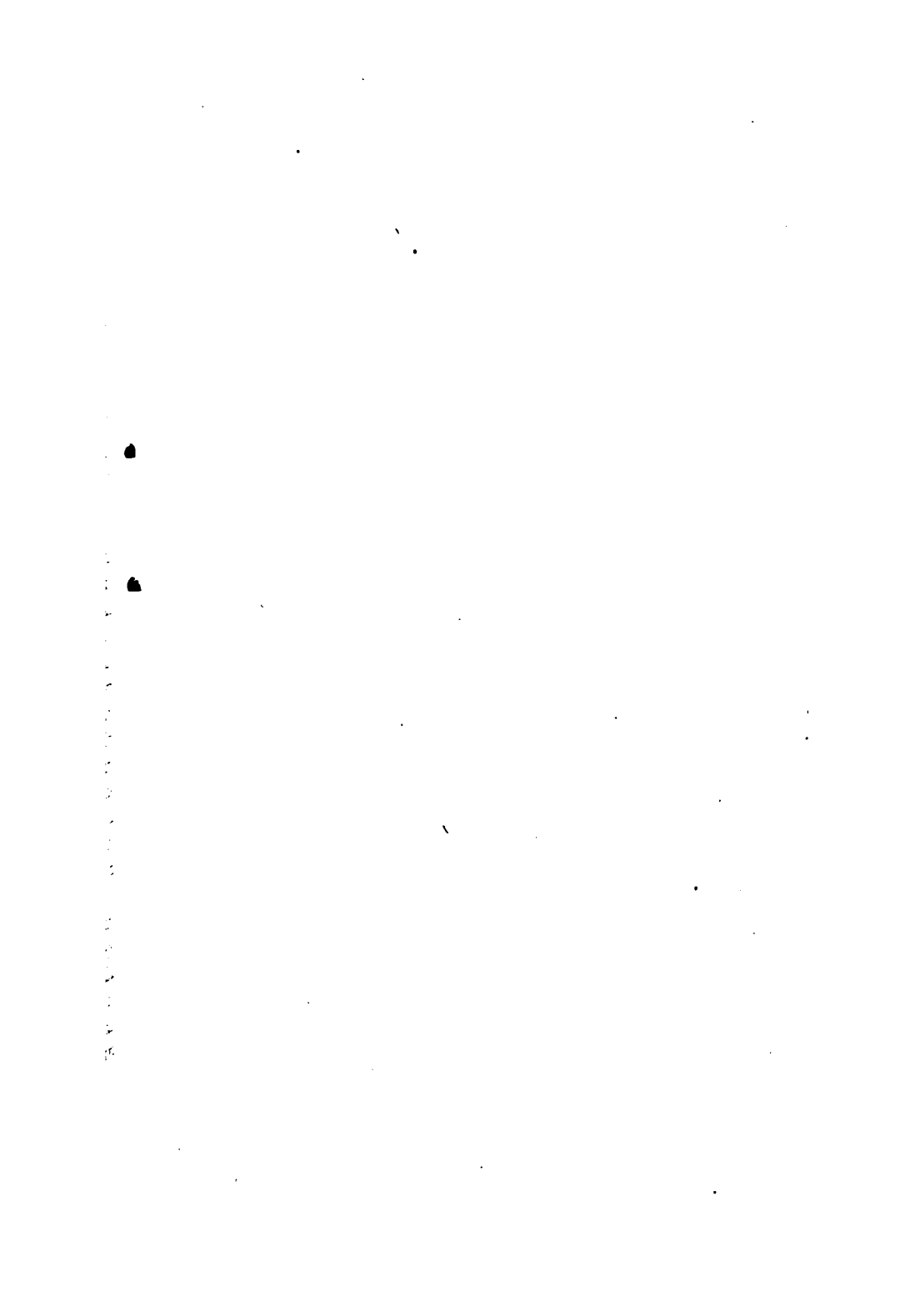
the hill were built,—the Quirinale, the Rospigliosi, and the Bentivoglio. Three portrait-statues were found among the ruins,—the colossal Constantine, now in the Lateran vestibule, and the two statues representing Constantine and his son Constans, which have been placed on the balustrade of the Piazza of the Capitol. Besides these, in the Rospigliosi garden, are numerous fragments of sculpture, and in the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, two fine groups, each of a man and a horse, which have been called Castor and Pollux, but are so different from the recognised types of these heroes that the appellation is clearly a misnomer. Equally without significance are the names of the two Greek sculptors, Pheidias and Praxiteles, cut at some time in the marble. Modern criticism regards these groups as copies in marble from some fine bronze original, now destroyed, and they are commonly called the Horse-Tamers.

Two huge fragments of cornice from the building itself remain, while all the rest has vanished. They lie in the Colonna garden, which, beginning on the summit of the Quirinal, descends by a very steep grade to the level of the low ground where stands the Colonna palace. In this garden there are roses by thousands, and orange-trees in blossom, and charming parterres of many humbler flowers; tall hedges of clipped box line the avenues and paths, and a series of little cascades, no more than threads of water over mossy marble steps, drips from terrace to terrace all the way down the hill. On the highest level of the broad terrace, at its southern end, lie these two towering masses of carved marble, blackened with time, sunk, one knows not how deep, into the ground. The carving is graceful, but not delicate,—a long period of decline had followed since the beautiful fragments of entablatures which are now in the long hall of the Tabularium.

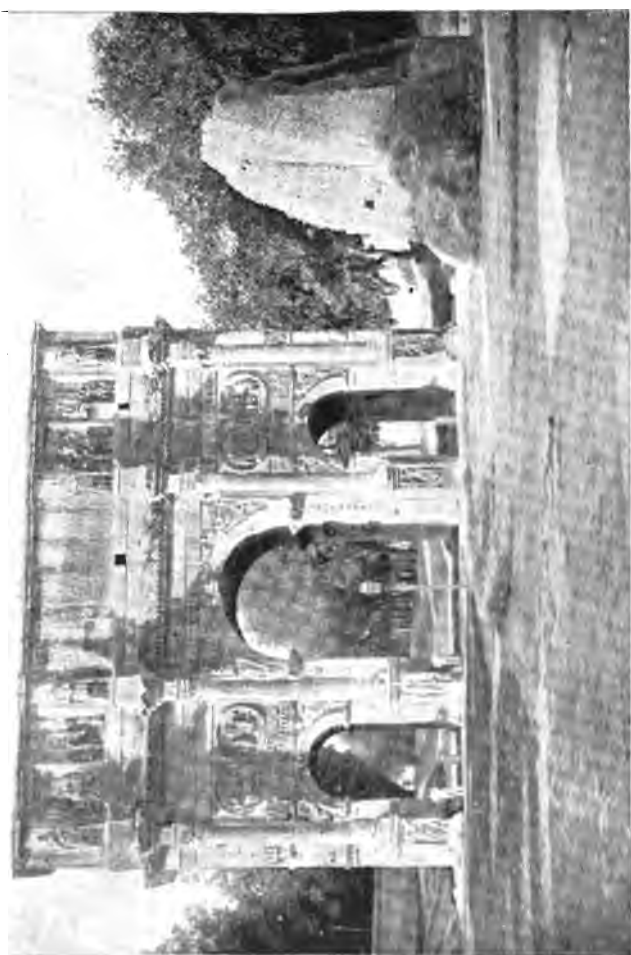
The Roman prince, in whose palace-garden this fragment

of the Constantinian *Thermae* lies, like some part of a great wreck on the sea-shore, makes the stranger welcome to come, and to stay at will, and to wander with perfect freedom through the beautiful avenues and paths. From the highest terrace there is a grand view westward over the city. On an afternoon in spring it is most pleasant to linger here until the sunset paints the sky with rose and gold behind the crowded roofs of houses that make the modern town. The two enormous masses of marble belong to the last years of the pagan centuries of Rome. They had been here a thousand years and more, before this old Italian garden grew up about them. One comes hither for the sake of seeing these sole fragments of the vast, splendid structure of Constantine's time; and again, as has often happened before, the memory of a later age comes in between, and arrests the thought. It may well be that here Michelangelo was permitted to walk with his princess, from the palace under the hill. This stately garden was a place worthy of that grand friendship, itself so stately and yet so simple. The woman whom he loved with such reverent homage has been dead for centuries, but the tradition of her beauty and gentleness remains; and when the lovely child who to-day bears that great historic name, flitting about the garden with her tiny dog, *Vendredi*, and gathering roses from one bush and another, comes at last to bring the handful to the unknown loiterer on the terrace, it is as if the very soul of Michelangelo's *Vittoria Colonna* looked out in gracious welcome from her dark eyes.

The Arch of Constantine was not the very last architectural work of his reign. Its inscription dates it in the year 315, fifteen years before the transference of the capital, and while as yet, possibly, the Emperor had no intention to that effect. But standing where it does, across the road to the city's Eastern Gate, he doubtless passed beneath it with



*Arch of Constantine.*





all his train when he left Rome for the last time, and its position gives it a peculiar significance, as if it were the last monument of Rome of the Emperors,—like a vignette when the text is ended, on the final page of a richly-illustrated book. After the time of Constantine there would never again be the tumult of colossal building in Rome in the old imperial manner, when so many myriads of workmen and such prodigality of expenditure brought to completion in but a few years work that in later times would have filled a century. The Emperor Constantius, it is true, shortly after Constantine's death, erected in the Circus Maximus one more great obelisk, the tallest of all in Rome, which now stands in the Lateran Piazza; and, three centuries later, a stolen column was set up on a very rude base in the Forum Romanum, in honour of Phocas, an Emperor of the East, which still remains while so many nobler monuments have fallen; but there were no more palaces, or baths, or amphitheatres, no basilicas, or triumphal arches, or temples of the gods. Imperial Rome was completed.

The Arch of Constantine is exquisitely graceful, though it is so massive, and its position gives it great picturesque effect. It is thought to have been copied, in its general outlines, from Trajan's Arch, which, at least, we know to have been despoiled of sculptured panels, columns, statues, and its entablature, to decorate the later monument. These are not the entire decoration of the Constantinian Arch, but to them are added some sculptures of the fourth century, the very poorest artistic work remaining from imperial Rome, in unhappy contrast with the fine reliefs of Trajan's time.

This Arch is the least injured of all the ancient Roman edifices. The barbarians spared it, one knows not why; the early Christian spoilers, those of the Middle Ages, and those of the Renaissance, treated it with respect be-

cause it bore the name of the first Christian Emperor. It has been a good deal battered by time, however, and a single one of its columns was removed, at the end of the sixteenth century, by Clement VIII., to the Lateran Church; but the place was filled by a column of white marble, quite undistinguishable in the general blackness without very close inspection. The eight Dacian captives, on the architrave over the eight columns, at one time lost their heads by the violence of a half-insane prince of the Medici family; but these also have been carefully restored.

The inscription in eight lines is interesting from the use of the phrase *instinctu divinitatis mentis*, "by divine inspiration," replacing the usual reference to "Jupiter, greatest and best," hinting thus at the abandonment of the old faith, and the adoption of the new. Besides the main inscription, there are also words of perplexing brevity over the side arches, namely, on the northern face of the Arch, *VOTIS X*, and *VOTIS XX*; on the southern face, *SIC X* and *SIC XX*. These are conjectured to have reference to the length of the reign at the time the Arch was erected, and to express a wish that it might continue for as many years longer.

It is singular that the Emperor Constantine should have had no scruple at writing himself down a thief for all time, by the plunder of Trajan's Arch to adorn his own; for the panels and the medallions represent scenes from Trajan's history, recognisable past all doubt by the well-known figure of that Emperor in each; and the eight Dacian captives have evidently nothing to do with an Emperor whose warfare was not with barbarians, but for the most part with rival claimants for the throne. One single point of interest may be found in the sculpture of the fourth century, namely, a long horizontal tablet on the northern face of the Arch, representing in bas-relief the Forum Romanum as it was at that date.



So ends the story of the Pagan Centuries of Rome, written in stone, and brick, and marble, — durable, notwithstanding countless efforts to destroy it, — precious in our time to its least word. With Constantine's reign came the two great changes: the transference of the capital to the new city by the Bosphoros; the recognition of Christianity as the official religion of the Empire. The two singularly offset each other: one seemed to destroy Rome; the other gave the great, old, dishonoured city the vital principle of a new life.

THE END.

## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

	B.C.
Foundation of Rome by Romulus .....	753
Numa Pompilius .....	716
Tullus Hostilius .....	673
Ancus Martius .....	640
Tarquinius Priscus .....	616
Servius Tullius .....	578
Tarquinius Superbus .....	534
Expulsion of the Kings .....	509
Institution of the Dictatorship, of Consuls, and of Tribunes.	509-494
First War with Veii (the Etruscans) .....	483-474
War with the Volscians .....	459
Institution of the Decemvirs .....	452
Second War with Veii .....	405-396
Rome taken by the Gauls .....	390
First War with the Samnites .....	343
War with the Latins .....	340-338
Second War with the Samnites .....	326-304
Third War with the Samnites .....	300-290
Invasion of Italy by Pyrrhus .....	280-275
First Punic War .....	264-241
War with the Gauls .....	225-222
Second Punic War .....	218-201
The Romans conquered the East .....	200-160
Conquest of Spain .....	150
Third Punic War .....	149-146
Attempts at Reform of the Roman by the Gracchi .....	133-121
War with Jugurtha .....	112-104
Birth of Pompey and of Cicero .....	106
Defeat of the Cimbri by Marius .....	102
Birth of Caesar .....	100

# CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

357

	B.C.
The Italians made Citizens (Social War).....	91-89
First War with Mithridates.....	88-84
Death of Marius.....	86
Sulla appointed Dictator.....	82
Second War with Mithridates.....	74-63
Conspiracies of Catiline.....	65-63
Birth of Augustus.....	63
First Triumvirate (Caesar, Pompey, and Crassus).....	61
Caesar made Consul.....	59
Caesar's Gallic Campaigns.....	59-50
Caesar made Dictator.....	49
Battle of Pharsalia.....	48
Assassination of Caesar.....	44
Second Triumvirate (Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus).....	43
Battle of Philippi.....	42
Battle of Actium.....	31
Supremacy of Octavius (Augustus Caesar).....	30 B.C.-14 A.D.
	A.D.
Tiberius.....	14-37
Caligula.....	37-41
Claudius.....	41-54
Nero.....	54-68
Galba.....	68-69
Otho.....	69
Vitellius.....	69
Vespasian.....	70-80
Titus.....	80-81
Domitian.....	81-96
Nerva.....	96-98
Trajan.....	98-118
Hadrian.....	118-138
Antoninus Pius.....	138-161
Marcus Aurelius.....	161-180
Commodus.....	180-193
Pertinax.....	193
Didius Julianus.....	193
Pescennius Niger.....	193
Septimius Severus.....	193-211
Caracalla.....	211-217

	A.D.
Macrinus .....	217
Elagabalus .....	218-229
Severus Alexander .....	222-235
Maximin .....	235
Gordian I. and II. ....	238
Papientus } .....	238
Albinus } .....	
Gordian III. ....	238-244
Philip .....	244-249
Decius } .....	249-252
Gallus } .....	
Æmilianus .....	252-253
Valerian } .....	253-261
Gallienus } .....	
Gallienus } .....	
Macrianus } .....	
Valens } .....	
Calpurnius } .....	261-268
Piso } .....	
Aureolus } .....	
Odenathus } .....	
Claudius Gothicus .....	268-270
Aurelian .....	270-275
Tacitus .....	275-276
Florianus .....	276
Probus .....	276-282
Carus } .....	
Carinus } .....	282-284
Numerianus } .....	
Diocletian } .....	284-305
Maximian } .....	
Constantius Chlorus } .....	305-306
Galerius } .....	
Maxentius .....	306-312
Constantine .....	306-337
Rome ceased to be the Capital .....	380

# INDEX.

## A.

- Abbé Raucourel, 196, 197.  
 Acqua Argentina, 50.  
 Acqua Felice, 190, 238.  
 Acqua Paola, 260.  
 Acqua Pia, 113, 338.  
 Actium, 124, 127, 129, 156.  
 Adonis, gardens of, 309.  
 Adrastus, 296.  
 Adriatic Sea, 105, 123.  
 Aemilian Basilica, 86.  
 Aesarium sanctius, 66.  
 Africano, column of, 312, 314.  
 Agathobolos, 283.  
 Agrippa, the younger, 148.  
 Agrippa, Marcus, 133, 148, 150-161, 174, 175, 223, 248, 304; baths of, 156-159; fountains of, 159; gardens of, 159; portico of, 154, 155.  
 Agrippina, 168, 169, 182, 185, 192, 203, 224, 258; gardens of, 185, 193.  
 Akropolis, 142.  
 Alaric, 276.  
 Alba Longa, 230, 268.  
 Alban Hills, 101, 197, 210, 230, 207.  
 Albano, 102.  
 Alexander VII., 65, 174, 243, 286.  
 Alexander and his companions, statues of, 93, 297.  
 Alexandria, 127, 238, 278.  
 Alps, Europe beyond the, 101.  
 Ampère, 110, 179, 253, 255, 299, 294.  
 Amphitheatrum Castrense, 205, 333.  
 Ancus Marcius, 2, 38.  
 Anio Novus, 187, 188, 191, 204, 228.  
 Anio River, 111, 112, 187, 216.  
 Anio Vetus, 112, 190, 191.  
 Annus Verus, 282.  
 Annibaldi, 226.  
 Antioch, 237.  
 Antium, palace of Nero at, 215.  
 Antoninus Pius, 290, 291, 294-296, 300, 347; column of, 295-297, 314; statues of, 290; temple of, 296.  
 Antony, 117, 124, 127-129, 217.  
 Apennines, 2, 106.  
 Apollo, 198, 311; temple of, 89, 125-127, 291.  
 Apollo Saurothones, statue of, in Vatican, 126.  
 Apollodorus, 279.  
 Apollonia, 123, 133.  
 Apollonius of Athens, 96.  
 Appian Aqueduct, 89, 100, 111, 157.  
 Appian Gate, 182, 334.  
 Appian Way, 89, 100-103, 105, 106, 109, 170, 172, 260, 300, 306, 315, 316, 319, 320, 335, 343, 347, 348; tombs of the, *see* Tombs.  
 Appius Claudius, 89, 100, 104, 217.  
 Aqua Alexandrina, 328.  
 Aqua Appia. (*See* Appian Aqueduct.)  
 Aqua Claudia, 158, 183, 186-188, 190, 191, 204, 205.  
 Aqua Julia, 158, 159, 204, 323.  
 Aqua Marcia, 112, 158, 190, 204, 205, 319.  
 Aqua Virgo, 157, 158, 190, 191.  
 Aqueducts, construction of, 189.  
 Ara Coeli, 42, 311.  
 Arch of the Seven Lamps, 243.  
 Arch of the Silversmiths, 301, 302, 306.  
 Archaeological Museum, 286, 341.  
 Arco de' Pantani, 257.

Arco di Ciambella, 186.  
 Area Palatina, 168.  
 Argonæta, porticus of. (*See* Porticus.)  
 Ariminium, 104.  
 Aristæidos, 296.  
 Arles, 342.  
 Armenians, 88.  
 Arval Brothers, 226.  
 Athens, 331.  
 Atilius Calatinus, 91.  
 Augustan Forum. (*See* Augustus.)  
 Augustus, 67, 77, 94, 99, 102-104, 114, 116, 118, 122-124, 137, 143, 144, 147, 148, 150, 157, 168, 169, 171, 173, 174, 176, 182, 184, 185, 187, 195, 219, 234, 256, 260, 282, 337, 347; arch of, 244; forum of, 143, 193, 231, 255-257, 261, 267, 274; mausoleum of, 130-133, 149, 169, 191, 285; palace of, 277, 309; obelisk of, 259; temple of, 176, 177; temples built by, 130.  
 Aurelian, 178, 188, 331-335; walls of, 107, 108, 112, 172, 180, 182, 204, 332-334.  
 Aurelius Victor, 329.  
 Aurelius, Marcus. (*See* Marcus Aurelius.)  
 Aventine Hill, 111, 125, 229, 230, 307, 312, 314, 335.

## B.

Balbus, Cornelius, theatre of, 149, 150, 271.  
 Barberini, Prince, 196; palace of, 226, 244; Vigna, 230.  
 Basilica Jovis, 251.  
 Basilica Julia. (*See* Julian Basilica.)  
 Basilica of St. Peter. (*See* St. Peter.)  
 Basilica of the Three Arches, 342.  
 Basilica Porcia, 86.  
 Bassanius, 320.  
 Bath, description of a, 308.  
 Baths of the Six Emperors. (*See* Diocletian, baths of.)  
 Belisarius, 323.

Bellona, temple of, 89, 90.  
 Bellori, 304.  
 Bentivoglio Palace, 351.  
 Bernini, 241.  
 Bernaglieri, 8.  
 Bibulus, tomb of, 107, 108.  
 Bidding for the Empire, 180, 229.  
 Blomington, Lady, 127.  
 Boieldieu, 211.  
 Bonus Eventus, temple of, 160.  
 Borghese Chapel, 256, 345.  
 Bosphorus, 240, 349, 350.  
 Bourbon, Comptable de, 254.  
 Bracciano, 7.  
 Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, 94, 129, 291.  
 Brannate, 2.  
 Bricks, 62, 206, 208, 273-280.  
 Brick-stamps, 273-283.  
 Bridges, 15.  
 British Museum, 302.  
 Brown, Professor, 122, 153.  
 Brutus, 64, 124.  
 Burial Ground of the Middle Classes, 170-172.  
 Burn, Mr., 246, 265.

## C.

Cacus, stairs of, 310.  
 Cæcilia Metella, tomb of, 173-174, 348.  
 Cælian Hill, 111, 192-197, 202-205, 229, 230, 241, 299.  
 Cælian Reservoir, 224.  
 Cæsar, Julius, 66, 69, 76, 78, 91, 95, 99, 114-125, 137, 157, 172, 176, 185, 187, 219, 246, 266, 289, 299, 311, 343; forum of, 115, 116, 274; rostra of, 121, 206; statue of, 115; temple of, 67, 86, 120, 240, 241, 274; tomb of, 120.  
 Cæsar, Cæsar, 191.  
 Café Aragne, 82.  
 Caius, 123, 137, 147, 148.  
 Calatinus, tomb of the, 110.  
 Calidarium, 316-318, 322, 329.

- Caligula, 168, 169, 182-185, 190, 215, 234, 282, 315; bridge of, 183, 184; circus of, 185, 186; palace of, 167, 168, 177, 183, 184, 309.  
 Camerius, 97.  
 Camillus, 63, 68.  
 Campagna, 112.  
 Campo di Fiora, 95.  
 Campo Vaccino, 248.  
 Campus Martius, 76, 84, 86, 88, 89, 91, 93, 116, 120, 128, 130, 133, 145, 149, 160, 190, 191, 214, 234, 255, 311.  
 Cancellaria, 97, 228, 233.  
 Canina, 81, 270.  
 Capitol, 88, 89, 92, 115, 136, 183, 196, 202, 219, 234, 241, 247, 270, 290, 298, 327.  
 Capitoline Hill, 66, 214, 218, 247, 261, 282, 311.  
 Capitoline Museum, 96, 175, 226, 304.  
 Capo di Ferro, Cardinal, 99.  
 Capri, 182.  
 Capua, 101, 102.  
 Caracalla, 154, 299, 300, 306, 314, 315, 319, 320, 326, 327, 329, 348; baths of, 300, 314-327, 329, 339; obelisk of, 214.  
 Carthage, 104.  
 Carthusian Monastery, 340.  
 Carystos, 261.  
 Cassius, 124.  
 Cassius, Dion. (*See* Dion.)  
 Castor and Pollux, 351; temple of, 67, 70, 72, 76-79, 89, 121, 141, 146-148, 177, 244, 273, 274, 282, 298; statues of, 41.  
 Catalus, Lutatius, house of, 183.  
 Catiline, 37, 69; house of, 183.  
 Cato, 69, 86.  
 Catullus, 97.  
 Celer, 194.  
 Cemetery of the Jews, 52.  
 Cenci, 149.  
 Censor, duties of a, 103, 104.  
 Cestius, 174, 175; pyramid of, 172, 174, 230, 334.  
 Chariot Races, 51.  
 Charlemagne, 46, 245  
 Chartreux, church of the, 340.  
 Chedanne, M., 153, 154, 279, 280, 282, 291.  
 Chiavi d'Oro, 270.  
 Chios, 140.  
 Cicero, 37, 69, 76, 110, 115; "De Fato" of, 97; house of, 183.  
 Cilicia, 263.  
 Circo Agonale, 218, 348.  
 Circus Maximus, 50, 62, 84, 87, 125, 129, 192, 243, 259, 260, 292, 310, 350, 353.  
 Cisalpine Gaul, 104.  
 Cisauna, 110.  
 Cistercian Monks, 340.  
 City of the Seven Hills, 72, 100.  
 Claudia, vestal, 287.  
 Claudian Aqueduct. (*See* Aqua Claudia.)  
 Claudian Obelisks, 191.  
 Claudian Way, 203  
 Claudius, 178, 186, 190-192, 203, 234; arch of, 243, 244, 298, statue of in Vatican, 186; temple of, 203.  
 Claudius Gothicus, 332.  
 Clement VIII., 354.  
 Clement IX., 15.  
 Clement XI., 234.  
 Cleopatra, 85, 129, 163.  
 Clivus Capitolinus, 41, 247.  
 Clivus Palatinus, 252.  
 Cloaca Maxima, 47, 111.  
 Clytie, 202.  
 Cn. Domitius Afer, 282.  
 Cn. Domitius Lucanus, 282.  
 Cn. Domitius Tullus, 282.  
 College of the Propaganda, 20.  
 Colline Gate, 107.  
 Colonna Palace, 350, 351.  
 Colonnade, 229, 256, 257.  
 Colosseum, 96, 136, 180, 192, 196-200, 218, 220-229, 242, 267, 274, 276, 299, 345; gladiators of, 220, 221.  
 Comitia Centuriata, 116.  
 Comitium, 64, 272, 301.  
 Commodus, 193, 198, 203, 223, 281, 285, 299, 303.  
 Como, 274.

Concord, temple of, 66, 68-70, 78, 79, 81, 147, 245, 246, 301.  
 Concordia, 68.  
 Concrete, 205-208.  
 Conservatori, palace of the, 98, 298.  
 Conscript Fathers, 84.  
 Constans, 263, 276, 351.  
 Constantia, sarcophagus of, 240.  
 Constantine, 2, 156, 178, 179, 181, 191, 239, 240, 268, 298, 341-347, 350, 352-355; arch of, 196, 267-269, 272, 350-354; basilica of, 194, 196, 199, 231, 243-246; baths of, 191, 250-352; colossal statue of, 351.  
 Constantinople, 67, 350.  
 Constantius, 337, 338, 341, 342, 353.  
 Corinthian Cornice, 81.  
 Corinthus, 93.  
 Cornelia, 63.  
 Corsi, 140, 269.  
 Corso, 17, 82, 105, 116, 159, 160, 243, 258, 298.  
 Cortile della Pigna, 213.  
 Cosimo, Duke, 316.  
 Crassus, 61, 173; house of, 183.  
 Curia, 64.  
 Curia Hostilia, 65, 98.  
 Curius Dentatius, 111.  
 Cybele, 310.  
 Cynthia, 97.

## D.

Dacia, 260.  
 Damascus, 181, 279.  
 Davies, Wm., 16.  
 Delos, 291.  
 Delphi, oracle at, 69.  
 Descemet, M. Ch., 279, 280, 282.  
 Diana, temple of, 47, 125, 321.  
 Didius Julianus, 299.  
 Dii Consentes, 246.  
 Diocletian, 65, 329, 337, 338, 341, 343, 344; baths of, 286, 325, 337-341, 345.  
 Dion Cassius, 151-153, 253, 282.  
 Dionysius, 87.  
 Dioskouroi, 296.  
 Dis and Proserpine, altars to, 69.  
 Djebel Duchan, 236, 239.

Dolabella, arch of, 158, 204, 205, 212.  
 Domitia, gardens of, 185, 192.  
 Domitia Lucilla, 282, 283.  
 Domitian, 81, 218, 219, 242, 244, 247, 249-259, 277, 328, 344; circus of, 348; colossal statue of, 244; forum of, 256, 267; palace of, 249-253, 309; stadium of, 277.  
 Domus Augustana, 125-127, 176.  
 Domus Gelotiana, 292, 293, 310.  
 Domus Publica, 77, 78, 118, 119.  
 Domus Tiberiana, 176, 177, 183.  
 Domus Vectiliana, 194, 220.  
 Doric Columns, 91.  
 Drusus, 190, 217; arch of, 312, 330.  
 Drusus and Tiberius, 72.  
 Dwelling-house, description of a, 169, 170; under the Republic, 61.

## E.

Edessa, 315.  
 Egypt, 185.  
 Einsiedeln, 245, 319.  
 Elagabalus, 236, 227, 229.  
 Etna, 237.  
 Epaphroditus, 220.  
 Ephesus, 141, 331.  
 Esquiline Gate, 230.  
 Esquiline Hill, 106, 181, 192, 193, 204, 212, 213, 218, 223, 227, 228, 224, 239, 249, 228, 229.  
 Etruscan Pugilists, 50.  
 Etruscan Temple, 43.  
 Euboea, 291.  
 Euryaces, tomb of, 106.  
 Excavations, 71.

## F.

Fabius, 63; arch of, 78.  
 Fabius Maximus, 63, 79.  
 Fabius Pictor, 53.  
 Fabretti, 263.  
 Farnese Bull, 224; gardens, 177; Hercules, 224; palace, 226.  
 Faustina, 290, 292, 294, 295, 298, 314; temple of, 196, 290-294, 247.



Faustus, 233.  
 Felix IV., 306.  
 Fergusson, 151.  
 Fever, 14.  
 Flaminian Way, 103-105, 131, 243, 258.  
 Flaminius, 104, 105; circus of, 91, 92, 131.  
 Flavius, 214; arch of, 248; amphitheatre of, 96; dynasty, 218; palace, 163, 177.  
 Florence, 316.  
 Flora, 324.  
 Flower venders, 21.  
 Floyer, 241.  
 Fons Coerulius, 187.  
 Fons Curtius, 187.  
 Fons Juturnae, 236.  
 Fontana, 297.  
 Fors Fortuna, temple of, 87, 88.  
 Fortuna Virilis, temple of, 61, 87, 88, 274.  
 Fortune, temple of, 195.  
 Forum Augustan. (*See Augustus.*)  
 Forum Boarium, 86-88, 175, 243, 301.  
 Forum Julian. (*See Caesar.*)  
 Forum Olitorium, 90.  
 Forum Romanum, 62-65, 76-80, 82, 84, 86, 89, 102, 115-121, 125, 127, 136-138, 141-146, 148, 177, 183, 184, 191, 195-197, 218, 227, 243-248, 252, 256, 268, 272-274, 291, 300-302, 306, 311, 343, 353, 354; as a market-place, 82; scenes in, 83; statues in, 82; uses of, 83.  
 Fountain, Piazza di Spagna, 21.  
 Frangipanni, 226.  
 Frascati road, 190.  
 Freeman, E. A., 251, 324, 335.  
 Frigidarium, 316, 317, 323, 325, 330.  
 Frontinus, 188.  
 Fronto, 294.

## G.

Gabine peperino, 80.  
 Gastani stronghold, 174.  
 Galba, 216.  
 Galerius, 337, 338, 341, 342.

Gallery of Inscriptions, 296.  
 Gallienus, 329-332; arch of, 230; baths of, 330.  
 Gauls, 78, 104.  
 Gelonius, 310.  
 Genseric, 46, 93, 264.  
 Germanicus, 168, 176, 177, 182, 234; house of, *see* Palatine, house on.  
 Gesh, church of, 197.  
 Geta, 306, 315.  
 Ghetto, 129.  
 Giardiano della Pigna, 226.  
 Gibbon, 230, 246, 249.  
 Giordano Bruno, 95.  
 Giovanni Foglia, 276.  
 Gnavus, 110.  
 Goat's Marsh, 158.  
 Goethe, 211.  
 Gondolpe Castle, 11.  
 Gordian III., 224.  
 Goths, 79, 331, 332.  
 Gracchus, the younger, 89.  
 Gracchi, 63.  
 Granite, 233, 235-240.  
 Great Circus. (*See Circus Maximus.*)  
 Guiscard, Robert, 226.  
 Gutenberg, 233.

## H.

Hadrian, 154, 192, 198, 234, 238, 239, 272-275, 277-280, 284-286, 299, 308, 350; mausoleum of, 121, 173, 185, 284, 285; palace of, 177, 277, 294, 306, 309; sarcophagus of, 239, 285; temple of, 196, 197.  
 Hall of Bronzes of the Capitol, 94.  
 Hall of the Candelabra in the Vatican, 318.  
 Hannibal, 91, 105, 110.  
 Harrison, F., 312, 331.  
 Haussmann, Baron, 160.  
 Helena, sarcophagus of, 240.  
 Heliopolis, 224, temple of, 120.  
 Herakles, 96.  
 Hercules, temple of, 146.  
 Hilarius, 293.

Honorina, 45, 108, 334, 335.  
 Hope, temple of, 90, 91.  
 Horace, 78, 141, 161, 162.  
 Horse-tamers, statues of, 93, 191, 351.

## I.

Ides of March, 118.  
 Ides of Quintilis, 76.  
 Illyria, 180, 300.  
 Innocent II., 239.  
 Innocent X., 395, 348.  
 Isis and Serapis, temple of, 129, 241.

## J.

Jani, 82.  
 Janiculum, 157, 313.  
 Janus, 303; temple, 66, 67, 78, 79, 104, 124, 257.  
 Jerusalem, 231.  
 Jonah, statue of, 72.  
 Josephus, 168, 243.  
 Jugurtha, 87.  
 Julia, 122, 133, 134, 147, 148, 156.  
 Julia Domna, 327.  
 Julia Mamaea, 327.  
 Julia Maesa, 327.  
 Julia Soemias, 327.  
 Julian Basilica, 82, 86, 117, 137, 138, 142, 143, 145, 176, 242, 245, 268, 273, 302; pavement of, 138, 139.  
 Julian Forum. (*See* *Cæsar*.)  
 Julian line of emperors, 216, 217.  
 Julian Rostra. (*See* *Cæsar*.)  
 Julian Tomb. (*See* *Cæsar*.)  
 Julius III., 99, 200, 234.  
 Juno, 68; temple of, 128.  
 Juno the Deliverer, temple of, 90.  
 Juno the Goddess of Morning, temple of, 90.  
 Jupiter, 58, 86, 183, 219, 354; temple of, 97, 128, 218, 219.  
 Jupiter, Capitolinus, temple of, 42, 152, 278, 298.  
 Jupiter Victor, temple of, 250.  
 Justice, statue of, 316.

## K.

Keats, 230.

## L.

Labicana road, 204.  
 Lago di Bracciano, 260.  
 Lake Fucinus, 186.  
 Lake Regillus, battle of, 72; poem of, 73-76.  
 Lake Trasimene, 105.  
 Lanciani, 24, 93, 97, 267, 275, 282.  
 Laocoön, 201.  
 Lateran, 197, 224, 232, 297, 351.  
 Lateran Church, 65, 239, 333, 354.  
 Lateran Museum, 224.  
 Lateran Piazza, 212, 353.  
 Latin Gate, 173.  
 Latin League, 47, 72.  
 Latin Wars, 65, 175.  
 Latin Way. (*See* *Via Latina*.)  
 Leo X., 129.  
 Leo XIII., 313.  
 Leonine, 335.  
 Licinius, 342-344.  
 Lictors, 85.  
 Ligorio, 194, 199.  
 Litternum, 110.  
 Livia, 125, 134, 148, 168, 169, 171, 176; villa of, 165.  
 Livy, 24, 53, 58, 87, 90, 91, 206.  
 Lombards, 79.  
 Lucania, 110.  
 Lucius, 133, 137, 147, 148, 150.  
 Lucky Chance, temple of, 88.  
 Luna, 141.  
 Lysippus, 93, 297.

## M.

Macaulay, 59, 72.  
 Macrinus, 327.  
 Maecenas, 161; villa and gardens of, 161-164.  
 Marbles, 139-142.  
 Marcella, 171.  
 Marcellus, 132-134; theatre of, 132-136, 149, 157.

Marcian Aqueduct. (*See* Aqua Marcia.)

Marcus Aurelius, 115, 177, 236, 270, 281-283, 294, 296-299, 303, 320; arch of, 298; bronze statue of, 72, 93, 297, 298; column of, 296, 297; temple of, 295.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, 303, 321.

Margarita, queen, 10.

Marini, 281.

Marmertine Prison, 37, 217.

Marmoratum, 312, 313.

Mars, 146; altar to, 89.

Mars the Avenger, temple of, 143.

Mars Ultor, 257; temple of, 145-147, 274.

Marayas, statue of, 273.

Martial, 45, 214, 252, 282.

Mater Matuta, temple of, 87, 88.

Maxentius, 305, 338, 341-344, 346-350; circus of, 343; basilica of, *see* Constantinian, basilica of.

Maximin Daza, 337, 338, 342, 344.

Medici, 354.

Medusa, 162.

Mercury, 283.

Merivale, 131.

Mesopotamia, 273.

Messalina, 258.

Meta Sudans, 196.

Metelli, tomb of the, 110.

Metellus, Macedonicus, 92, 297.

Michaelis, 278.

Michelangelo, 72, 154, 298, 340, 341, 345, 352.

Middleton, Professor, 24, 43, 80, 81, 208, 213, 231, 265.

Mills, 137.

Minerva, 63, 162, 255, 256; temple of, 94, 256, 257.

Minerva Medica, temple of, 330.

Mithras, 311.

Mithridates, 94, 95.

Mitylene, Greek temple at, 94.

Mommsen, 114.

Mons Saturnius, 39.

Mons Tarpeius, 40.

Monte Carallo, 93, 328.

Monte Cavo, 12.

Monte Citorio, 232, 265; obelisk of, 130, 234, 314; palace of, 295; parliament house of, 295.

Monte d'Oro, 170.

Monte Gennario, 4.

Monte Giordano, 149.

Monte Mario, 1, 136.

Monte Porzio, 328.

Monte Testaccio, 188, 235, 336.

Montorio, 260.

Mount Cenis, 342.

Mount Pentelikos, 141.

Muntz, Eugene, 276.

Muro Torto, 333.

Myas Hormos, 239.

## N.

Naples, 101, 103, 124, 215, 316, 324.

Napoleon I., 248, 311.

Napoleon III., 165.

Naumachia, 157.

Neptune, porticus of, 160.

Nero, 168, 185, 188, 192-205, 208, 212, 214-216, 219, 234, 249, 253, 299, 303, 309; amphitheatre of, 214, 215; aqueduct of, 164, 204, 205, 208-210, 212; arch of, 214; baths of, 198, 199, 214, 328; circus of, 214; colossal statue of, 197, 198; fire of, 70, 193; golden house of, 192, 194, 197, 199-203, 212, 216, 230, 231, 271, 311.

Nerva, 188, 254, 255, 257, 258; forum of, 264.

New Appian Way, 190.

Nicholas V., 93.

Nicolovina, 136.

Niebuhr, 136.

Nile, 129, 236, 237.

Niobe, 89.

Nova Via, 167.

Novae, 82.

Numa, 67, 70, 71, 104.

Numidia, 231.

Nymphaeum Alexandri, 328.

Nymphaeum Neronis, 203.

## O.

Obelisks, 129, 234.  
 Obelisk of the Vatican, 185.  
 Octavia, 122, 123, 171.  
 Octavius Caesar. (*See* Augustus.)  
 Oecumenical Council, 313.  
 Opimius, 69.  
 Opus Alexandrinum, 228, 229.  
 Opus reticulatum, 57.  
 Orsini Palace, 135, 136.  
 Ostia, 186.  
 Otho II., 229.  
 Ovid, 87, 97.

## P.

P. Calvisius Tullius, 222.  
 Palace Valentini, 273.  
 Palatine Basilica, 244.  
 Palatine Hill, 26, 27, 77, 84, 91, 101, 115, 122, 125, 126, 129-126, 128, 203, 204, 212, 229, 230, 242, 254, 260, 274, 286, 292, 300, 306, 309, 310, 314; house of Augustus on, 118; dwelling-house on the, 165-169, 250, 310; palm tree on, 127; prison on, 26.  
 Palatine Venus, 61.  
 Palatine Wall, 54.  
 Palazzo Farnese, 174.  
 Palazzo Mattei, 92.  
 Palazzo Pio, 95.  
 Pamphilian Piazza, 248.  
 Pandatoria, 169.  
 Pantheon, 63, 150-154, 156, 159, 214, 233, 241, 242, 252, 263, 272-284, 291, 302, 313, 317, 323, 340.  
 Paolian Fountain, 260.  
 Papa Giulio, 234.  
 Papal Museum, 201.  
 Parker, 59.  
 Parma, 252, 324.  
 Parthenon, 129, 142.  
 Parthian Expedition, 123.  
 Passionist Monastery, 203.  
 Pater Patriæ, 120.  
 Paul III., 234.  
 Paul V., 258, 257, 245.

Paulus Aemilius, 92; baths of, 270.  
 Pausanias, 263.  
 Peace, temple of, 220, 221.  
 Perenna, 27, 32.  
 Persia, 220.  
 Peruzzi, 126.  
 Pharon, 216.  
 Pharsalia, 116; battle of, 99.  
 Pheidias, 351.  
 Philippi, 122, 124, 143.  
 Phocas, 117, 253.  
 Piazza Colonna, 160, 226.  
 Piazza del Popolo, 18, 19; obelisk of, 130, 232, 234.  
 Piazza del Quirinale, 191.  
 Piazza di Ara Coeli, 262.  
 Piazza di Monte Cavallo, 251.  
 Piazza di Spagna, 18, 20; column of, 225.  
 Piazza di Trevi, 18.  
 Piazza Farnese, 224.  
 Piazza Margana, 92.  
 Piazza of the Capitol, 72, 226, 251.  
 Piazza of the Santi Apostoli, 272.  
 Piazza of Victor Emanuel, 228.  
 Piazza Santa Trinità, 216.  
 Pierleone, 126.  
 Pincian Hill, 20, 231, 222.  
 Piranese, 127.  
 Piscina Publica, 159.  
 Pius IV., 202, 216, 240.  
 Pius VI., 222, 223, 240, 225.  
 Pius VII., 242, 243.  
 Pius IX., 26, 101, 112, 113, 225, 212; column of, 21.  
 Plan of Rome, 202-206.  
 Plantius Lateranus, 223.  
 Pliny, 47, 89, 129, 144, 150, 222.  
 Plotina, 252.  
 Plutarch, 87, 92, 310.  
 Polybius, 226.  
 Pollux. (*See* Castor.)  
 Pompey, 63, 94-99, 120, 122, 127, 172, 223, 225; buildings of, 63; curia of, 92, 98; porticus of, 92, 97; statues, 99; theatre of, 92, 98, 99, 99.  
 Ponte Molle, 105, 242.  
 Ponte St. Angelo, 15.

Pontifex Maximus, 69, 78, 118, 119, 289.

Poppaea, 202.

Porcia, Basilica, 86.

Porphyry, 238.

Porta Asinaria, 334.

Porta Capena, 101, 110, 111, 145, 286.

Porta Carmentalis, 89.

Porta d'Auzio, 65, 94.

Porta del Popolo, 19, 105, 262, 333.

Porta di San Paolo, 172.

Porta Flumentana, 89.

Porta Fontinalis, 59.

Porta Furba, 190.

Porta Maggiore, 112, 187, 188, 204, 205.

Porta Nuova, 335.

Porta Pia, 216.

Porta Ratumena, 105.

Porta San Sebastian. (*See* San Sebastiano.)

Porta Santa marble, 69.

Porta Triumphalis. (*See* Triumphal Gate.)

Porticus, definition of, 92.

Porticus Metelli, 92.

Porticus Octaviae, 92, 123, 247.

Porticus of Neptune, 160.

Porticus of the Argonauts, 160.

Pozzolana, 6.

Prænestina road, 204.

Prætorian amphitheatre, 180-182.

Prætorian camp, 178-180, 290, 333.

Praxitiles, 89, 351.

Prima Porta, 65.

Private dwelling-house, 306, 310.

Procopius, 103, 333.

Propercius, 97.

Propylæa, 142.

Proscriptions of Augustus, 124.

Proserpine. (*See* Dis.)

Pudicitia Patricia, temple of, 87, 88.

Pudicitia, 175.

Punic Wars, 91, 100, 104, 110.

Pyrrhus, 100, 111.

## Q.

Q. Marcius Rex, 113.

Queen Margharita. (*See* Margharita.)

Quintilian, 282.

Quintus Caecilius Metellus, 178.

Quirinal Hill, 156, 261, 262, 269, 270, 274, 351.

Quirinal Palace, 93, 328, 351.

## R.

Raphael, 72, 154, 201.

Ravenna, 334, 348.

Red Sea, 235-237, 239.

Regia, 70, 119, 120.

Remus, 346.

Rhodes, 148.

Road-making, process of, 102, 103.

Robber-barons, strongholds of, 89.

Rienzi, 297.

Rimini, 105.

Roma, 243, 298.

Roman Senate, 62, 66.

Rome, burned by the Gauls, 70, 78; destruction of, 9, 275, 276; first creek at, 1; geology of, 4; lack of shade in, 97; old customs of, 82; quarries of, 139, 140; supply of water to, 187, 188.

Romulus, 24, 144, 158, 229, 305, 331, 346-348; circus of, 347-349; temple of, 196, 346; wall of, 27, 331.

Rospigliosi Palace, 351.

Rostra, 62-65, 83, 117, 118, 121, 273, 301; cause of name, 65.

Royal Institute of British Architects, 236.

## S.

Sabine Apennines, 215.

Sabine Hills, 4, 187, 307.

Sacra Via, 77, 78, 83, 108, 119, 123, 192, 195, 196, 198, 242, 244, 247, 301, 345, 347.

Sacred Heart, convent of the, 21.

- Sacred Way. (*See* *Sacra Via*.)  
 S. Agnese fuori, church of, 251.  
 S. Angelo, 131; castle of, 185, 285.  
 S. Anastasia, church of, 260.  
 S. Bernardo, church of, 340.  
 S. Catherine of the Rope-walk, church of, 92.  
 S. Cyriacus, church of, 340.  
 S. Giorgio in Velabro, church of, 302.  
 S. John Lateran, 259; gate of, 334, 335.  
 S. Lorenzo, gate of, 340.  
 S. Maria del Popolo, Chigi chapel of, 72.  
 S. Maria in Via Lata, church of, 116.  
 S. Mary of Egypt, church of, 61, 88.  
 S. Niccolo, in Carcere, church of, 90.  
 S. Paolo, church of, 230.  
 S. Paul, 116; gate of, 182; statue of, 297.  
 S. Pietro in Montorio, church of, 136.  
 S. Pietro in Vincoli, church of, 213, 227.  
 S. Peter, 333; basilica or church of, 1, 11, 136, 141, 154, 159, 231, 239, 240, 245, 285; crucifixion of, 214; statue of, 263, 314.  
 S. Sebastiano, 172; church of, 141; gate of, 101, 182, 319.  
 S. S. Cosmo and Damiano, church of, 305, 343.  
 S. S. John and Paul, church of, 158, 203, 229.  
 St. Joseph, church of, 36.  
 Sallust, house of, 231, 232, 276.  
 Salonina, 329.  
 Samnites, 110; war with, 100, 101.  
 San Adriano, church of, 65.  
 San Clemente, church of, 311.  
 San Gregorio, church of, 193, 197.  
 San Stefano Rotondo street, 212.  
 Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, church of, 181, 205.  
 Santa Francesca Romana, church of, 197, 199.  
 Santa Maria degli Angeli, church of, 245.  
 Santa Maria dell' Anima, church of, 46.  
 Santa Maria in Cosmedin, church of, 175.  
 Santa Maria Maggiore, church of, 137, 191, 256, 345.  
 Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, church of, 94, 241, 256.  
 Santa Saba, 229.  
 Santi Giovanni e Paolo, church of, 197.  
 Saturn, temple of, 65-67, 78, 79, 102, 273, 274.  
 Savelli, palace of the, 136.  
 Scala di Spagna, 21.  
 Scala Santa, 212.  
 Sciarra Palace, 243.  
 Scipio Africanus, 110.  
 Scipio Barbatus, sarcophagus of, 109, 110.  
 Scipios, tomb of the, 109, 110.  
 Scopas, 89.  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 211.  
 Sempronian Basilica, 86.  
 Senatus deorum, 246.  
 Septa Julia, 116.  
 Septizonium, 306.  
 Serapis, temple of, 238.  
 Servian Porta Capena, 170.  
 Servian Wall, 80, 86, 88, 90, 101, 161, 164, 330, 331, 334.  
 Servilii, tomb of the, 110.  
 Sessorian Basilica, 181; palace, 181.  
 Sette Sale, 194, 212, 213, 232.  
 Severus, architect, 194.  
 Severus, Alexander, 214, 326-329.  
 Severus (younger), 337, 338, 341, 342.  
 Severus, Septimius, 70, 129, 154, 156, 180, 205, 281, 286, 299-303, 305, 306, 309, 314, 320, 329; arch of, 64, 86, 244, 248, 300, 301, 306, 311; mausoleum of, 286; palace of, 301, 306-309.  
 Sextus V., 185, 191, 263, 264, 297, 328, 340.  
 Sextus Pompeius, 124, 127.  
 Sforza, Countess, 340.  
 Shelley, 230.  
 Sicily, 124, 127.

Sigirium, 299.  
 Solomon, 303.  
 Soracte, 3.  
 Spada Palace, 99.  
 Spanish stairs, 232.  
 Spartianus, 317.  
 Spezia, 141.  
 Stadium of Caracalla, 322.  
 Stadium of Domitian, 277.  
 Statilius Taurus, amphitheatre of, 149.  
 Statius, 244, 252.  
 Stein, Baron. 211.  
 Stertinius, 243.  
 Stilicho, 45.  
 Street-cleaning, 17.  
 Subiaco, villa of Nero at, 215.  
 Sublician Bridge, 54.  
 Suetonius, 130, 215.  
 Sulla, 44.  
 Suovetaurilia, 272.  
 Sybel, Von. 278.  
 Symonds, J. A., 230.  
 Synnoria Glauconia, 172.

## T.

Tabarca, 140.  
 Tabernae Veteres, 82.  
 Tabularium, 61, 79-81, 196, 245-249, 351.  
 Tacitus, 214, 266, 282.  
 Tarquin, the younger, 60.  
 Tarquins, 50, 64.  
 Tarquinius Priscus, 38.  
 Taurasia, 110.  
 Temples built under the Republic, 62.  
 Templum Sacrae Urbis, 303-305; plan of Rome on wall of, 303-305.  
 Tepidarium, 315-317, 321, 323, 324, 339, 341.  
 Tepula aqueduct, 113, 158, 204.  
 Tetricus, 332.  
 Theatres under the Republic, 61, 63.  
 Theodoric, 93, 277.  
 Thermae Alexandrinae, 323.  
 Tiber, 12, 89, 105, 111, 133, 136, 149, 260, 271, 312, 334, 335; hills of, 65; island of the, 14; wharves of the, 312.

Tiberius, 77, 148, 149, 169, 175-180, 182, 205, 215, 219, 231, 246, 282, 320; palace of, 27, 167, 168, 309; temple of Concord rebuilt by, 69.  
 Tiberius and Drusus, 73.  
 Tibullus, 141.  
 Titus, 192, 199-201, 218, 222, 232, 236, 241, 243, 244, 255; arch of, 196, 199, 242-244, 272; baths of, 200, 232, 234; palace of, 232.  
 Tivoli, 111, 112, 307; villa at, 280.  
 Tombs on the Appian Way, 101, 106, 107.  
 Tor Fiscale, 190.  
 Tournon, 247, 248, 268.  
 Trajan, 115, 188, 200, 257-264, 266-273, 279, 281, 300, 343, 344, 353; arch of, 267-269, 353, 354; colossal statue of, 263, 264, 267, 270; column of, 261-266, 271, 272, 296, 297; forum of, 261, 262, 267-272, 279, 298; gate of, 261; road of, 261; temple of, 273, 274.  
 Trastevere, 93, 145, 157, 193, 292.  
 Trasmene, 91.  
 Trevi, 158; fountain of, 174.  
 Triclinium, 251.  
 Trinità de' Monte, church of, 21.  
 Triumph of a General, 83-86.  
 Triumphal Gate, 84, 86, 88.  
 Trophies of Marius, 328.  
 Trophimoe, 283.  
 Tufa, 5.  
 Tullianum, 36, 69, 86.  
 Tullius, 171.  
 Tullius Hostilius, 65.  
 Tunis, 139.  
 Turin, 342.

## U.

Ulpian Basilica, 268, 269.  
 Urban V., 226.

## V.

Valerian, 330.  
 Vandals, 79, 264, 322.  
 Vanvitelli, 341.

- Vatican, 1, 12, 96, 212, 214, 234, 235, 241, 281, 290, 292, 295, 296, 313, 327; hall of the Greek cross, 240; museum, 99, 109; obelisk of, 185; rotunda of, 234.
- Vectilius, 203.
- Velabrum, 84, 301.
- Velia, 192, 194, 198.
- Vendredi, 352.
- Venus, 301.
- Venus and Rome, temple of, 193, 274, 275, 278, 350.
- Venus Callipyge, 324.
- Venus of the Palatine. (*See* Palatine.)
- Venus the Ancestress, temple of, 45, 115, 274.
- Vercingetorix, 37.
- Verona, 342.
- Vespasian, 45, 192, 197, 218, 219, 221, 222, 228, 230-232, 244, 273, 303, 304; forum of, 218, 230, 231, 255, 303; temple of, 67, 81, 242, 244-247, 302.
- Vesta, temple of, 67, 70, 71, 77-79, 118, 146, 286, 302.
- Vestale, 71, 78, 118, 119, 288-290; groves and house of, 77, 286-288; groves of, destruction of, 183; statues of, 286, 287.
- Via Appia. (*See* Appian Way.)
- Via Bonella, 145, 146.
- Via Claudia, 203.
- Via Condotti, 159.
- Via de Sette Sale, 213.
- Via de' Cerchi, 52, 260.
- Via de' Chiavari, 95.
- Via del Muro, 334.
- Via del Nazzareno, 191.
- Via del Priorato, 267.
- Via del Tritone, 191.
- Via della Vite, 298.
- Via di Campo Carleo, 270, 271.
- Via di Croce Bianca, 255.
- Via di Marforio, 106, 107, 270.
- Via di Porta San Paolo, 58.
- Via di S. Buonaventura, 195.
- Via di Teatro di Marcello, 134.
- Via di Tor de' Conti, 144.
- Via Flaminia. (*See* Flaminian Way.)
- Via in Miranda, 305.
- Via Lata, 105.
- Via Latina, 170, 172, 312.
- Via Lubicana, 328.
- Via Magnanopolis, 269.
- Via Marmorelle, 116.
- Via Montebello, 179.
- Via Nazionale, 59, 273, 339.
- Via Nomentana, 216.
- Via Ostiensis, 172.
- Via Salaria, tomb on the, 107.
- Via Sallustiana, 231.
- Via Venti Settembre, 231.
- Victor Emanuel, 235.
- Victory, 243, 293; street of, 187.
- Vicus Tuscus, 138.
- Vigna Codini, 172.
- Villa Albani, 294.
- Villa Borghese, 244.
- Villa Mattei, 241.
- Villa Mills, 230, 250.
- Villa Palatine, 127.
- Viminal Hill, 56.
- Virgil, 133, 161.
- Visitation, convent of the nuns of the, 127.
- Vitigea, 276.
- Vitruvius, 43, 102, 151.
- Vittoria Colonna, 352.
- Vogue, M. de, 293.
- Volcanic substances, 7.
- Volkonsky, princess, 211; villa, 164, 208-212.
- Von Sybel, 278.

## W.

- Washington, George, 259.
- Wood, Mr., 141.
- Worthington, 152.

## Z.

- Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, 332.





